

SMART SET

Stories from Life

October

25
Cents



Beginning:

Startlingly True Story
of HIGH SCHOOL LIFE
TODAY

HENRY
CLIVE



Temptation!

Every lover of good candy is won over to **Baby Ruth**.

It is always welcome—always appreciated. A rare treat awaits you in its luscious opera cream center, dipped in delicious caramel, filled with crisply roasted-then-toasted peanuts, all coated with rich milk chocolate.

Better join the millions-a-day who say it is America's Favorite Candy!

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New York

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Don't "tell" your daughter about feminine hygiene ~ ~ ~

*—it is much easier and less
embarrassing to hand her
this booklet*

A DAUGHTER'S IGNORANCE OF physical facts can almost always be traced to a mother who has chosen to let such information come from chance companions. And it is almost always wrong or incomplete information, doing more harm than good.

Here is a suggestion. Send for a copy of "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It is a frankly written booklet, but scientific—and you can obtain it absolutely free. It makes the task of "telling" much easier, whether you are getting it for a daughter or for some other woman to whom you feel you owe this duty.

Many women are running dreadful risks

You doubtless know certain women who are using poisonous antiseptics for purposes of feminine hygiene. You have seen the deadly skull-and-crossbones on the bottles in their medicine cabinets—bottles of carbolic acid compounds put out under various names but easily distinguishable by the tell-tale carbolic odor.

These women mean well. Probably their physicians have recommended feminine hygiene as a wholesome, healthful practice. So they can hardly be blamed for their effort to achieve a hygienic and surgical cleanliness. But the advantages are more than offset by the terrible risks that follow the use of poisonous antiseptics like bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.



Delicate tissues lose sensitiveness under the caustic action of such poisons. After that hardening often sets in and in some cases an area of scar-tissue forms. It might be well for you to ask your own physician for confirmation of these statements.

"But is there no harmless antiseptic for this purpose?" you may well ask. Until recently the answer would have been "No", but that is the case no longer, now that Zonite has been discovered.

Zonite—harmless to people but fatal to germs

To the non-medical person it seems incredible that there can be an antiseptic so powerful as Zonite and yet so safe and harmless for human beings. The thought of a genuine germicide has always been associated with a bottle on the shelf, carefully guarded from the children in the house who could not read the word "poison" on the label. A bottle which even grown-ups could easily pick up in the dark by mistake.

But Zonite is different. It is absolutely non-poisonous. It can actually be held in the mouth with-



out harm. Yet it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

Send for this FREE booklet and get full information

No subject is more vital to the health and happiness of women than this question of feminine hygiene—especially to married women. Zonite has spread over the country with unheard-of rapidity. Even in the smallest towns, you will find the druggist has Zonite. But if you want further information, send now for the free booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It is concise and frank, as such scientific writings should be. Get a copy for yourself. Get one for other women of your circle. Cut out the coupon below and drop it in the mail box tonight. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

VOLUME 82
NO. 2

SMART SET

Stories from Life

OCTOBER
1927

The BEST True-Life Serials

- Crucible of Youth 18 Hush Money 50
A Revelation of High School Life Today *A Wife's Story of Tangled Love in Marriage*
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The BEST True-Life Stories

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By Alec Waugh *True Stories Told in Letters from Our Readers*

Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

Next
Month



The Thrilling Experiences of a Girl
Alone
in a Great City

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Your ART Ability! Analyzed FREE!

HERE is your opportunity to find out how much artistic talent you have. A simple, scientifically prepared questionnaire tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., indicating whether it will be worth while to develop your ability to draw. You will be frankly informed as to what your score shows. This analysis may show you the way to a bigger future—a real career.

Federal Students are Successful

Many Federal School students are making \$3,500, \$4,000, \$5,000, and \$6,000 yearly. The Federal School is recognized everywhere by employers of artists, and by buyers of art work. Big prices are paid for drawings and designs for advertising. They are a necessity in modern business.

These are typical letters from many hundreds in our files:

"Never Less than \$70.00 a Week— Sometimes \$300"

Mr. M. O. H. wrote us: "The Federal methods have certainly taken a high place in my estimation. The Course has been very interesting as well as understandable. I completed six of the twelve lessons speedily, but was soon crowded with work which has paid for the Course time and time again.

"I am now doing nothing but commercial art and making as high as \$300 a week—never less than \$70.00."

This Girl is Independent

Florinda E. Kister writes us:

"Besides the good training I have received from the course when I took it, you people have always given me such wonderful help in my work that I shall be proud to be able to say I am a graduate of the Federal School."

\$10,000 a Year in His Own Studios

Read what Mr. Edwin McTeer says:

"I was not very talented when I entered this training with you people as you certainly know, and I had not even had high school training and I know any one with a love for the work can accomplish even more than I if they will just

let you people, the Federal Schools, help them. "I suppose you remember I opened my own independent commercial art studio and to make a long story short my earnings are now at the rate of over \$10,000.00 a year."

\$3,800 a Year and Just Started

A letter from Mr. Lloyd Shirley:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3,800 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing in work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

Learn Commercial Art at Home

If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, the Federal Course will soon place you in a position to earn a handsome income. Some students earn more than the cost of the course while studying. Many nationally known artists have contributed exclusive, illustrated lessons to the Federal Course, which has been prepared to train the Student in the *quickest possible time*. No previous training is needed. You will receive personal, individual criticism on your work.

Send TODAY for Your Questionnaire!

Just fill out and mail the coupon, stating age and occupation. There is no cost or obligation to you. We will also send book "YOUR FUTURE," explaining the Course and showing work of Federal Students.



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Send me your analysis questionnaire without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Age..... Present Occupation.....

(Write your address plainly in margin.)

The School Famous for Successful Students

The Tale of An Eavesdropper

WHO says eavesdroppers never hear anything good about themselves? Just the other day SMART SET'S own private eavesdropper went into a restaurant near his office for a hurried lunch. Two attractive girls, who called each other Ruth and Jean, sat opposite him. When he caught the words, "I wish it wasn't a whole month between SMART SETS" he listened in. Well, wouldn't you? And this is what he heard:—



Ruth: So do I. I just can't wait to find out what happens to Paul Benton in the city. Say, Jean do you suppose he turns out to be an artist or does he go girl crazy? That Crucible of Youth is some story!

Jean: It is, but Ruth, aren't you just as crazy to find out about that "Hush Money" mix up? Here's Jimmy out in California with a fractured skull and Bert as suspicious as ever. I wonder if all husbands are like that?

Ruth: You never can tell till you try 'em out.

Jean: I see there's going to be an article in November Smart Set about a man whose wife made him liberal minded.

Ruth: I'd like to know how she did it so I can try it on Tom before I marry him because liberal minded is just what he's not. I think I'll write . . .

Jean: . . . I know. To Martha Madison. Oh, Ruth you're too serious minded.

I never read the serious stuff. I like the stories best.

Ruth: Love stories?

Jean: Yes, if they are exciting enough! There are two stories announced for the November issue that I'll read before I even look at anything else.

Ruth: I bet one of them is this story about a man who thought he could judge people because he knew thoroughbred horses. I wonder if he really could.

Jean: We'll find that out when we get the November issue, but there'll be one even more thrilling than that, about a cattle rustler on the Mexican Border. Can you imagine being loved by a real outlaw? Wouldn't it be thrilling?

Ruth: If you're so crazy for thrills it's a wonder you don't rave over "Flame of the Desert." Why at the end of the last part that old Arab chieftain has Eve Marley in his power again.

Jean: Why doesn't Eve fall in love with Captain O'Neal? A girl that

can't love a real hero like that makes me tired.

Ruth: Well, you can't please everybody.

Jean: No, but Smart Set comes pretty close to it. There's serious stuff for you like this story that's coming in November about a girl who wouldn't be licked by Fate and who teaches dancing even though she can't get out of a wheel chair, and there'll be more thrills for me in the same issue.

Ruth: Well, "Alone in a Great City" might sound exciting to you but I've lived here all my life and I've never . . .

Jean: You wouldn't see the dangers of being alone in a great city. Some one would be sure to take care of you. But wouldn't I like to try it. I'll bet that's going to be some story. Doesn't it sound exciting?

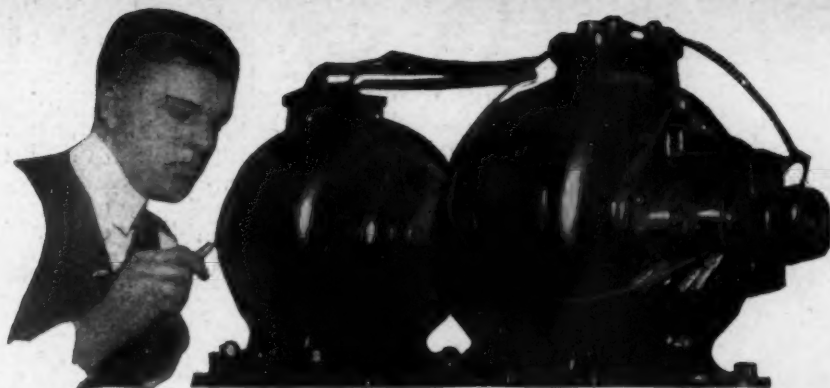
Ruth: Sure does, but say, we'd better quit talking and eat. It's ten minutes of one and we can't stay out all day. I got so interested in November Smart Set I forgot the time.

So did SMART SET'S Listener-in. Do you blame him? He told everyone in the office about it and the editor is all set to give the November issue an extra special polish, so Ruth and Jean and all you other people who just can't wait for it will be enthusiastic when you get it in your hands September 30th.

He's putting in three more good love stories: one of them is "The Love Fight" which is a Hollywood story as full of pep as its title indicates; and "Lady Luck" which will introduce to you one of the cleverest kids who ever made a man do what she wanted him to do and like it; besides, a love story called "What Every Woman Fears." Do you know what that is? Well, you can find out in November SMART SET.

No, that's not all but we'll keep the rest for a surprise when you get your copy. We just thought we'd let you in on this so you'd know why the November issue is so good—the editor is so pleased it's bound to show up in the magazine.

Let's make a date now at the newsstand for September 30th.



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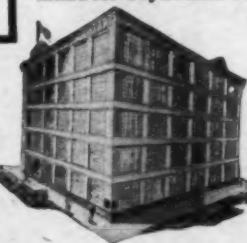
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By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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By O. O. McINTYRE

Women Are Wiser
By FRANK R. ADAMS

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By MAURINE WATKINS

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By ERNEST POOLE

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By IRVIN S. COBB

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By RUPERT HUGHES

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combined with
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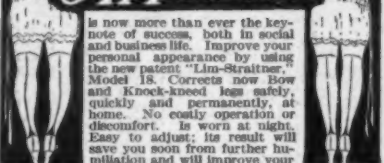
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This is your big chance to get ahead. It is the opportunity you have been waiting for. It should mean thousands of dollars to you. And you are not called upon to risk a penny. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. So send the coupon immediately. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Make up your mind now that you are going to get your share of the two million dollars which ZANOL Representatives are sure to make this year. Don't hesitate. Don't delay. Complete details telling how you can make BIG MONEY will be sent free. In addition to large cash profits I offer you a brand-new, luxurious Hudson Super-Six Coach—to become your personal, permanent property. Fill out and return the coupon NOW!

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Can a Married Woman Hold Two Jobs?

PRIZE WINNERS

Opinions differ, but the "No's" have it.

The good old slogan, "A woman's place is in the home," still goes strong with a great many who entered SMART SET's contest in connection with the article "Do You Support Your Husband?"

The letters were almost without exception of a very high standard. This may have been due, in part, to the intense interest taken in the discussion by the writers. In many cases they told of their own disappointing efforts to run a home and hold a job. Some of them succeeded, but none of

Smart Set Prize Winners on "Can a Wife Hold Two Jobs?"

First Prize

Mrs. A. A. Courie, Eufaula, Ala.

Second Prize

Hazel M. Conradi, Union City, Tenn.

Third Prize

Mrs. Emma C. Bellis, Heights-town, N. J.

Eight \$1 Prizes

Georgia M. Eberling, Pueblo, Colo.

Mrs. E. P. Norman, Nevada, Mo.

Mrs. John U. Arbour, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. Baker, Cooper, Texas

Mrs. R. E. Hackle, Valdosta, Ga.

Marie B. Ryan, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

Mrs. Monroe Harvel, South Bend, Ohio

A. H. Gerbaz, Woody Creek, Colo.

them failed. Strangely enough success attended the efforts of those whose conditions forced them to work. On the contrary, when the wife worked simply to have something to do, failure seemed almost inevitable. That probably is a law of nature. Very likely these women were not seriously interested in the home-making job. As a result, they slighted the housework and concentrated on the office.

At the same time, it was distinctly refreshing to read of wives who, driven by necessity, took up part of their husband's burdens and carried on successfully.

There is a contest even more interesting for you this month. On page 44 you are asked to write on the question, "Will You Marry the One You Love?" Read Dr. Louis E. Bisch's article, page 24, "Don't Marry the Man You Love," and then enter this contest. There are additional contests for you on page 82.

BELOW REGULAR FACTORY COST

Velour Bed-Davenport Suite

GIVEN



This

Fine Floor Lamp With Order

Gorgeous lampstands 63 in. high. Pedestal finished in dull antique gold and gold stippling (hammered effect) with ebony black bands. The 6 panel oval shade is lustrous shirred blue georgette over rose saten. Regular \$15 value.

\$59.95
YEAR TO PAY

Davenport Quickly Converted into a Full-size Double Bed

New, brand new... this 3-piece Velour Bed Davenport Suite of costly design below regular factory cost! An astounding offer! And with it we give you, at no extra charge, this stunning floor lamp of very latest style.

\$

ALL FOR ONLY \$1

30 Days FREE Trial DOWN

Never has the good, old-fashioned American dollar bought so much in fine furniture. This suite alone would cost you \$90 anywhere else, and the only reason we can offer you this suite actually below factory cost is because we took over the entire output of a manufacturer in urgent need of cash. Our good fortune is your good fortune. You know the increasing popularity of velour living room furniture—everyone demands velour suites nowadays. This one is not only an exquisitely beautiful suite for the living room, but a full-size comfortable double bed is embodied in the

davenport, which is concealed and out of way when not in use. A living room and bedroom suite combined. Just like having another room—a spare bedroom for unexpected guests. You can actually own this suite and the lamp, have them right in your own home, in use, in no time—just send \$1 with order today. And better still: you can have them on 30 days FREE trial. You are sole judge of the value. If you do not believe this the greatest bargain ever, return suite and lamp and we will refund your \$1 and transportation charges both ways.

BUILT TO LAST FOR YEARS

Construction of this suite throughout is especially sturdy. Strongly made, attractive frames are of selected and seasoned hardwood, finely finished in rich brown mahogany. Covering is an excellent grade of figured velour in a beautiful blue and taupe pattern that will harmonize with any furnishings. Suite is upholstered throughout with an abundance of finest, sanitary materials, overlaid with pure cotton batts. Strong, helical coil springs, in the seat of each piece, prevent sagging and add to the comfort. Davenport has 18 springs in seat while rocker and arm chair have 9 each. All in all, this suite is built to last many years.

The davenport opens with a single easy motion into a restful, full-size bed for two people. You do not sleep on the upholstery, the bed compartment has its own link fabric spring. During the day bedding is out of sight—concealed in davenport interior.

Size of bed section 72 inches by 48 inches open. Width of davenport overall 54 inches. Rocker and arm chair 28 inches wide overall, height of backs from seat 20 inches. Just the right proportions to insure complete comfort and restfulness.

Take a Year to Pay

Mail the coupon with \$1 today. We will send this 3-piece Velour Bed Davenport Suite and give you this artistic lamp. Use everything for 30 days as if it were your own. Then if you are not convinced of their worth, return these articles. We will refund your first payment and transportation charges both ways. You risk nothing.

Order No. BA 4215, 3-Piece Brown Mahogany Suite, Blue and Taupe Velour covering, and Gift Lamp, Sale Price only \$59.95. Terms \$1 with order, \$4.75 monthly.

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President

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Send me at once the Velour Bed-Davenport Suite and the Gift Floor Lamp without extra charge, as described above. Enclosed is \$1 first payment. It is understood that, if at the end of 30 days' trial, I am satisfied, I will send you \$4.75 monthly. Order No. BA 4215. Sale Price \$59.95. Title remains with you until paid in full.

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Have you heard of the truly immense sensation caused by our new super-electrically recorded Records? They have a great big mellow tone, clear as crystal, which is absolutely unobtainable elsewhere. For example, take our superb songs Ain't She Sweet, Black Bottom in Charleston, Letter Edged in Black, Where Do You Work John, Wreck of the Old 97, Little Spanish Town, Bye Bye Blackbird, Boy's Best Friend is His Mother, Rudolph Valentino. We will positively guarantee that you have never heard records of this quality no matter what price you paid. They are literally miles ahead of old-style records.

The following list contains the "Cream" of our entire catalog. Every selection is a masterpiece of its kind. Nothing but the very best is included and we guarantee that you will not be disappointed. All records are in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph. Send no money with your order. See coupon below for terms. All records are strictly on approval. Please act at once, as this is an introductory advertising price which may be discontinued shortly. Simply write catalog numbers of records you want on coupon below.



POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

- 2331 Ain't She Sweet
- The Bootlegger's Daughter
- 2337 Plucky Lindbergh (Patriotic)
- What Good Are Tears
- 2338 Lindy Lindbergh, How I'd Like to Be You (Comedy)
- No No Positively No
- 8103 Black Bottom in Charleston
- Hard Boiled Mama
- 4131 Wreck of the Old 97
- Wreck of the Titanic
- 2256 Bye Bye Blackbird
- Chinky Charleston
- 2329 Moonbeam Kiss Her For Me
- Any More At Home Like You
- 2272 Rudolph Valentino
- Little Rosewood Casket
- 2285 Where Do You Work John
- I Can't Forget Mary
- 2306 In A Little Spanish Town
- All I Want Is You Dear
- 8101 Roll 'Em Girls
- Save It For A Rainy Day
- 4132 Boy's Best Friend is His Mother
- Sweeter Than Sweetheart
- 2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
- End of the Shenandoah
- 2323 Get Away Old Man Get Away
- Well I Swan
- 4116 Letter Edged In Black
- She Ought To Be Home
- 4118 May I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight
- When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
- 4123 Carry Me Back To Old Virginny
- Lone Trail Rose
- 4142 Silver Threads Among the Gold
- In A Garden Rare
- 8102 Any More At Home Like You
- And I Don't Mean Maybe
- 4125 Tenting On the Old Camp Ground
- Oh Susanna
- 4133 Jesse James
- The Butcher's Boy
- 4122 When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget
- Father, Dear Father, Come Home

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS (Cont'd.)

- 2261 Baby Face
- I Expect John Henry Tonight
- 4128 Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight
- Juanita
- 4135 Rovin' Gambler
- Log Cabin In the Lane
- 4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
- If You Want To Find Love
- 4127 Tell Mother I'll Be There
- Ben Bolt
- 4090 In the Baggage Coach Ahead
- Under Some Old Apple Tree
- 4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
- Pickwick Club Tragedy
- 4140 Wild and Reckless Hobo
- Shine
- 4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
- Captain Jinks of Horse Marines
- 8104 You Can Always Come Back To Me
- Wishing and Waiting
- 4093 The Little Brown Jug
- You Can't Tell Any More
- 4117 Where the River Shannon Flows
- Send Me A Rose From Ireland
- 4100 Gerald Chapman, What A Pity
- Ponzi, the Swindler
- 4124 Old Black Joe
- Dixie Land

SACRED (Songs)

- 4075 Church In the Wildwood
- Voice of the Chimes
- 4057 Jesus Lover Of My Soul
- Safe In the Arms of Jesus
- 4046 Nearer My God To Thee
- The Lord Is My Shepherd
- 4069 When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder
- Throw Out the Life Line
- 4013 Holy, Holy, Holy
- Rock of Ages
- 4091 The Old Rugged Cross
- Beyond the Clouds

INSTRUMENTAL

- 4061 Listen to Mocking Bird (Whistling)
- The Song Bird (Whistling)
- 4068 Turkey In the Straw (Fiddling)
- Arkansas Traveler (Fiddling)
- 4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1 (Band)
- Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 2 (Band)

\$ 1.98

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All fox trots except where otherwise marked

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- You're Kind of Girl I Can Love
- 8109 Black Bottom Slide
- Charleston Choo Choo
- 1402 Mary Lou (with vocal chorus)
- Powder Puff
- 8106 My Radio Romeo
- Kissing Kate
- 1435 Nesting Time (with vocal chorus)
- Restless Mary (with vocal chorus)
- 1428 Lonely (with vocal chorus)
- Two Girls Are Better Than One (with vocal chorus)
- 1398 Hello, Bluebird (with vocal chorus)
- Moon in the Heaven
- 1434 Honolulu Moon, Waltz (with vocal chorus)
- Buddies in Paris

COMEDY

- 4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
- Hy and Si and the Line Fence
- 4110 Flapperjacks
- Clancy's Wooden Wedding
- 4111 Flanagan At the Barber's
- Flanagan's Real Estate Deal
- 4004 Flanagan In A Restaurant
- Flanagan's Married Life
- 4112 Flanagan At the Vocal Teacher's
- The Arkansas Traveler

HAWAIIAN

- 4084 Aloha Land
- Honolulu Bay
- 4023 My Old Kentucky Home
- O Sole Mio
- 4007 Aloha Oe
- Kamehameha
- 4005 Mahina Malamalama
- Kawaha
- 4114 Isle of Paradise
- Kohola March
- 4113 Kilima Waltz
- Honolulu March
- 1055 La Paloma
- Kawaihan
- 4009 Palakiho Blues
- One Two Three Four (with vocal effects)
- 4018 Maui Aloha
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TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

Mutual Music Club, Dept. SA10, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass. You may send me on ten days' approval the ten records listed below by catalog numbers. When the ten records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only \$1.98 (plus postage from factory) in full payment. I will then try the records ten days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory I will return them, and you agree to refund at once all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

1.....	6.....	Write 5 substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
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3.....	8.....	
4.....	9.....	
5.....	10.....	

Important
☐ Place crossmark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

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CITY.....STATE.....

True Stories Told in Letters from Smart Set Readers

Heart Throbs

Real Love Ended My Wildness

I AM only eighteen and yet I am thoroughly disgusted with life. I should just be beginning to enjoy myself, but instead of that I think I can never enjoy anything again. I started dating when I was twelve years old; when I was fourteen I was engaged. That was broken, but the next year I was engaged again, but still I did not marry and before I was sixteen I had been engaged three times.

When I was sixteen I fell madly and hopelessly in love. At first I thought Don loved me, too, but I soon found out he was merely playing. One whole summer though I was happy. I went on parties with Don that were beyond my wildest dreams. Then he left me—not suddenly—but he began to call me once every two weeks and sometimes not that often. I began playing around with other fellows in the desperate hope Don would be jealous.

One night I went on a party with his best friend and that ended everything between Don and me. It killed all the love and trust he had ever had for me. He went away to school then and I went on even more parties in order to forget. But I couldn't. When Don came home on a visit he asked me for a date. I gave it to him but it was a failure. He knew too much about me and I couldn't trust him. He said he loved me but I had heard that so many times only to be disillusioned. We parted angry and he left soon after. It's been two months since I've seen him and I have no hopes of ever seeing him again. I've only been on two parties since then—I'm cured of that—but I'll never be cured of my love for Don. I would sacrifice everything for him but he doesn't really care for me. He might have once but it's too late now.

I want to get married some time because I want a home and children but I can't get interested in men any more. They are so fickle and heartless—and utterly incapable of love.

I'm too much of a coward to commit suicide but I can't go on like this much longer. I want Don! There is only one thing I am sure of and that is no more parties!

R. L. M.

I Hate My Own Beauty

EVEN as a child I worshipped beauty, and when I was sixteen my one desire was

to be beautiful. I have accomplished my purpose, but now I hate my beauty.

I was not born beautiful—few of us are. Nature endowed me with a certain amount of good looks, and by ceaseless effort I transformed it into beauty.

Naturally my hair was of an indefinite blonde color. By the use of expensive preparations I made it a glistening gold. With patent creams I chased away my freckles, and by strenuous dieting reduced my natur-

Tell The Truth About Your Life

MANY people each month write SMART SET, telling the glad or sad truth about their lives.

These are honest revelations of what goes on in the hearts of men and women who write to SMART SET as to a friend in whom they will find understanding.

The stories told in these letters are full of the fierce pain and joy, the failures and the successes, that make the world what it is.

On this page of "Heart Throbs" some of these letters are published each month. Your letter can also appear here. The story of your life would interest all and might help many.

For the letter that leads the page SMART SET will pay \$10; for each other letter published, \$5.

The letters are published, practically, as they come into the office. This gives SMART SET readers a chance to see exactly how, in unstudied effort, these men and women tell of their hopes and fears and loves. Won't you write a letter now to SMART SET out of your own experience?

ally plump figure to one of sylph-like proportions. And, believe me or not, I even went so far as to buy a nose shaper, to acquire a lovely Grecian nose.

So engrossed was I in my looks that I neglected my friends; I no longer studied; and as all these preparations took up a great deal of time I was forced to stay by myself a great deal to attend to them. Gradually my friends dropped away, and I got the reputation of being queer.

Of course during this "beautifying" period, which lasted about two years, I was perfectly miserable. I did not enjoy being alone, and the eternal grind of applying creams and lotions and nose appliances and what not, was a terrific strain. But I consoled myself with the thought that when I

got through I could "fly around" and have enough good times to make up for these two dull years.

But I found that I couldn't pick up my life where I had dropped it. It is true that what is not used is lost.

When I tried to make friends again I found that I had forgotten how! I had even forgotten how to have a good time—how to relax and enjoy myself. And so now, at eighteen, in what should be the happiest period of my life—I have nothing but beauty, a beauty which I have learned to curse and for which I have sacrificed everything in life that's worth while. I have no friends for I have lost the capacity to make them. So long have I been self-centered that, try as I may, I cannot get away from thinking about myself—and often I get so sick of myself that I want to end it all.

I have even lost the power to love my parents! Once in a great while I feel a stirring of something like affection for them, but it soon disappears.

And I am practically a dumb-bell, because I neglected my studies as well as all other outside interests and events to put through this fanatic idea of mine.

The only thing I hear people say about me now—for personally no one has any interest in the cold, unresponsive person I have come to be—is, "Isn't she a beautiful girl!" And then I feel like weeping, and look with envy at the plain but charming and lovable girl going down the street, chatting and laughing gaily and surrounded by friends. While I, with my beauty, go on alone, unloved.

I'm beautiful but what a price I paid! J. C.

My Father's Love Ruined My Life

I WAS an only child. Ever since I can remember my father allowed me to do as I pleased. My mother tried to raise me right with the result that they quarreled continuously and eventually separated. I was sixteen then and, according to the laws of South Dakota, I was allowed to choose between my parents. Even the law allowed me to do as I pleased. Is it any wonder, then, that I chose the parent whom I knew would let me have my own way? Five years later my mother died—of a broken heart. For she lived to see the only child she had brought into the world become a woman of the streets.

That was many years ago. My father still lives but I do not know where he is. I do not care. [Continued on page 14]

How Would You Like to Spend an Hour With CLEOPATRA?

If you could sit beside this beautiful woman and hear from her own lips the strange story of her marriage to her brothers (one of whom she disposed of by poison which she tested on slaves) and of her life with Caesar and Mark Anthony; you would be delighted. Her story would be one of ambition and love.

As the last of the Ptolomies she was the heiress of legalized license, cultured sensuality, refined cruelty, and century-long moral turpitude. But she had redeeming qualities; profligate and voluptuous as she was, she was an able statesman, knew many languages, had unusual literary tastes, imperious will, and a masculine boldness that made her one of the most remarkable women the world has ever produced.

Of course you can't hear from her own lips her story but you can read all the facts, gossip, and scandal known about her, and many other famous (and infamous) women, in the ten fascinating volumes made,



As the N. Y. Herald says, by the "Tiffanys of Publishers" on

WOMAN

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YOUR CHANCE TO LEARN ABOUT WOMAN

Read about the woman who was forced to drink her husband's health from her father's skull and her revenge; how the women of Weinsberg carried their husbands to safety on their shoulders—and why. Learn how Helen of Troy caused a ten years' war—and how a Princess drowned herself to stop further wars over her beauty.

FAMOUS LOVERS

This is your chance to read about the famous lovers, Heloise and Abelard; about Margarida, who unsuspecting ate her lover's heart; and how the Turkish Emperor Orkham beheaded his beautiful wife Theodora before his ministers who objected because she was a Christian.

HAREMS AND SLAVES

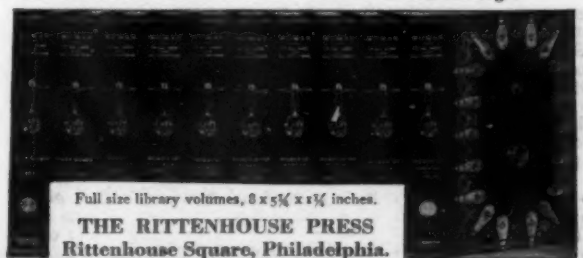
You enter the harem with its beautiful slaves. You meet the *hetere* with whom the ancient Greeks found solace. You see the Inca Sun Virgins and the Vestal Virgins of Rome. You learn about the geisha girls of Japan.

WOMAN—TENDER AND CRUEL

On one hand you see Saint Rosalie and the miracle of roses or Lady Godiva riding naked through town to help the people. On the other the Russian countess who had water poured over nude girls to make frozen statues; the French women who sat unmoved as heads fell from the guillotine; and Empress Irene who blinded her son—yet was made a saint.

MANY CURIOUS STORIES

You read the curious stories of how Princess Eleanor proved to council she was not a leper; how Empress Eudocia was expelled from the palace almost naked; how an emperor's sister was forced to appear in court tied in a bag full of cats; and how Empress Helena buried her husband and sons with her own hands to save their bodies from the dogs.



Full size library volumes, 8 x 5 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches.

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Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

A FEW OF THE STRANGE TALES

You will read how Emperor Theophilus chose his bride; how the Sultane women, facing dishonorable surrender, jumped to death. You will learn how two gentlemen threw dice to decide which was the father of a child of that beauty, Ninon de Lenclos; of how her son unsuspecting fell in love with her and, upon learning the truth, shot himself.

YOU MEET FAMOUS WOMEN

You meet Catherine the Great, Jeanne d'Arc, Madame du Barry, Empress Josephine, Marie Antoinette, Nell Gwyn, Messalina, Lucrezia Borgia, the Queen of Sheba, Jezebel, and hundreds upon hundreds of others.

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The \$150.00 limited edition paid for the plates so we can offer you this edition, from the same plates, for a fraction of that price. By ordering a large quantity in a slack season we get the lowest cost. But people snapped them up so now only a few sets remain; soon they will be sold.

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We will send you the ten de luxe volumes bound in royal purple cloth stamped in gold. In them you will meet famous women from ancient Carthage, Greece, and Rome; from the harems of Turkey and the slave markets of Babylon, from the Far East and the South Seas.

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You will meet queens, saints, sinners, Amazons, murderers, martyrs, courtesans, bacchantes, and Spartans. Good women and bad—you meet them all. Take advantage of your opportunity. Don't miss it. You get over 4000 pages of pleasure just by signing the coupon.

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THE RITTENHOUSE PRESS
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILA.

You may send me for inspection, charges paid, the 10-volume set of *WOMAN*, bound in purple cloth. I will return the set in 5 days or send you \$1 as a first payment and \$2 a month for 11 months. Canada (duty paid) add one \$2 payment.

Write Smart Set the Story of Your Life

(Continued from page 12)

Once, when at the height of my wild career and the crazy victim of cocaine, I tried to choke him to death—yes, tried to choke my own father to death. Why? Because I came to realize that he had cheated me of all that makes life worth while. He had allowed me to run the gauntlet of human emotions until I became an outcast from decent society and could not demand the respect of the man I came to love.

I have paid the price many times over for the privileges I had in my childhood and I learned too late that the mother who tried to bring me up in the ways of the righteous was the one who really loved me and not the father who humored my every whim.

I am now in the evening of a life mispent. I am wondering how different it might have been had I, at the age when I knew nothing of life, been given to my mother, instead of being allowed to choose my father.

I. G. M.

Am I the Victim of Bad Blood?

CAN you believe because there are criminals in a family that part of that family may be as fine as anyone? Even if they were as fine as any one, or yourself, would you care to marry them for fear your children might inherit bad blood?

These are questions that I ask myself every day. I myself have come from a family that really has criminals in it. I have one of the most wonderful mothers that ever lived, but her health is bad and she always has a look of uncertainty, that seems to ask, "I wonder what will happen next?"

My father is honest and good. The first to go wrong in our family was my older brother, Glen. He was tall, dark, handsome and brave. When he was eleven years old he decided to leave home. Nothing could be done to hold him. He ran off with a show, became an acrobat and was known all over the Middle West as "Zara, the human snake."

When he was about eighteen he was roaming around in the South and was caught in a gambling scrape. He was sent to a Southern prison farm and put to work under a man who whipped the convicts when they became unruly.

Glen had received several whippings and rebellion was in his soul when they put him to chopping wood. He called the boss over and struck him in the head with the axe. Then he got the man's gun and fled into the swamps. They trailed him with bloodhounds, but there was so much water they lost track.

When he was twenty-five he lost his temper and killed a man in our home town. He was given a two years' sentence in prison. How he got off so easy no one knows. He didn't even have a hard time in prison. He put on shows and sent us large photographs of himself on his trapeze and doing various stunts. He seemed to be a favorite among the prison authorities. When he came home he was quiet, dignified, and handsome.

Of course he didn't stay home. He went with shows from one town to another, under assumed names, for he was always forging checks and he married often. We have written letters to him under a dozen differ-

ent names and we were never surprised at anything he did.

When he came home to see mother, on short visits, I have heard him boast of having twenty-two wives and no divorce from any of them. The last time he was home he made his brags that the law would never get him.

One night about midnight when he was leaving a show in which he owned a half interest, he was killed.

MUST a man sow his wild oats? I, a married woman for the last eleven years am asking this question of myself. And if he must sow them, is it not far better that he do so before he has the responsibilities of a home on his hands?

My husband-to-be was brilliant in his school work, was the foster son of childless parents living near our Indiana village and, so far as they were able to exercise their authority over him, he was raised under a moral code fully as strict as that to which I held. He was more or less compelled to attend three church services each Sunday and in his later high school days, I remember that it chafed him considerably.

Our high school career was a stormy one. It is still talked of among the townspeople who believe that our romance ended happily.

His foster mother died just before he was twenty-one and we decided quickly upon marriage as a means of making a home for his foster father. It worked out beautifully until "father" decided, less than a year later, to get married again. My husband, trained to teach school, followed that profession, first as principal of a junior high school down state, then as principal of two high schools in South Dakota.

Everything was working beautifully. His associates were my friends. We went out together but never danced or played cards, in spite of the fact that South Dakota school teachers lose no caste by doing so.

Then fate took a hand. Having plenty of money and nothing to do, we went to the Black Hills of South Dakota for the summer. We were entranced by that beautiful scenery in which President Coolidge has so recently resided. But time began to hang heavy until, early in July, my husband found an outlet for his education and training through a position as city editor of a small daily newspaper. It was a morning paper and it kept him away from home, always until three or four o'clock in the morning and sometimes all night. It was here that he began meeting friends whom I did not know. He began in a small way to drink.

Then came the promotion to a larger paper, some four hundred miles away.

Promotions and raises in salary followed each other regularly for four years until he became night editor of the largest morning paper in the state. Some more night life ahead, but I was proud of him and of the standing he had on the paper and in the community and I had no qualms as to his moral uprightness, thanks to my former ignorance of his work and associates, and to my supreme belief that I had the power to "hold him down."

I became ill, had to undergo three operations and remain in the hospital eleven weeks after our twin boys were born. During that time, he was a prince of a fellow

A younger brother has been in prison twice and is still just a young man. He has only been out two weeks from his last trouble. Maybe he will reform, but I'm afraid not. I tell you it is terrible for the rest of the family and as I am only twenty years old, I ask myself the question over and over again, "If I were to marry, would that bad blood curse my children?" Do you believe in heredity or do weak people yield to environment and temptation?—R. S.

Wild Oats Ruined My Home

and for weeks at a time, he and Junior took care of the babies while I was pulling myself back to health and strength on a hospital cot. I believe I never loved him more than during that period when he was the soul of devotion to the babies, doing things for them which no maid could be trusted to do, while he kept up his work at the office.

HE FINALLY got to a place where he had to accept the services of a maid if he was to carry on and prevent a complete breakdown. Maids were scarce. He advertised in his own paper for days before one was secured. I should have been glad that he had help of any kind. The maid was there one week before I returned home from the hospital.

It was the second morning after my return home that doubt first strove to rout the complete trust I had in my husband and in myself as his "boss."

He was just leaving the house for his work and as he passed through the kitchen after having seen to ordering groceries for the day, he laughingly put his arm around the maid. She drew away but her face grew scarlet when she saw me standing in the doorway.

In the heat of my anger, I accused him of loose actions but looking me straight in the eye he denied everything.

Again, I thought I had succeeded in getting over a "rough spot."

Then it happened. A telephone call one night, about 11 o'clock from a woman living in a block near my husband's office. The gist of the fifteen-minute conversation (she did the talking for I was too stunned to say much) was that if I would come to her apartment house, I would find my husband with another woman, a red-headed woman, whose husband was serving a jail sentence as a bootlegger. I refused to make a scene by going, but I called my husband home a few minutes later and confronted him with the information I had received.

He admitted it, coolly and without hesitation, and asked quite bluntly what I wanted to do about it. Again I was stunned.

Now, I sometimes think I can't live with him. I have told him I don't love him any more and he has declared it is mutual. But there are the three boys.

I have grounds for divorce and he says he will not oppose such an action. But what of the babies? My life is wrecked but they have a right to a father's love and care. He is willing to supply all their needs and mine whether he lives with them and me or not. But if I get a divorce, I would naturally go back to that little Indiana town where my Puritanical moral code stopped my husband from sowing his wild oats. And I am not so sure that I think so much of that same moral code as I did as a high school girl.—W. G. A.

"I Have Two Weeks to Learn Shorthand!"

"Can I do it?"

"Yes! With Speedwriting!"

[An Actual Experience]

THE young lady came into the office of the head of the Educational Department for advice, hoping against hope that he could suggest some way out of her difficulty.

"I have a chance to get a wonderful job! It is just what I have always wanted—a secretarial position with the head of one of our largest hospitals. But I have to start in two weeks—and I must have shorthand!" She looked at him anxiously, feeling certain that he would agree that no shorthand system could be learned in two weeks.

"I don't see how I can possibly do it," she continued. "I used to write shorthand, but I've forgotten it, and I don't think I could brush up in two weeks. All those puzzling signs and symbols have become a blur in my mind. It took me months to learn them in the first place, and now they are gone from me completely. That's why I was wondering whether, instead of trying to get back my old system, it wouldn't be better to take up Speedwriting. I have heard it is so simple and easy to learn."

Shorthand Only a Matter of Hours Now

"Yes, you can do it with Speedwriting," the manager replied. "I know of one young man who spent only fifteen hours on Speedwriting and then took dictation on court testimony at the rate of 105 words a minute. We have other cases equally remarkable. Yes, if you want that position you can get it. In two weeks you can be a Speedwriter."

The girl's eyes were shining. "That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Can I start my course now?"

"Surely," he replied. "I'll get your lesson books together at once." A few minutes later the girl left with a set of little books under her arm. She went home and started on the first lesson in Speedwriting. For two weeks she applied herself.

A few days before she was to start in her new position she came back, fairly bubbling over with happiness.

"Well, I am ready!" she cried. "Speedwriting has won the day! I can take dictation easily, and faster than I'll probably ever be called upon to take it. I never dreamed any shorthand could be so simple. I have really enjoyed learning it—it is just like a delightful game. And I write it so naturally, without hesitation or nervous strain.

"It is remarkable, too, how clear my notes are. I never have the slightest difficulty in reading them back. Do you know, even after spending years on that other shorthand system I was never able to transcribe my notes so accurately."

Thousands Now Write Shorthand This Easy Way

The above is a true incident. It is typical of the way Speedwriting has helped many men and women to good positions quickly. All over the world Speedwriting has created sensational interest. Never before has a shorthand been known that could be learned so quickly, written so easily and accurately. Today it is being used not only by stenographers but by thousands in every walk of life. Big executives are using it personally. "It is like having a private secretary always at hand," one of them said. Professional men, clergymen, lawyers, lecturers, writers, teachers, students, representatives of nearly every vocation have found it invaluable.



Speedwriting is the NATURAL shorthand. It is written in the ordinary letters of the alphabet—the plain a-b-c's you have been writing all your life. There are no puzzling signs and symbols to learn; no long, tedious practice is required. You started learning Speedwriting when you learned your a-b-c's. You write it just as naturally as you write longhand. You have only to become familiar with a few simple principles for condensing and abbreviating the English language. Once you know these principles you can speedwrite any word. Soon you will be able to take dictation at the rate of 80 to 120 words per minute.

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—The NATURAL SHORTHAND—

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Many people find it hard to believe that it is possible to learn shorthand so quickly. But the proof is in the experience of thousands of users. Everywhere Speedwriting is making good on the job. Experienced stenographers are giving up their former systems for this easier, less tiring and more accurate shorthand.

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This family saves \$12 a year on tooth paste—and has whiter teeth

Now with 50 years' experience to guide us and new methods of manufacture to cut costs we are able to produce a perfect dentifrice at a price that appeals to all.

The name is Listerine Tooth Paste. Your druggist has it. The price is 25¢ for a large tube.

Using a tube a month, you pay \$3 less per year than you do for costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Think of what a saving there is when there are several in the family.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains sixteen ingredients

to meet every requirement for healthy teeth, gums and a sweet condition of the mouth. It whitens teeth as never before—with less effort and in less time because of a new polishing ingredient contained in no other paste.

Because of its marvelous results and its amazing economy, thousands now use it in preference to older and costlier dentifrices.

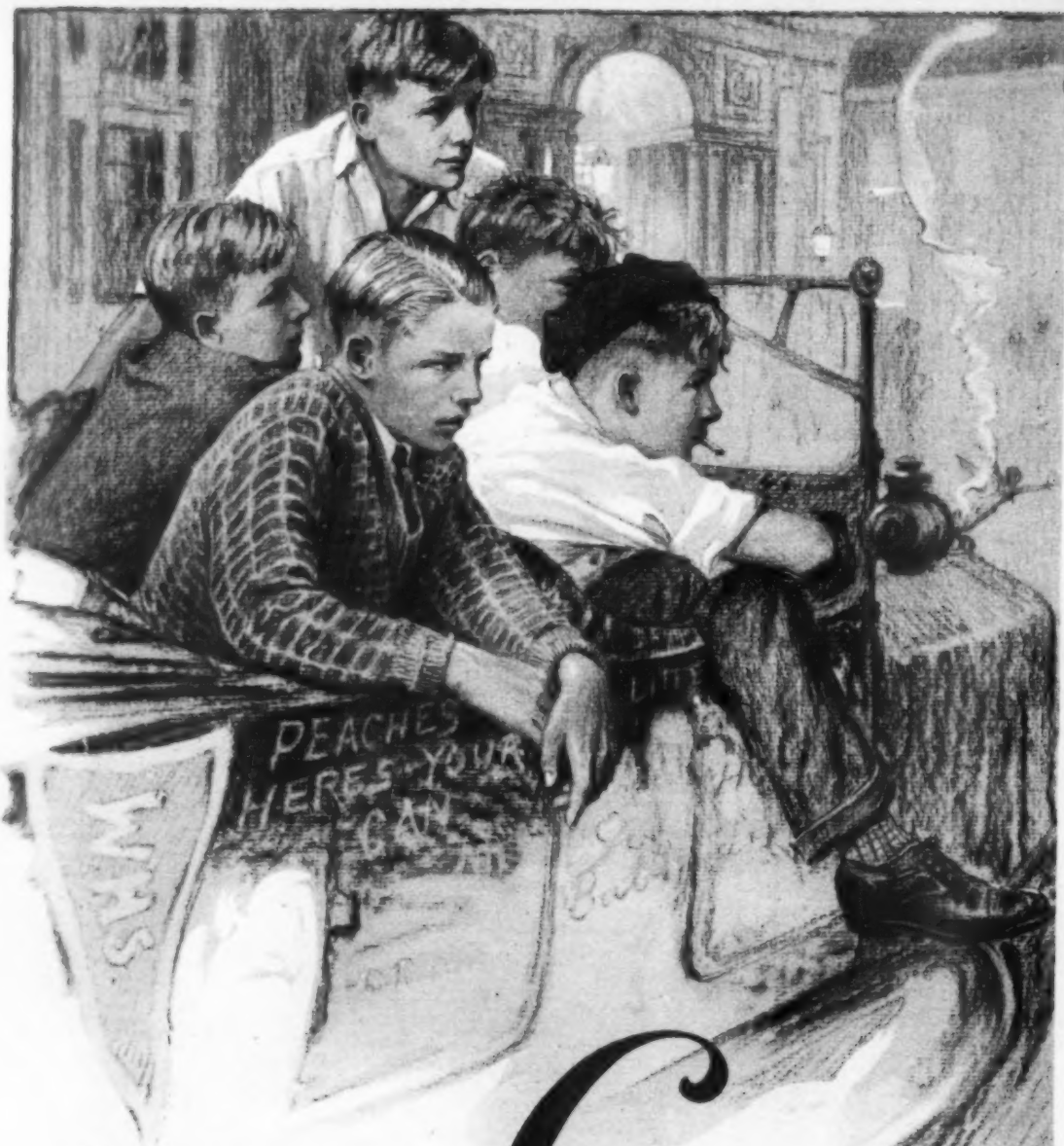
Get a tube at your druggist. Note its large size. Try it. See how it makes teeth gleam. How good your mouth feels. How little polishing is necessary. You will be delighted. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Let Me Take You To High School Today



This young man is eighteen years old. His name is Robert S. Carr. Remember that name. And remember that you first saw it in SMART SET. For Robert S. Carr has written a book of Youth as only a youth who is touched with genius could have written it. You will see yourselves, you young people going to high school, as you are. You will see your sons and daughters, you parents, as you have never seen them before. Turn to the next page and begin the most absorbing story of Youth you have ever read



With Drawings
from Life
By C. R. CHICKERING

Crucible

THE little corn-belt town of Westfield was enjoying Saturday night. Hazy spring twilight blurred the ugly angularity of the squat store buildings and the rows of muddy Fords parked head-in along Main Street. The business block began at the hardware store. As Paul passed by, one of the gray-haired loungers on the bench in front inquired quite audibly of no one in particular:

"Be that Arnold Benton's boy?"

"Looks like him. Grewed up in a hurry, didn't he?" observed another of the group.

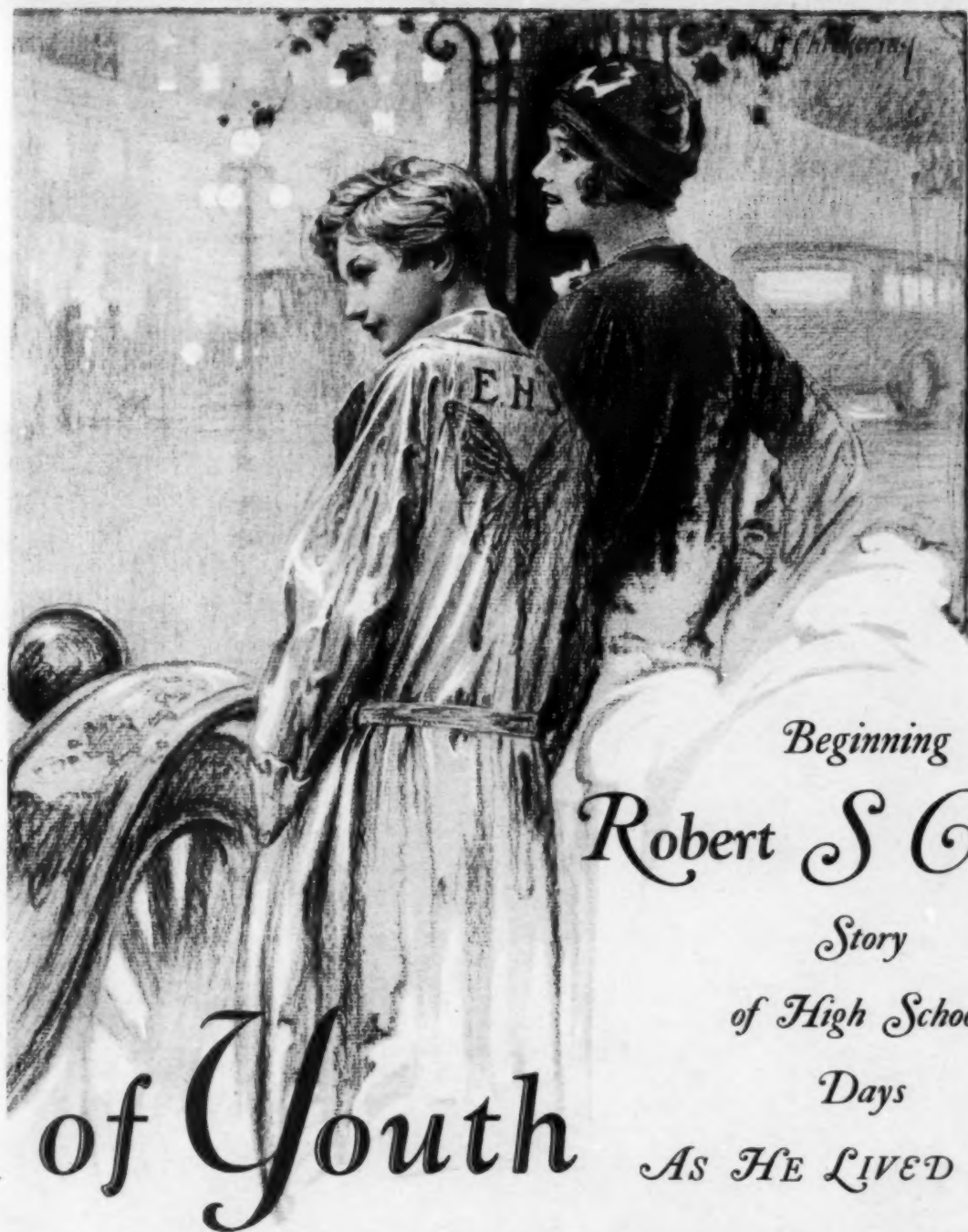
Paul tingled all over with a short-lived pleasure which quickly gave way to an acute self-consciousness. He thrust out his jaw, expanded his chest, and began to take longer steps for Paul Benton was making his first public appearance in long pants.

The grubby little urchins, who spring up on Saturday nights like toads after a spring shower, swarmed after him, made sticky faces and shrilled in impish glee:

"Paul Benton's wearin' long britches! Long britches!"

Two little girls stopped and stared at him in frank amazement. They were at that annoying stage of development where a girl is certainly no longer a child, yet far too young to begin to be interesting. Suddenly they clung to each other and gave way to a giggling hysteria.

At that Paul reddened down to where the shy suggestion of an Adam's apple bobbed behind the soft collar of his pale pink shirt. He clenched his sweaty hands in the pockets of his very new coat and gritted his teeth in desperation. The cool breaths of air fluttering up his pants' legs lost their feeling of pleasant



Paul shyly inspected the girl who wore a semi-transparent slicker on which was lettered "E. H. S." and beneath that, done in colored ink, was a beautiful butterfly

Beginning
 Robert S Carr's
 Story
 of High School
 Days
 AS HE LIVED THEM

of Youth

novelty and became uncomfortable drafts. He tried keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, then raised them and stared loftily over peoples' heads. He tried to hurry, to saunter, and struggled against a frantic impulse to take to his heels for home.

HE WAS rapidly nearing the pool room, where a dozen or so boys loafed about. They received him in studied silence. He smiled a little as he essayed a "Lo, fellows," and tried to wiggle through the open door.

"Wait a minute there, freshie!" growled Larry Hartman.

Paul stopped. Then, with the suddenness of rifle shots from ambush, the "razzing" started.

"Where's the rest of the circus?"

"Who d'ya think you are?"

"How do they fit, freshie? Aren't you afraid you'll trip up?"

"Look what the cat drug in! C'mon let's drown it!"

"Don't let 'em razz you, Skeeter."

This last from Buck Donnelly, the star athlete of Westfield High School. He staggered Paul with a friendly, heavy-handed slap on the shoulder.

But Larry Hartman, self-acknowledged sheik of the senior class, was inclined to be caustic. "For Pete's sake," he drawled contemptuously, "since when did you—"

His observations were halted by a heavy hand across his mouth. Buck Donnelly hauled him over backwards and held him struggling for a moment.

"Lay offa the kid a little," he said.

Larry's black eyes flashed angrily as he straightened his

tie, but he cooled down as Buck regarded him steadily. "Let's go in and shoot some pool," he suggested.

Happy with the relief of having passed successfully through an ordeal, Paul melted in with the rest.

Pop Turner racked the pool balls and then faced the three boys who stood grinding the ends of their cues into the blue

This is a true picture of high school life as I lived and saw it. Most of the action is drawn from my personal experience and from the experience of my school mates
Robert S. Carr

Almost any good writer of fiction could "make up" a story of high school life today. But would it ring true? Would it be real? Here is a story that shows the young people of today as they are. *Crucible of Youth* is *LIFE!* Robert S. Carr lived the story he has written. In fact it is founded on the diary he kept while a high school student. The book is as new as any book could possibly be. It was begun in October, 1926, and finished in February, 1927. Bob Carr, in order to get his book copied and in the hands of a publisher, went to Chicago with only \$100 in the world. He had exactly seven cents left when he heard that the book, drawn from the experiences of his brief high school years, was accepted



Robert S. Carr was busy packing shoes for a living when he heard *SMART SET* had taken his story. No wonder he wears a broad grin



The young author of "*Crucible of Youth*" and some of his former high school friends

chalk cubes, and held out his hand for the usual fee. "It's Skeeter's funeral again," laughed Snag Worley.

Paul plunged his hand into the unaccustomed new depths of his pocket. He brought out three nickels, acutely conscious of the fact that they were the last three nickels. Pop Turner took them without comment and waddled away.

Snag's lips still wore an irritating smirk. "Losers can go first," he sneered, indicating the waiting cue ball.

Paul stepped back from the table.

"I GUESS I won't play any more," he ventured timidly. "I'm not worth a damn tonight." He brought the "damn" out feebly and with an obvious effort.

Paul had not confessed that that evening was the first time he had ever held a billiard cue in his hands. He had been awkward and confused and they had laughed at him, not good-naturedly, but with a rough cruelty he could not under-

stand. Paul had supposed that after he had proved that he was trying to be a regular guy, that indefinite body called "the gang" would accept him. He realized that he couldn't shoot pool worth a damn, but he guessed that when a fellow was over sixteen years old (two days over, to be exact) and wearing long pants, and in the last half of his Freshman year in high school, he could learn to shoot pool mighty quick if he only had the chance and the money.

So Paul Benton blinked away the tiny hint of moisture in his eyes, put down the gagging sensation that the rank tobacco smoke caused him, and concentrated on learning to be a regular guy.

HE SLIPPED into the corner where the soft drink counter joined the wall. He looked as out-of-place as a friendly, pink-nosed puppy in a pack of snarling, yapping curs. Paul was a slender, straight-backed boy with silky blond hair. His arms and legs were a bit rangy and held the prophecy of a tall, muscular man. The line of his mouth and chin were clean-cut, sensitive.

Buck Donnelly stepped up to the soft drink counter.

"Have a bottle of pop?" he invited.

"Sure!"

They drank slowly, silently, their elbows resting on the counter. Paul carefully timed his gulps so that he and Buck thumped their empty bottles down on the counter simultaneously.

"Goin' home?" inquired Buck casually, starting for the door.

"Sure!"

The boys' footsteps rang loudly on the pavement and echoed between the blank fronts of the two parallel lines of low buildings. Gee, a fellow sure had the street to himself late at night! Suddenly Paul noticed that as they walked, Buck was watching him with a curious quirk of his lips. Paul smiled a shy, self-conscious smile.

"Say, Skeeter," the older boy blurted out, "what did you come in the pool room tonight for?"

"Why heck, I dunno," he stammered.

"Aw, yes you do. I never saw you in there before. What made you come in tonight?"

For anyone less than Buck Donnelly Paul would not have answered, but to him he said:

"Oh, I guess I thought it was time I learned to shoot pool and stuff like that. You see, I'll be a Soph next year, and I'm kinda big for my age, and yet I ain't done any steppin' out so I thought I'd begin a little."

Buck nodded thoughtfully. "That's part of it; just a little of it."

The main reason is your long pants, ain't it now? Just as if a couple of yards more cloth on a pair of britches could make a man out of a kid. And yet it does, in a lotta ways. With the girls, for instance. I've seen 'em up at school lookin' you over already Skeeter. You're in for it now!"

He regarded Paul intently for a moment. "Ever have a date, Skeeter?" he asked sharply.

"Why yes. That is, I mean I've took a couple of 'em to parties, and stuff like that."



Side by side Paul and Miss Craig sat on the edge of the ravine and sketched. "Paul," the art teacher said, "why don't you take a good boy like Roy Kane for an example?" "Ho," he jeered. "Why, Roy Kane won't even drink good licker." She impaled him with a slow, terrible look. "Does that mean that you do?" she asked.



Grubby little urchins swarmed around Paul, made sticky faces and shrilled, "Paul Benton's wearin' long britches. Long britches!" Two little girls clung to each other and gave way to giggling hysteria

"But you never was out alone with a girl in a machine, parked along the road at night?" Buck eyed the boy almost hungrily.

"Nope," Paul admitted. "But listen, Buck, I'm startin' my steppin' out the minute the old man'll let me have the Ford by myself. Little Snoot Hartman steps out. Why, Snoot even had a date with Gertrude Humphreys, and she—"

"Now listen, kid," Buck snapped, "I wantcha to get this straight. I wantcha to promise me, Skeeter, that no matter what comes up, you won't ever go out in a machine alone with Gertrude Humphreys!"

"Why, how come? Why not, Buck? Snoot Hartman says she's—"

"SNOOT HARTMAN'S a dirty little bag-chaser just like his brother Larry. I'm askin' you, kid, to promise me you'll never take Gertrude Humphreys out as long as you're in high school. Do you promise?"

"Aw, gee! Yes, Buck, I promise."

"That's fine, kid," Buck looked relieved. "Now I'm no Bible-pounder tryin' to save guys from goin' to the devil if they wanta, but at least I can try and keep you—"

The twin discs of an automobile's headlights blazed up in the darkness. As their beams fell upon Buck the brakes screamed and the car skidded to a reckless halt, the back tires leaving two long black streaks on the red bricks of Westfield's Main Street.

Larry Hartman's voice bawled drunkenly from the front seat. "Come on, Buck, yuh ole horse's neck!"

Like a sprinter at the crack of the pistol, Buck ran out into the street and leaped on the running-board, his hand grasping the handle of the car door. There was a glint of wet glass under the street light, a girl's high-pitched giggle, and the auto roared on into the night.

Paul was nearly home. Where the sidewalk ended, some six inches short of the corporation line, his shoes began to grit on the dusty surface of the west pike. He was not quite out in the country proper—his was the first house, beyond which the real farms began.

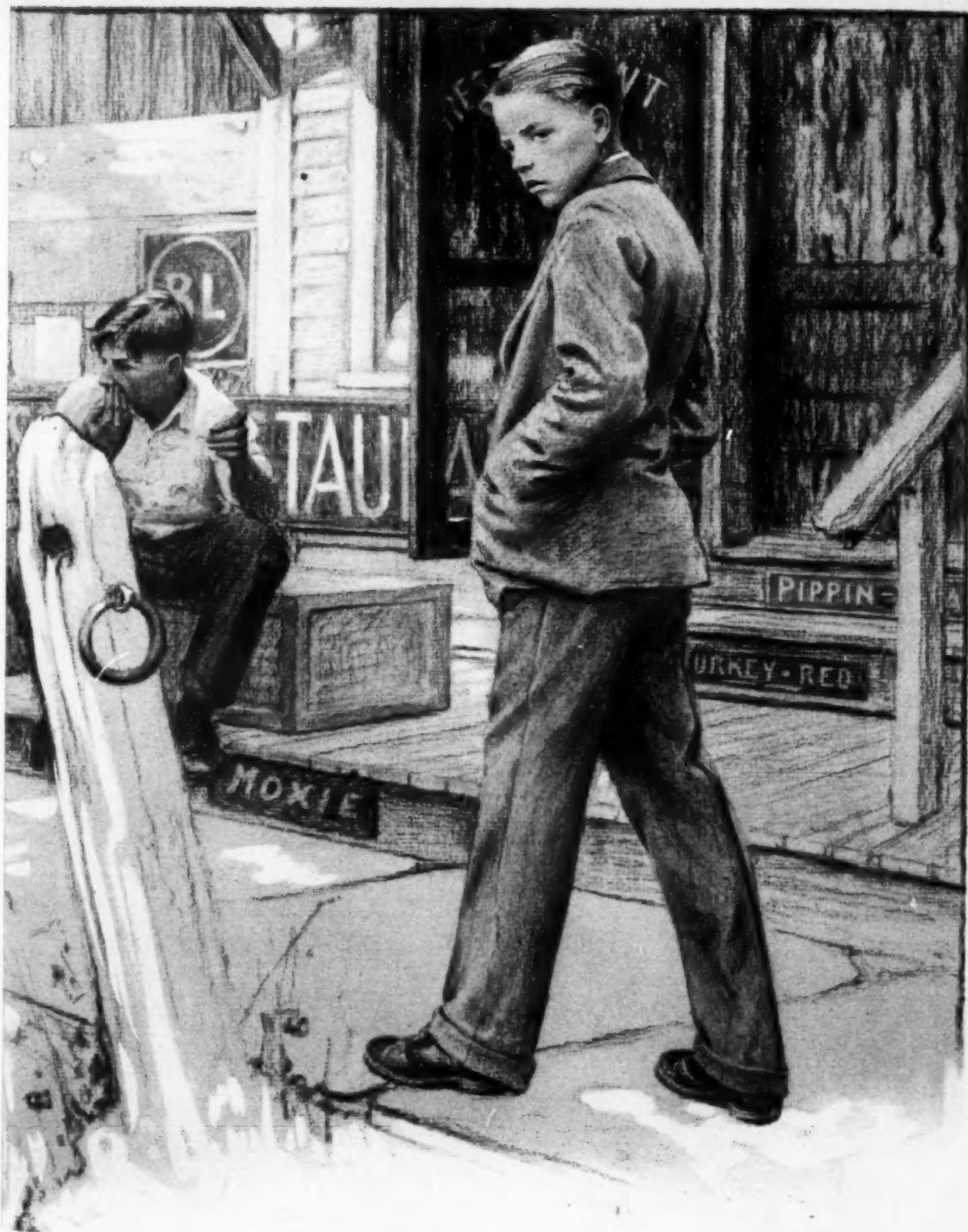
With a quick, cautious step Paul made his way up the irregular flag-stone walk. His heart sank when he saw that his father was waiting for him at the top of the front porch steps.

"Hello, Dad," he said awkwardly, trying to dodge past him and into the house.

ARNOLD BENTON snorted like an irate bull calf before replying. That snort was the Benton family's never-failing stormy weather signal.

"Good evening, huh? You mean 'good morning'! Do you know what time of night it is? Well, it's a quarter after twelve, that's what it is, young man. Come on inside here. I want to talk to you."

Wearily Paul followed him into the front hall and stood gaz-



ing resignedly at the gaudy pattern of the stair-carpet.

"Where you been all night?" demanded his father.

"Down to the pool room."

"Pool room, huh? Since when have you started hanging around the pool room. Didn't I tell you once not to let me catch—"

Mr. Benton stopped abruptly, leaned forward and wrinkled his nose suspiciously.

"Have you been smoking?" he thundered. "By Henry, if you have! Tell the truth now, have you?"

With a reckless courage born of the new long pants Paul ventured, "Only just a few puffs on a cigarette Mutt Jenkins

gimme. Aw, Dad! Ouch! Don't! Aw heck, Dad! Ouch!"

Arnold Benton's heavy hand had resoundingly descended twice. Paul jerked himself loose and took a quick step backwards. He stood straight, tense, dry-eyed, his small fists clenched white and his eyes narrowed to steely blue slits.

Mr. Benton experienced an instant of extreme dismay as he realized for the first time that his son was nearly as tall as he was. And in that hostile, strained second, something deep-buried and precious was dissolved between the father and the son, something which left a breach that might be patched over in time, but never wholly healed. [Continued on page 110]

*All You Men Who Drink Today—And All You Women—
Will See YOURSELVES in This Amazing Revelation*



Drawing By WILLIAM WOLFSON

FOR [^{He} _{Thinks}] HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

My Battle

Written by ONE Good Fellow
For
ALL Good Fellows

with Bootleg BOOZE

I HAVE just emerged and am slowly recovering from a three months' jag that extended over some thousands of miles and consumed at least a dollar for each mile. This post-prohibition bout with the jug taught me a lesson and I'd like to pass it on.

I think I can tell a story that will interest most of you, amuse many of you and perhaps, be beneficial to some of you.

Don't misunderstand me. This is no Pollyanna preachment. Though today I am physically and spiritually flat enough to be played on a victrola, I am not writing this as propaganda for Pussyfoot or any other Anti-Saloon League smuggie who thinks that what I drink is bad for his stomach. The Eighteenth Amendment, its enforcement, its advocates, the obnoxious principle behind it, is, and always will be, life's most pernicious ptomaine to me.

But I want to feed this story into the presses so that thousands of good fellows of both sexes may be induced to decide as I have done, that they must control their drinking and not continue to commit slow, and in many cases, rapid suicide in order to demonstrate contempt for an unpopular statute. There are much pleasanter ways of shuffling off, and drinking men and women are much too attractive and useful to go by the booze-and-bootlegger route.

David Lloyd George, that rugose little Welshman, tells a story that illustrates my point. During the early days of the war, when the burden of raising huge and sudden sums fell upon his shoulders, Lloyd George was explaining to a rural audience the urgent necessity of paying promptly the taxes levied by the government. When he reached the end of his speech there was ominous silence. No cheers, not even a good healthy hiss. Finally, a red-faced son of the soil rose bashfully in the rear of the hall and spoke his mind concerning the matter timidly but firmly:

"Yer 'onor, I gathers we h'all of us must ruin ourselves so as h'our country won't be ruined. Well, yer 'onor, h'I for one won't do it. My wife and h'eight children is more important to me h'even than good old h'England!"

Similarly, good fellows who love and practise drinking, should we ruin ourselves in order that the corrupt billion dollar booze trust our government permits to flourish among us shall not be ruined? Purely from a common sense, selfish standpoint, I say no.

But on to my story.

I am a writer by trade. For more than fifteen years I

traveled this and various foreign countries for a news syndicate, covering everything that might be of interest to the public: fires, floods, riots and revolutions. I specialized on murder trials and wrote, I suppose, millions of words about our most spectacular crime-dramas, from the days of Harry Thaw forward.

Some years ago I turned highbrow. Since this is my first "confession" yarn, I must strive for accuracy even in tiny details. I turned highbrow chiefly because of laziness. Magazine writing, the field to which I went from the newspapers, gives a fellow a chance to sleep long past the reporting hour demanded by most dailies!

During all the years of my wrestles with the Remington, both in newspaper and magazine work, I have been a moderate consumer of alcohol. I like the taste of liquor. I like its effect. I like its socializing influence and the soft, mellowing relaxation it affords. But for years my drinking was moderate and I was always able to take it or let it alone.

I don't mean that I have not dipped the beak often enough at times to get drunk. I have gotten drunk, gloriously, uproariously, stupidly, and on rare occasions even destructively drunk. But not until a year ago and again recently have I gotten so intoxicated that I was totally free of time, responsibility, consciousness and knowledge of my actions while drunk.

In other words, in the old days I always knew what I was doing up to the very moment when I went to sleep or some friendly soul put me to bed. But—once a year ago and several times during my recent extended jag—liquor, or what passes for liquor these days, has had such effect upon me that while my conscious mind was dead to me, it was alive to others. And, for the first time in my life, I said things, did

things and lived through events of which I had not the slightest recollection later.

Apparently, some obliterating force was at work within my brain and nervous organization. I was able to talk consecutively, move connectedly, to think and act in the view of observers as a normal individual and yet there was no real self-determined coordination between brain, tongue and muscular action.

Let me narrate events as they occurred, or as I later learned they had occurred. Perhaps learned, scientific gentlemen may be able to explain why this modern bottled combination of ether and table gasoline causes a [Continued on page 126]

ANONYMOUS

Yes—But

You will readily understand that the man who makes this confession could write with such astonishing frankness only because his name is withheld. It is enough for you to know that this author is today at the top of his profession. Do you think he—or any other man—can remain at the top, if he continues this pace? Don't forget, as you read this dramatic story, told as vividly as fiction, that it has a lesson for you. But will YOU heed it?



Suddenly as Jack climbed over the ropes toward me, Zelda Merrick glided in front of him. "Hello, dearie," she purred, her hand on his arm. I felt sick and scared. "What would Jack do?" I wondered

PEOPLE are always asking if you believe in love at first sight, and it always strikes me as funny. It's like asking if you really believe Lindbergh flew across the ocean. Because of course when it happens, it's just a fact, like anything else. I knew the first night I saw Jack Stanley what had happened to me. I fell in love with him every bit as much as if he had ridden up on a white steed and rescued me from a dragon, instead of coming into the Green Mill with another girl and passing me up like a drink of water. And as for dragons they were there all right but it wasn't Jack that did the rescuing.

I was with Nick Adams that night. Nick's a newspaper reporter and a great friend of dad's. I'm Molly Regan, and my father is James Regan. Dad used to manage prize-fighters, before he retired. He was a great manager, too. His boys weren't just

ham-and-egggers. Some of them wore red, white and blue, and everybody in the sporting world thought a lot of dad.

He and I were the best of pals, but after mother died dad didn't have any proper way to bring me up. He traveled around too much, so I was educated at the convent in Riverdale. But he had retired now, and this was my first week home and my first night club. I was having the time of my life, dancing and watching the gay crowd, and eating rich costly food and feeling as if now I were really going to begin to live.

Then I saw him. He came in with a noisy crowd that took the big table near us. Some of them nodded to Nick.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"That's Zelda Merrick. She dances at the Caveau."

"No," I said, "the man with her, the tall black-haired one,



*The Story of
A Great Comeback And of a
Greater Love*

*With Drawings
from Life*

By DE ALTON VALENTINE

BIG BOY

in the gray suit? See, he's looking this way now."
"Oh, him?" Nick said. "That's Jack Stanley. He's slated for the coming middle-weight championship. Only don't get interested there, kid; he's signed up with Zelda. Good-looking boy, huh?"

GOOD-LOOKING? I should say he was. And he looked like a fighter. You could tell by the way he moved, even in his loose clothes. He had a lean brown face, thick brown hair and brown eyes with little gold lights in them, the kind of eyes that seem to see everything as a joke.

He glanced at me for a minute when he passed me, and I felt a little electric tingle. I looked away, but I looked back—and when I did he was looking at Zelda and his eyes weren't laughing any more.

I disliked that girl the minute I saw her. Those blank greedy black eyes, and that snaky black marcel, and powder-white skin. And the dress she had on! It was lip-stick red chiffon. It began low and ended high and didn't last anywhere, but it certainly looked expensive, and so did she. Her arm glittered with bracelets when she reached over to pick up her glass. I asked Nick about them, under cover of the music and the noise. They all seemed so different from the young fighter they were so friendly with. He was just a nice clean attractive boy and they looked like what Nick told me.

"A flock of buzzards, Molly. They all make easy money. That fat guy with the big lump of ice on his finger's Al Bennicker. He's been cleanin' up ever since he got hold of the kid. He's Stan's manager. And the thin smooth Johnny with the sheik haircut is Harry Austin. He's a bookie. And the other fat dressy bird's Dutch Wilson. He calls himself a

promoter. Say, there's the music! Shall we dance, Molly?"

He got up and swung me out on the floor. I saw Jack Stanley rise and take the lip-stick red chiffon in his arms. She draped herself over him and looked up at him through those mascaro lashes and you could just see she had him. I tried to talk and not notice them but something kept dragging my eyes around that way and every time I looked it sort of hurt me. Tommy Harrison, who is on Nick's paper, joined us afterward and while he and Nick talked I got a chance to listen in on the bunch next to us.

They were all getting very gay. Zelda poured Stanley's glass full and took a long swallow out of it before she held it up to him.

"Get that, Nick?" Tommy said. "I bet that's not the first, either, and Jack going to fight Corney Wernell next month!"

"He'll lick Wernell anyway."

"Yep, Benny's got a sweet scrapper there," Tommy said, "if he don't break his heart sending him down the stretch."

"What does that mean?" I asked him.

OH, PUSHING him along too fast, for the money. It's been scrap, scrap, scrap, for Jack, with no rest in between nor the right kind of training. The kid ought to be home hitting the hay right now."

Both men glanced again at the other table, where they were all getting up to go.

After the hilarious party left everything seemed to go flat for me. I danced a few more times and then Nick took me home. Dad was still up, reading, when I came in, and I stopped to tell him about the evening. He sat puffing at his pipe, with the lamp light shining on his square strong face,



"Oh Jack! Oh Jack!"
I was saying to myself. The referee was counting—

and curly gray hair. My eyes are gray like his, but my hair is red, no use pretending it's auburn or anything. I used to hate it, but now I've got it shingled and under control. I sometimes think it's not so bad with my eyes and kind of white skin. Dad ruffled it while I curled beside him and talked. I told him about seeing Jack Stanley.

"He's a flashy kid," said dad, "but then Al Bennicker's his manager. All the same he'll put on a good scrap with Wernell. I've a mind to take it in myself."

"TAKE me, please."

Dad looked at me surprised. I'd never cared to see a fight, in spite of dad being a manager. It seemed awful to think of men being hurt like that, but I wanted to see Jack Stanley fight.

I'll never forget that night when we filed down to our seats in the closely packed auditorium. It was a lot more thrilling than a theater. The hum and the noise and the lights and the feeling of tense primitive excitement in the crowd got you. Right down in front, not far from us, were the same people I had seen with Stanley at the night club.

I felt all strung up by the time the preliminaries ended. Dad looked at me and smiled.

"There they come, Molly," he said.

Back in the crowd a narrow lane was opening to let a man come through. It was Stanley. He vaulted over the ropes and stood bowing short jerky bows while the crowd yelled. He was wrapped in a blue bathrobe and the flood-lights glared on his thick brown hair and clear-cut face. He was looking at Zelda, I could see, but once he half turned and caught sight of me and I could swear he smiled at me. My heart began to throb. A minute later there was another stir and roar from the mob, and Corney Wernell was in the ring!

I suppose everybody knows how it is at a big fight, the men in their corners and the announcer and the lights and noise and seconds. It's all terribly exciting.

The gong rang, and the men came out and faced each other in that hard brilliant light. Stanley looked wonderful. He was so light on his feet and it thrilled me to see the muscles slide along under his skin. But his jaw was set and he was very pale. There was a kind of worn look to his face almost as if he were tired. Wernell came out more slowly in a crouch. I felt scared when I saw him; he looked as if he were made of leather and iron, with his big shoulders hunched forward and that heavy fighting scowl on his face.

They exchanged blows so fast at first that it made me blink to watch them. I couldn't see anything but flashing arms and a flurry of gloves. But when dad told me what to watch for in the next round it was easier.

"Watch that right cross of Stanley's," he said.

It was lightning quick, the way his hand flashed in through

the other man's guard, but Wernell was fast too, and it was frightening to see the driving power behind his blows. After the third round I could see dull red patches above Jack's waist, and when he dropped in his corner, for those few moments of precious rest he drew in his breath in long gasps. His manager was leaning over him whispering and the faces of his friends in the crowd looked tense and anxious.

But the next round was all Stanley's. He rushed the fight with his mouth set and his eyes hard. He was blocking, side-stepping, hitting. His arm darting in and out like a snake. It was wonderful to watch and the crowd went wild. I forgot everything in my excitement.

"Oh, dad," I cried, "he's going to win! Isn't he?"

"THE kid's drawn too fine," dad said. "He's traveling on his nerve but maybe he'll get there safe." And just then the gong rang and they went to their corners.

It was in the fifth it happened. "Wernell's going to make his bid in this round," dad said. And he did! He kept Stanley on the defensive, backing away from his short, savage rushes. He bored in, with his head low. Once or twice he landed and it seemed to rock Jack.

"That left hook is a scorcher!" said dad, and just then a terrible blow caught Stanley on the chin. I saw his head jerk back. He spun half-around and dropped. The crowd oared! My heart gave a sickening plunge and I felt weak and cold all over.

"Oh Jack! Oh Jack!" I was saying to myself, over and over. The referee was counting. He was up to five, when Stanley moved, drew his knees under him, and lurched up on his feet. The mob all rose together, yelling like wild beasts, yelling for a knockout!

Wernell meant to give it, too. He came on the instant Jack was up. I saw Jack sort of rock forward and swing his right.

There was a crack, like a pistol shot, and Wernell's big body crashed down and lay like a stone. Stanley stood above him, looking dazed, until the referee waved him over to a neutral corner. The count went on. Wernell never moved, and when it ended they picked him up and carried him to his corner. I could hardly breathe but the whole huge building fairly rocked with cheers when the referee caught Jack's arm and raised it above his head in token of victory.

"Why Molly, child, you're crying!"

I hadn't known it till dad spoke, and I grabbed my handkerchief. "It's so exciting," I said.

People were swarming over the ropes—photographers and press men and strangers. Those pals of Stanley's were all patting him on the back and hugging him and generally giving him a big hand as if they were just crazy with joy. Stanley just stood there with his eyes shining, and it gave me the queerest feeling to see him look like that. There he was, winner, with the title ahead of him and yet I felt afraid for him somehow. He seemed so awfully young.

"Where are they going now, dad?" I asked.

"Off to a big party at Neroni's. Want to go there, Molly?" Dad was always such an understanding person.

It was a wild party they put on for young Stanley that night. I watched it from where we sat. Neroni's was packed and Jack was the hero of the evening. Everybody stared at him and they were all shouting, and drinking to the next middle-weight champion. At first Jack seemed almost too tired to join in the riot, but after his second glass he began to pep up and soon he and Zelda were dancing together.

BUT he danced with me too, that night! I think he must have actually wanted to meet me, because his manager brought him over to our table and introduced us. They both knew dad, of course. I could hardly speak for excitement when Jack asked me to dance, but I did manage to tell him I thought he put on a grand fight.

"Oh, I wasn't so good," he said. "I saw you there tonight. Do you like boxing?"

"That was my first fight," I said. "It's sort of terrible but I guess I'll go again."

He smiled down at me. "You ought to make a pretty good scrapper yourself, Miss Regan, considering your father and your hair."

I smiled back at that and his [Continued on page 103]



I hadn't heard from or seen Jack for a long time, and then one evening in the park he almost crashed into me. I slipped and fell, and Jack picked me up as lightly as if I were a child. It shocked me to see him, he was so changed

The
PATIENT

*reclines on a couch
and is urged to voice
her thoughts freely as
they come to her. Thus,
trifling utterances, long
forgotten episodes in the
days of her childhood,
are revealed, and from
these revelations the
mind is cleared of the
doubts and fears that
have made life a burden*



*You Have Heard a Lot About the Strange
Chance to Read a Common Sense Application of*

DON'T Marry the

DON'T marry the man you love!

Don't marry the woman you love!

These statements sound revolutionary, do they not? They contradict your idea of what has been considered the most beautiful and desirable state of being.

But the fact is that romantic love is really a disease.

People go to doctors to be treated for it in the same way that they go to be treated for an infected finger.

Love is a kind of nervous disorder, a neurosis, we say.

It is a functional condition. That is, there are no permanent organic changes. It is the emotional equilibrium that is chiefly upset and this, in turn, may upset the purely mental, as well as the physical balance.

Whatever changes there may be depend upon the severity of the attack and these changes are merely temporary.

The outpouring of romance practically ceases, when it is fully gratified. As soon as you fall out of love you invariably return in all respects to normal.

What is the secret of this strange emotional outburst? No one knows. But here, at least, is something like an explanation:

It can be laid down as an irrefutable principle, that every human being is from earliest childhood a born worshipper of heroes and romance.

If you are a woman the greatest hero you knew as a child—greater even than the charmed heroes that peopled the books you read—was your father.

Likewise, the loveliest, most charming and beautiful woman you knew, if you were a boy, was your mother.

You, a girl, were much more likely to do what father wanted you to do than you were to obey your mother.



The DOCTOR

sits with pad and pencil, near his patient but where she cannot see him. Her rambling thoughts spoken aloud give the key to her hates and her loves. This startling analysis of emotional love has been written for SMART SET by one of America's leading psychoanalysts,

DR.
LOUIS E.
BISCH

*Science, Psychoanalysis. Here is Your First
That Science to the Everyday Affairs of the Heart*

Man You LOVE

You, a boy, were much more willing to obey your mother than your father.

And these traits in your nature were manifested, mind you, when your entire child world was one of make-believe.

IN THIS way then, into the very marrow of your character make-up, there was built a powerful sense of beauty, adventure and idealization, in short, a yearning for romantic love. And since a man or woman is but the continuous and uninterrupted outgrowth of what he or she was when a child, it stands to reason that romantic love has become an inevitable trait in you.

To be sure, as you grow older and the world gives you many a hard knock, you lose a lot of your faith in romance. You are forced to realize that life is not just one pleasurable thrill after another. You come face to face with the hard

facts of reality; you are forced to fall back upon wishing; you take refuge at last in day dreaming.

However, sooner or later the proverbial "right man" comes along. The same thing occurs when it's the right woman. Then what happens to you?

All this bottled-up romance that has been accumulating in your system for years bursts forth and sweeps everything before it. The dam of reserve breaks.

I am reminded of a young woman whose pent-up love broke forth with such terrific force that I had to send her away to a sanitarium for a prolonged rest.

The girl was twenty-five. She was well-dressed, attractive, musical, friendly. She had all the makings of a pleasing personality.

Suitors there were to be sure. [Continued on page 130]

I'LL Show HER

I KNEW 'em out in Los Angeles. Knew 'em both. Knew 'em well. Knew 'em when the very best either of 'em hoped for was a four room bungalow on a hillside, a legitimate excuse for a baby carriage, a flower garden, a gravel walk and a second hand Ford.

Jimmie Frayne was a reporter then. Just a general assignment man. If he was getting fifty dollars a week his city editor was gypping the paper. He could get plenty of men for thirty-five to do the work Jimmie was doing.

Mollie Webster was playing bits in stock. Just getting by. She came under the head of "others" in the cast.

They were engaged, perfectly satisfied with each other and the modest competence logically in store for them. Neither one of them had any disturbing ambitions. Mollie was one of the few young troupers I've known who really didn't want to act. She came of a theatrical family, was born in a trunk and a part was just a job of work to her. She got no more thrill out of acting than a farm boy gets from ploughing a field.

She was an arrestingly pretty kid. Smashing live black hair that shone under lights like polished leather. Big blue eyes. A flower petal complexion. Good figure. Plenty of personality. She dominated any party she was in. Stood out like a lit match in a dark room. But on the stage she was just another actress. Everything she had seemed to fade before it got to the first row of the orchestra. Nothing of her beauty or charm got across.

She knew all this and it bothered her not at all. All she wanted to do was marry Jimmie Frayne and settle down to the business of being a wife.

JIMMIE was just a nice ordinary kid. Stanford boy. Dressed well enough, washed back of his ears and brushed his teeth. Typical soap-and-water young American college grad with less ambition than most of them have at his age. He didn't even hope to write a play some day. His plan was to marry Mollie, live on his salary and save a little, drive a second hand Ford till he got a raise and then graduate to a small, used, gear shift car; work on as a reporter till he was promoted



JIMMIE:

"You play around with guys like Baxter and I'll write my check for a million when you're starving in the extra line"



MOLLIE:

*"I'll show you! I'll be a star when
you're an old broken-down reporter
in some little town in the sticks"*

These Two Found Success But Where Do You Suppose They Found HAPPINESS?

and then go up by easy stages till he got gray hair and a middle-aged waist, and earned a chance to sit in the office marked "Managing Editor" and make a speech now and then at a chamber of commerce banquet. Slow and Sure. Safe and Sane. Those were his mottoes.

I was doing publicity for a picture company. Dragging down fifteen thousand. Jimmie was a little awed by my wealth and position. Fifteen thousand was a lot of money to him.

I USED to throw a dinner for him and Mollie about once a week. Just the three of us. They both liked me and I got a kick out of it—they were so much in love and so genuinely appreciative of my friendship. For the rest of the week they chugged around in Jimmie's second hand Ford, ate in cafeterias and had a wonderful time figuring on furniture and working out experimental budgets. They were all set for a normally uneventful prosaic life, that pair, when they tripped over a misunderstanding and fell into a current of events that carried them far, far out on a stormy old sea.

The three of us had a date for dinner on a certain summer evening. In the afternoon I was on my way to Hollywood and saw Mollie coming out of a department store. The traffic lights went against me just then and I hailed her. She was free for the day so I suggested she drive out with me, wait until I'd finished the few minutes of business I had to transact, and then take a spin out to the beach.

I got out to Hollywood and ran into a mess of stuff that had to be straightened out right away. The beach trip was off. Mollie was waiting for me in my roadster out in front of the studio. I went out to tell her the bad news and get a taxi to take her back to town and on the way I ran into Tod Baxter, the director. I found Tod was driving into Los Angeles, so I introduced him to Mollie and he ferried her back. That was that.

We met that evening at the appointed restaurant. I was there first. A few minutes later

Mollie arrived. Jimmie phoned that he was held up on a story and would be late so we postponed ordering dinner and sat there chatting till he came.

When he got there we ordered for the three of us and everything was lovely. Jimmie grinned at Mollie as he said lightly:

"Flying pretty high these sunny afternoons, aren't you?"

"High?" said Mollie.

"Seems high to a poor reporter like me," Jimmie went on. "Saw you go rolling by this afternoon with Tod Baxter, the director, in his Rainbow Eight. How does it feel to ride in a car that can do ninety up hill and looks like a big bouquet with a lot of colored lights on it?"

There wasn't the suggestion of a note of jealousy or reproof of any sort in the question. It was one hundred per cent kidding.

"Feels pretty nice," Mollie said. She paused for just a moment and then added: "For a change."

SHE was smiling when she said this but there was a sting to it. The contrast between Tod Baxter's big bus and Jimmie's old Ford was in her mind and she meant him to know it.

He did. So did I. There was a nasty, brief little silence.

"I'm to blame for that," I said, and explained about getting Tod to drive her back from Hollywood.

"You're to blame for it?" Mollie said coldly. "Blame implies fault I think. I'm not aware that I'm at fault in driving with Tod Baxter, irrespective of how it came about."

"Why certainly not," Jimmie said anxiously, trying to smooth things. "I didn't say that."

"You didn't say what?" Mollie questioned sharply.

"That you were to blame," Jimmie explained.

"I didn't say you said it," Mollie flared, "but you must have thought it or you wouldn't deny having said it."

"Deny?" Jimmie exclaimed, flushing. "I'm not denying anything. What's the matter with you?"

"I don't like being spied on and cross-questioned if you must know," Mollie shot back.

"SPIED on!" Jimmie said angrily. "Say! Look here. I just happened to be coming down Main Street on my way to the office when I saw you and Tod Baxter going——"

"Well, what of it?" Mollie interrupted. "There's no law against my riding with Tod Baxter is there?"

"Children!" I put in my oar. "Come out of it. Forget it." That was just like trying to put out a fire with gasoline!

"I'm not a child!" Mollie flared. "I won't be treated like one."

"Then stop acting like one," Jimmie snapped. "All I do is make a perfectly good natured kidding remark about your flying pretty high because I saw you in a car with Tod Baxter and right away you——"

"Kidding!" Mollie interrupted bitterly. "You say that now just to try to crawl out of it."

"I'm not trying to crawl out of anything!" Jimmie almost shouted. "But I'll say one thing: Seems kind of funny to me that you come down to dinner in this kind of a mood

*Every Young Man
in Love
Will Live This Story
of Jimmie Frayne's
Gethsemane*



I STOOD there with the tears running down my cheeks and let them kiss and cuddle and coo until I saw the crowd starting in for the second act. Then I wrapped the coat around Mollie's shoulders and herded them to the stage entrance

after being out with Baxter. I suppose I don't seem like much after an afternoon spent with a great director."

"I might be better off if I spent more of my afternoons with people who amount to something," Mollie shot back.

"I might amount to something myself if I put in my time climbing instead of preparing to get married and tie myself down to a home," Jimmie snarled.

"Try it," Mollie said. She was crazy mad by this time. "Try amounting to something and see where you come out. If you're worried about marrying me and tying yourself down to a home just get that off your mind. You're not going to marry me, Jimmie Frayne. Not soon nor ever. You just start out now all by yourself without any ties and climb all you please and when you've done your best you'll be just what you are now. Just an ordinary reporter who's downright mean jealous of every one who does anything worthwhile."

"Shoot the piece!" Jimmie shouted. "I don't see your name in electric lights if it comes to that. You go ahead and play around with guys like Baxter and I'll write my check for a million when you're starving in the extra line."

"YOU fool!" Mollie said, quietly furious. "You poor little small time scribbler! Just for that I'll show you. Never saw my name in electric lights did you? Well you will. I'll be a star when you're an old broken-down reporter in some little two by four town out in the sticks. I'll show you!"

She pushed her chair back from the table then, got up and stalked out of the place. I started to follow her but Jimmie held me.

"Let her go," he said furiously. "I don't want her back. I'll show her."

I sat down and tried to laugh him out of it but it was no go.

"I'll show her!" he kept on repeating. "I'll show her. I'll turn this old world upside down and make her watch while

I spank it. Never amount to anything, huh? I'll show her!"

He took a couple of drinks straight, one right after the other, and then went away and left me to have my dinner alone.

I thought of course that the fight was just one of those things that blow over. When I went to bed that night I bet myself that they had found each other and clinched by then. The next day I dropped into the office to see Jimmie.

"He beat it," the city editor told me. "Came in this morning, got his money and left for New York on the noon train. I couldn't stop him. He acted like a nut. Kept mumbling that he was going to show somebody something."

That didn't sound so good. I blew right over to the theater and saw Mollie.

"SUITS me," she said indifferently when I told her Jimmie had started east. "I'm not interested in where he is or where he's going or what he's going to do when he gets there."

I tried to talk her into telegraphing Jimmie on the train to get off and come back; filled up the old lungs and gave her the full chest note on love, duty, the beauty of forgiving and a bunch of stuff about the sanctity of the little home that they had planned on the one hand and the tragedy of two lonely blasted lives on the other. The act was a flop.

"He spoke his piece last night and I spoke mine," she said.

"You heard us both. All I wanted up to then was to get out of the show business and have a little home of my own. All I want now is to show Jimmie Frayne that I can go on my own and climb so high that he won't even be able to get an introduction to my butler's relatives. That's what I want to do and I'm going to do it."

No argument I could make had any effect. All she wanted to do with Jimmie Frayne was humiliate him by achieving a spectacular success. The next week I had my first intimation that she was actually on her way to accomplish it. I got it out

of the review of the current show in which she was appearing.

"The surprise of the evening was the work of Miss Mollie Webster in the part of Irene Ainslee. The character is really only a bit but Miss Webster made it stand out like a light in a dark room."

"Hitherto it has always been possible to dismiss Miss Webster with the comment 'adequate' but her work last night deserves real praise. It pleased and amazed those of us who have come to know her as an actress, ever well within the picture, but lacking always the spark of life to animate her undeniably sound and consistent technique."

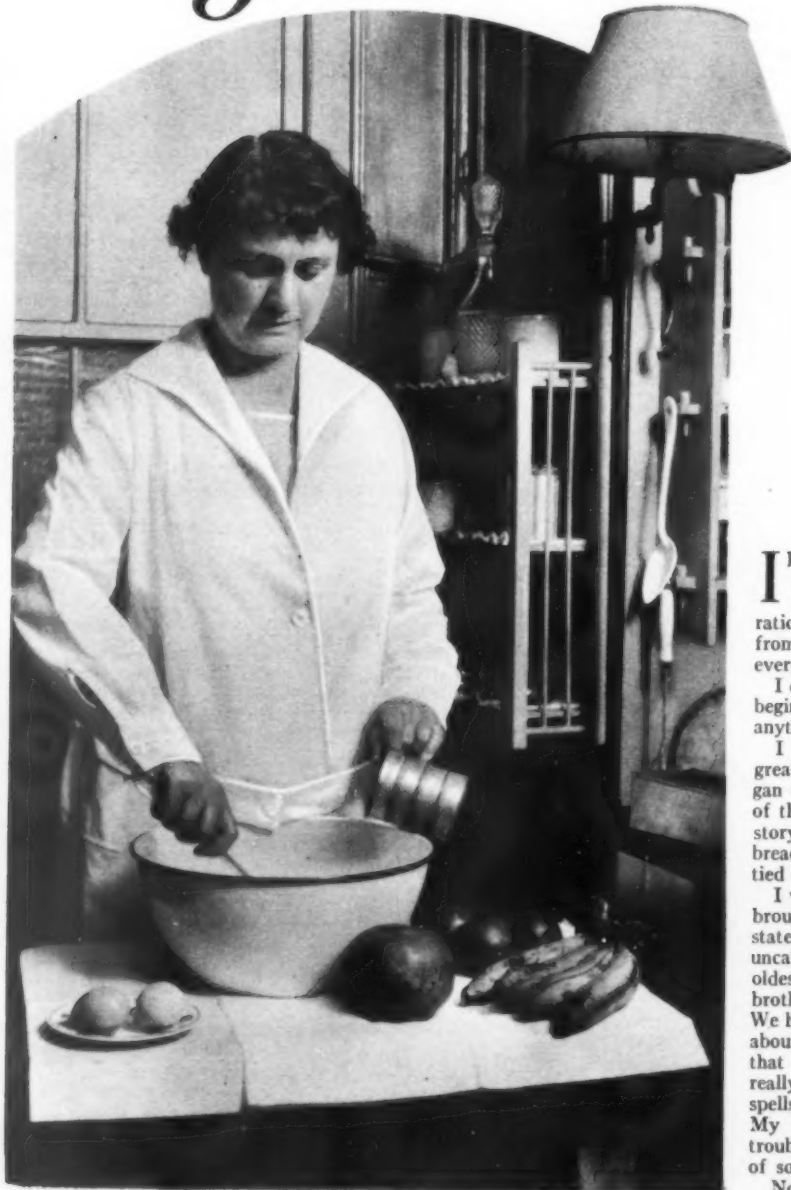
"We have never seen Miss Webster do a bad piece of work but last night's performance was the first we have been able to applaud as good. Here's hoping that her work as Irene Ainslee in the current offering represents an improvement that can and will be maintained rather than an accidental flash of emotional power not to be repeated in other rôles. If she can maintain the standard she achieved last night there are big things ahead for her in the near future."

I went to see the show and found for myself that the critic had not overstated the case. I saw Mollie Webster really act for the first time. All her beauty [Continued on page 132]

*With Sketches
from Life
By HARVE STEIN*



I Get a DOLLAR a



Here is Fannie Marquis mixing her magic loaf which sells for nearly ten times what you pay for your bread at the grocer's. How did she do it? She tells you in this article and the story of her success holds forth hope to any woman, or any man, who is fired with a desire to succeed

*This
Self-Told Story
Proves
There is Always
a New Way
to Success*

IBAKE bread for which I get a dollar a loaf. Just think of it! A dollar a loaf! I don't call it bread; I call it a balanced ration. But it is bread, just the same, made from the things that go, or ought to go, in every loaf of bread!

I did not always get a dollar a loaf. At the beginning I was glad to sell my bread for anything I could get for it.

I began very unostentatiously. I think all great enterprises do begin humbly. Mine began with a modest English muffin, and back of the English muffin, there was a story, the story of my life, which is now mixed into my bread, baked and wrapped and boxed and tied up with it.

I was one of a big family of boys and girls, brought up in the northern part of New York state. I was the oldest girl and I felt that uncalled-for sense of responsibility which the oldest girl always feels toward her little brothers and sisters, unappreciated as it is. We had an abundance to eat, but when I was about eighteen it became apparent to me that not one member of our family was really well. My father was subject to cranky spells. My mother said it was his stomach. My brother had a very serious digestive trouble. One after another of us complained of some ailment or other.

Nor were we the only complaining ones in our neighborhood. Everybody had something, or was just recovering from something, or just coming down with something. No one seemed well on the whole of what Hamlet called "this distracted globe."

After deep study I diagnosed the evil as something lying in the food we ate.

And, in our house at least, the staple article of diet was bread, my mother's good home-made bread; and we had it three times a day! Experimenting on myself, eating it and making mental observations of my own, I was forced to see that my temper was at highest pressure shortly after a meal. And I reasoned that it was due to the bread I was eating. It filled me full; but it didn't feed my nerves. It wasn't a balanced ration by any means. It was foolish to continue to

Loaf for My BREAD

By FANNIE O.

MARQUIS

Who Has Transformed

The Humble Loaf

into a

Real Staff of Life

eat that kind of food once you knew the effect it would have. This was, you must understand, before the present agitation about whole wheat bread. In those days the whiter the bread was, and the softer, and the hotter, the better! I was the Columbus in our family who suggested that there might be another, undiscovered "Breadland," but you may be sure that I did not tell my mother so. I verily believe that if I had she would have notified the authorities, and had me put under observation in our local crazy-house.

Then, while I was pondering all these things, another factor popped in—the opportunity to become self-supporting. I hailed it gladly, dreaming the dream of every older sister. Perhaps I would earn enough in the city to bring one of my little sisters to New York and educate her!

BUT what could I do? I had been brought up in a simple country village, and, beyond keeping house, and sitting on the front porch looking pretty, I had no accomplishments. All the same, with the divine optimism of youth, I packed my trunk and came to New York.

However, when I landed in the city, I found that nobody wanted me to keep house for pay and there was no front porch waiting for me. Yet I must do something.

At first I cast about, doing this and that, and barely making a living. And then, after a wakeful night, wondering what I would do next, I resolved to go into that which had been the dream of my life—making things to eat. Baking!

I hadn't yet reached the stage where I could boldly tell people what they ought to eat. I only knew that I wanted to bake! But, of what use to bake, if I had no family to eat the things and no customers to buy them? I had business sense enough, even then, to reason that I must get my market first.

I had heard of the Exchange for Woman's Work which was then on Forty-third Street, near the Grand Central station. Very timidly I went there and inquired if they could use my cooking. The girl in charge told me that I could submit samples of whatever I might bake. I paid the membership fee of three dollars, and came away feeling that my business career had begun.

On my way home I bought a Philadelphia broiler and that night I labored over what I considered the finest dish in the world, a chicken pie. I made it in a deep dish and surrounded it with onions, potatoes and a sea of gravy. I put on a top crust and baked it brown. It smelt [Continued on page 128]



AND—here is the loaf of bread
for which the world has
made a beaten track to the door
of the baker

*With Drawings
from Life
By J. W. SCHLAIKER*



As I waited in the night, for the fleeing murderer, a man appeared in front of me. A man I had seen before. His face was grim and pale. Suddenly I felt sorry for him. "I'm going to save you," I cried. "Hurry, or they'll catch us"

THERE was a row of empty stools, but the man in the mackinaw took the one next me, and in a deep friendly voice ordered from the cook, who put meat to sizzle on the range at the end of the counter.

"In from the hills, ready to catch the boat out, I s'pose?" yelled the cook.

"Will be, when I finish up one more chore," said the stranger. "Don't fry that so hard!"

The cook advanced, threw down platters, brought me a fancy dessert I had not asked for, and taking a cup of coffee for himself, told the stranger:

"Her an' me was just wonderin' why everybody in Alaska has got to tear for below if it gits crimp. They act like a bunch of weaklin's, we think. This little lady's playin' in the picture show, an' boy, she kin tickle them ivories."

"Then I'll be there tonight!" the man in the mackinaw cried. I looked at the old cook, who shook his head, and I sighed. He and I had an agreement that if a superior Alaskan ever appeared, I should at least have a view of him. The

trail blazers with whom I had conferred, to date, were dull, and as to millionaires, there were none, never would be any.

EARLIER in Alaska I had wanted amusement. Now I needed a meal-ticket, but I had given up hope of finding a great hearted romantic son of the Northland, or even a what-have-you who would furnish what I needed.

I'd come up here to be a lady pioneer and had dreamed of tramping through the wilds with a big brown bear for a pet! I had visioned a cabin smothered in pelts of my gathering, the weary grinding life of cities a memory, and me, as Little Sureshot, chopping logs. I had meant to build my own shack.

I had showed the cook how I could chop when he lent me an axe, and was only two afternoons cracking up a coal-oil box, and it had hard ends to bust! He said I was remarkable. For practice I had taken lunch in a pack and climbed the mountains that ringed the town of Seward. But I always had to return, paint myself and put on the smart dresses that made the locals sniff, and get ready for the evening freeze in



*The Romance
of a
Lovely
Man Hunter
in Alaska
Who Dug Gold
Without a Pick
and Got
Her Man
Without a Gun.*

The MAN in the Mackinaw

the theater, with fingers almost too cold to play the piano.

The cook protested at the things I wore in town; anybody'd be cold, just thin silk on legs and thin shoes. He said I ought to wear two pairs of woollen socks inside shoe pacs. Suppose they did clump? And look like a Native! Shapeless comfort I snapped, was for females snug in a home that a man kept going, but a woman with the man to get must look zippy, smirk and smile. Smile? It came hard this last night, when my meager salary ended, for the show-house was to close.

THE town refused to sit there with no heat, and watch poor pictures. So Clark gave me notice, and the cook had scowled when I told him, before the stranger entered. There was no work for me elsewhere; the stores were family concerns with wives and daughters back of counters.

I glanced at the young man beside me, in a general way hating him. Big strong thing! I couldn't stay in the country broke, nor walk out of it. It was a seven days' journey to Seattle. There'd be nothing there to greet me anyway but a

foggy day. A man could be a "workaway" on a ship or buy a steerage ticket. Women must go first class.

It wouldn't be much colder if I had to stand on the beach in that wind from the snow peaks fringing Resurrection Bay, than in my room over a hardware store, where it wasn't even warm in bed; but a woman couldn't just stand somewhere, as a man might. They wouldn't let her. Up here she should have a family.

Outside, I had a stepfather, somewhere, and an ex-husband. That was my family. The savings from a stenographer's job, three years' hoarding, had gone into the months before I got the picture theater job. It was all wasted while I tried to find an Alaska like my notions of it. All I really found was one coast town after another, where they aped the "outside" and succeeded in being stupid.

The cook said the people I'd like to know stayed in the hills. This man in the mackinaw, I'd taken for a really good specimen, but I took the cook's head shake to mean that he was just a brown, curly-haired, gray-eyed imposter, returning

to me, too, with his outdoors but intelligent air. I sighed, slumping down with a hand over my eyes, at that harrowing thought of a tomorrow. I owed for food here; in two days, rent again to pay. The cook said loudly:

"Another cup of Java will do you good, girlie!"

I started, accepted it, and straightening up I caught the gleam of a revolver on a shoulder holster, inside the stranger's heavy mackinaw. Abruptly he fastened the buttons, watching me in the strip of mirror behind displays of doughnuts and canned fruit. I smiled a little, and so did he. Then I shivered as the wind-driven gravel struck the café window. Gravel lay in high ridges on the walk and then was picked up and flung into a ridge on the other side of the street. When the dock was icy, one couldn't stand without wearing creepers.

"WON'T have this wind thirty miles inland. Colder but calmer too," said the man in the mackinaw.

I wasn't going to bother with him so I didn't reply, and stared into the glass. Let them keep their weather inland.

"Better come along to where this wind doesn't blow," the man continued.

"I can't go where I wish," I blurted.

"I saw in your big eyes there was something," he said. The cook was serving a group below. My wrist felt warm fingers around it. "Tell me—if a man sees a woman, and all in a minute, he wants her for his own, what's happened to him? How did you do it? Because you have," whispered the man in the mackinaw.

"A slap's going to happen to you!" I said. I was disgusted with that old claptrap. It was just about what Bill, my first, had landed me with. I paid for the divorce!

No, positively, if I starved, no outside man, spoiled by indulgent women would catch me. If there was none of the type that the North ought to produce, straightforward, sensible, they could keep the others! "All in a minute!" Anyhow it wasn't possible. Men only think they think that. I was at the door, with him holding it against the wind for me, when the cook called and I ran back.

"Say, about Clark's place. It's all right. I figured to tip you before. Pete Larson's an old pal of mine! We mined in the Koyukuk together. He's done well and got picture houses below in South-eastern, and he gave me power to grab this hall if Clark quit. Pete'll keep you on. Got sense, appreciates swell music and a pianner player bein' interested in makin' the joint go over. He'll put in a heatin' plant. That'll take a few days, even if he gets my cable an' catches the up boat, but the point is, you're not to worry. Besides, here's a plan I got.

"You been crazy to be rough. Well I got a nice new cabin, down on Kenal River. It's elegant! Grub an' a ton of readin' matter. I was goin' to winter there. Now I shan't. And right near my cabin is old Kate White. She's a card. She'll take you prospectin' up Cooper Creek an' the pair of you can get a moose. She'll show you how to butcher, that ol' gal!

"Gimme your good clothes to store, an' wear them little pants an' the pacs an' heavy coat an' cap. Take that bed-roll of mine. I ain't usin' it, an' the wolf robe is Interior make. I'll get you on the noon work-train. Pack your duffle over, an' catch Kate on the phone at Mile 20. She comes up the Lake for the freight once a week. There's only that one

train 'till freeze up. She'll take you down in her boat an' bring you back say in a couple of weeks.

"YOU'LL have a swell time! An' a nice steam heat job, an' your meals here, an' this old fellow waitin' to hear you tell what you done. You ain't goin' to be stuck. Think I'd see a good gal that's tryin', left to worry? Get packed an'



The man in the mackinaw had brown hair and to me. I sighed at the bitter thought of tomorrow. come along to where this wind doesn't blow," the man

ready—I'll do up butter an' eggs an' fresh stuff. You'll get bread from Kate. Aw, be still! Us musical people got to be pards. Recollect, I play a comb personally!"

I went out, taking the bitter gale as a joke. Safety! Peace! The strange man had gone. All men, except that dear old cook, could go for all of me. I could have fallen on the keyboard and sobbed in relief when I had rushed down the theater aisle to my place. Sickish terror went out of me.

Maybe I would quickly learn how to be a pioneer with this Kate, and wouldn't have to come back. Instead of that I'd hang up moose and make lowbush cranberry jelly, and chop.

That chopping! But I could be careful and make the wood last. Perhaps Kate was a good chopper.

It was the picture's second showing, and unheeding two front rows of unmannerly children, I played every cue with humor and dash, laughing with the audience. I was excited.

No smirk and smile to keep up. I'd have to kid Kate a little of course, but such a rest! No curls to make, no

"No, no, you couldn't hold that heavy gun. The door's open, see? I'm not like that. But I sat back of you, seeing you by the light over the piano, thinking how it would be to kiss you like this!"

I BIT him! Then I struck him with the portfolio, until he dropped me and I gasped: "I, 'I' forever 'I' with any man.

That's what's important! I won't kiss you. I hate kissing people, and I hate big cowards swaggering around with guns in a country where no one carries guns except to go out hunting. Don't you touch me again. I'm not scared of forty guns!"

"But sweetheart, wait, listen. I have the gun for a certain purpose," exclaimed the man.

I flung away from him with angry mutters. Men, again! "Sweetheart!" He was a handsome man—so was Bill. This one had the strongest looking hands, fingers roughed but very clean. He smoked my kind of cigarettes. Odd!

Putting beautiful dresses into a wardrobe trunk later, I held up a pink costume. Pink is good with my dark hair.

"If he had such fits over me," I thought, "wearing that old blue rag I'd been in at the theater what if he saw me in this."

But it's just such thoughts as that will mix a person up with men again, so I slammed the trunk shut and set out my shoe pacs.

I felt so free and happy, riding in the caboose with the train crew! They described the topography of the country into which I would go. They knew old Kate. Her goods were landed at a small shed, left unlocked, as no one ever stole anything out there.

IT WAS a long ride with frequent stops while the conductor telephoned. The handful of homesteaders along the line were all waiting to chatter, get papers and freight from town, and send a parcel farther on. The short day was darkening when the work train rounded Kenai Lake, surrounded by somber hills, the shores desolate with twisted drift from previous high water.

Kate did not answer the whistle at Mile 20. A section crew bunked in the shack and so there was a telephone there. The crew plunged around in the brush shouting toward the beach. No Kate could be found but her boat was there. Sure Kate would return soon.

I liked being left there, one person in a Northern solitude. To show Kate this chechahco was willing, I strove with boxes and flour sacks, sugar and hams, gasoline and coal oil, and staggered up and down the narrow trail until I had the freight all in one boat. My ex-Bill had liked boats, so I knew how to load one, and use tarpaulin for cover. There was an outboard engine, covered with slickers.

I was alone except for small things of wood and air. Ravens flapped, making uncouth noises. Rabbits sped into brush. Finely warm, I went into the empty house, which had a bacon odor and several unmade beds [Continued on page 120]



gray eyes. He was the first one who had looked right I owed for food; in two days rent to pay. "Better said. "I can't," I cried. "I can't go where I wish"

painting! My chance to conquer the wilderness, or at least cripple it. Clark put my salary on the piano, mumbling excuses, and I shrugged. The show ended, the audience leaving before I had the sheet music in my portfolio, and Clark shouted from the front for me to hurry.

I whistled, moving past the seats. I felt in the gloom for a knob, and found a hand over it, and smelled a cigarette. Then I was caught in two arms, and lifted until a mouth was against mine. I knew who it was! Struggling, I kicked him. Then feeling its hard bulk, I tried to get the weapon from inside his coat.

FIND YOUR Success in the Stars

IN THE first article of this series, I wrote of astrology in its relation to the most important thing in the world, love.

When I say "most important" it is not a sentimental statement, but a matter-of-fact one.

There are many people who think they value something else more highly than love, but in my professional life I have seen men and women throw away chances for success, health, and even life itself for love. But though it takes first place I am willing to admit that the struggle for a living, the hope of financial success, run a very close second.

Day after day the same questions come to me in my mail, the same questions are asked in my studio. What shall I do in the world? How am I best fitted to earn my living? For what am I most suited? Am I following my true vocation at the present moment? Should I be a doctor? An actor? A lawyer? A mechanic? A housewife? A singer? Should I live alone and be independent? Should I work through or with others?

It is my aim to answer some of these questions for the general reader; to define as far as I can without a study of individual charts, the occupations best suited to those born under each planetary influence.

Nowhere, I think, does astrology give a more striking illustration of its truth.

The teachings of the great astrologers that have come down to us from out of the dim past have brought results that seem sometimes like miracles. But a miracle is greater than a science only because a miracle is a science we do not understand.

All my life I have studied and thought about the effect of the heavenly bodies on the aspirations and activities of man, and I find that no other science can explain the strangeness of

life as does the science of the stars, astrology.

It is something more than "being suited" that makes one a success in a certain calling. How explain otherwise the fact that the large majority of actresses are actually not pretty? Or that many business men of great prominence are

scarcely competent to master the simplest problems of mathematics? Or that many lawyers and politicians, men in public life, have little academic education? Something besides aptitude and ability, a preponderous force, a very real something, influences all of us and guides our destiny and we may know our individual path through astrology.

I am going to write here of certain men and women who have attained distinct success in widely different occupations. As in my previous article, I am compelled through professional courtesy to omit the year of birth, which is so all important in charting the benign and malefic influences ruling each individual.

So, I shall mention only the general outline of the reading so that it may be applied to the reader. I shall

limit myself to the simple zodiacal period in which these persons were born.

I want to show you how two men, born under the same sign and successful in utterly different fields, have actually succeeded through the same methods.

To resist the planetary urgings is failure; to yield is success. I shall prove to you the verity of this statement.

The world's richest man was born on the thirtieth of July. Henry Ford is therefore under the influence of Leo, which is ruled by the Sun, giver of life and director of individuality.

If you were born between July twenty-first and August twentieth. Leo



2. *COMEDIENNE*
Born under Libra



5. *SOLDIER*
Born under Virgo



1. *MINISTER*
Born under Sagittarius



4. *INVENTOR*
Born under Aquarius



3. *TRAGEDIENNE*
Born under Capricorn



6. *MANUFACTURER*
Born under Leo



7. *NOVELIST*
Born under Cancer

CAN you identify these famous people? Read this article and find out how the stars directed their careers. Perhaps the stars will help you find your way to success. For key to pictures above turn to page 140

By BELLE BART, the Noted Astrologer



BELLE Bart in her New York studio. Miss Bart also maintains studios in Washington and Paris, where she is consulted by those in high places on problems of finance and international politics

is your ruling sign, and you are under the vibration of the Sun's rays.

Walter Damrosch, the celebrated musician, was born not merely within the limits of the same sign, but actually on the same day as Mr. Ford, July thirtieth!

What can an eminent musician and a great manufacturer have in common? Could Mr. Ford have conducted symphonies successfully, or Mr. Damrosch manufactured automobiles and made an enormous fortune?

NOT exactly! Many of their characteristics may be similar but influences which created their individual occupations lie in the varied position of the planets due to the difference in their years of birth.

But both Mr. Ford and Mr. Damrosch have reached success by yielding themselves up to the same influences and the same motivations, yet in entirely different paths. But the difference may be more on the surface than you would think.

To explain: The natives of Leo are executives, leaders, unable to work under the command of others. A native of Leo in a subordinate position cannot exceed. He or she must strike out alone.

Furthermore those born under this sign have the happy faculty of associating the real and the ideal, of meeting with and overcoming obstacles. What is even more important, they cannot succeed unless they do!

In other words Mr. Damrosch, as a musician, would have failed unless he had applied his knowledge and talents to a real world, not a mystical one. Mr. Ford would not have attained his stupendous success had he not coupled the idea of making automobiles for the millions with something of an ideal.

You may be very sure that Walter Damrosch is anxious

always to touch and reach his public, to develop it, stimulate it, become part of its life. He is not the type of artist who would create just as happily and just as well on a desert island.

And if Henry Ford had not, in his subconscious gropings, seen that his invention might mean a new world to the many whose means prohibit luxuries, he could never have brought to his task the energy, the tireless thought, the unconquerable will which built the first foundation of his fortune and established his sure success.

The natives of Leo may equally well become bankers, or jewelers, but their sense of the reality of possessions must be mingled with an ideal sense of what possessions may mean or may achieve for the possessor.

They may become dramatists, musicians, clergymen, lawyers, statesmen, mathematicians, or take a prominent part in public life, but their sense of an ideal mission must always be blended with a practical knowledge of real values.

THE blending of the real and the ideal, the need for ruling, for having "one's own business" is what guides those born under the sign of Leo.

If I have spoken here at some length of Leo, perhaps I have the justification of an unusual familiarity, for it is my own sign. My birthdate, August 18, brings me within that province.

And perhaps it might be interesting to report my own experience, and explain just how I came to take up astrology with a determination to probe its depths.

I had studied for the law, for which I believe I had some aptitude. Shortly before being admitted to the bar, I had my horoscope read by Miss Evangeline Adams. Miss Adams pointed out to me that my life work must be one which would throw me into constant contact with people, and that for com-

plete expression I must daily become the confidant of people whom I had never even seen before. In a word it flashed upon me that the thing I was best fitted for was astrology itself!

There was at that time in New York, a European, who was conversant with the principles of astrology, and he was willing to accept me as a pupil. I found out that I was the possessor of one of the most fortunate of auguries. At the time of my birth the sun was in the sign of Leo, and the zodiacal sign itself was on the ascendant. This has rarely occurred. In fact I am in such limited and illustrious company as that of Bernard Shaw and Napoleon!

AT ANY rate from that time on, I followed the truths of astrology with the utmost faithfulness. When my chart showed that good fortune could spring from European connections, I went to France, and there in 1925, had one of my most successful years. Under the urgings of my astrological chart, I learned to speak seven languages, studied psychology and economics, and took degrees in anthropology.

I think the charge which is often hurled at those who profess to read the future: "Why don't you get everything you want yourself?" has been successfully answered in my own case. I think I may say without false modesty that, by following my astrological readings, I have made my life a highly successful one.

Enough of Leo and my own personal data. There are other signs to be considered, such as Libra.

Ina Claire, the actress, born on October fifteenth, is a native of Libra, as are all those born between September twenty-first and October twentieth, as was the divine Sarah Bernhardt.

Those under the sway of Libra have a strong sense of justice, but are inclined to be opinionative and sometimes tread on the feelings of others. More than any other sign, Libra demands harmonious adjustment of its subjects. These persons are fitted for the expenditure of great nervous energy, but are not equipped for any kind of physical labor, and unless they are harmoniously in tune with the work they are performing, they become extremely lazy.

If you are a native of Libra, you can subject yourself to the limitations of your individual chart, become a salesman, a lawyer, an artist or an organizer. You can act, particularly in comedy, and in the arts you have decided ability as a commercial artist. In designing or interior decorating, you might be highly successful.

Kathleen Norris, the novelist, was born on July sixteenth, and is therefore a native of Cancer, the ruling sign of all those whose birthdate occurs between June twenty-first and July twentieth.

If you are a native of Cancer, the chances are you are tenacious and sensitive with a great love of home and those close to you. You have a quiet and formidable persistence. Perhaps it is your sense of household duties and the comforts within four walls that fits you for such tasks as keeping a public place for guests, whether it be a small tea-room or a towering hotel. This same instinct would make a man an excellent sea-captain, or insure his success in any occupation connected with the sea, since a ship has something of the quality of a well-stocked home about it.

You should be a good housekeeper if you are a woman, and your natural taste should permit you to be a dealer in antiques or rare curios if you desired. Professionally you could act, but only in the emotional vein. You could write, design

women's clothing, or attain success as a singer, a historian, an occultist. Unless conflicting signs reveal themselves in your individual chart, you are likely to make a success of life in anything dealing with these special fields.

Another interesting case of two highly successful men of totally different occupations who were born under the same sign might be that of Nicholas Murray Butler, the noted educator, President of Columbia University, and Clarence Darrow, the great criminal lawyer.

Mr. Butler was born on April second; Mr. Darrow on April eighteenth. Thus they both fall under the sway of Aries, ruler of all those whose birthday occurs between March twenty-first and April twentieth.

The natives of this sign have a wide scope of activity open to them, wider at least than that of people born under most of the other signs.

They have an abundance of energy, are born leaders and are highly perceptive and idealistic. They fulfill themselves most truly in life when their work gives them the feeling that they have inspired others.

MR. BUTLER, the President of Columbia University and for long a figure in national politics, is generally thought to represent a conservative and somewhat capitalistic trend of belief. He is to all intents and purposes a reactionary.

Mr. Darrow, as most people know, is a pronounced radical,

a scorner of old traditions and outmoded methods of thought. His is a fluid and free philosophy, the exact opposite of Mr. Butler. Yet both men are allied in a far more fundamental thing. Both have the faculty for leadership and for public life, both have high sincerity, and both feel that the message they bring is an inspiring one. Merely different manifestations, you see, of the same essential spirit.

I have said that the natives of Aries have many occupations open to them in which the planetary signs of the year of their birth permitting, they may hope for high success.

Not only the professions of trial lawyer and teacher are theirs, but also such varied callings as surgeon, soldier, chemist, writer of text books or informative articles, athlete, architect, constructive artist, promoter, detective, or lecturer. With their penetration of mind, their immense energy, and their ability to lead, they have many chances for success if they follow the influences of their guiding stars. But they, just as much as those ruled by the other signs, engage in a hopeless battle if they undertake a work for which they are not suited by planetary influence.

An interesting planetary rule is afforded by the study of Sagittar-

ius. This is the governing sign of those born between November twenty-first and December twentieth.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the well-known clergyman who has a vast radio audience, was born on December eighteenth, and therefore comes under the guidance of this sign.

Like other natives of Sagittarius, he must therefore possess insight and fidelity. He must have great self-reliance and a sense of the prophetic. Allied to that, is a strong feeling for law and order.

I do not know Dr. Cadman's early history, whether or not he went directly to the ministry and to his particular type of ministry without swerving. If so he was fortunate, for while the natives of Sagittarius can attain unusual success in the right field, theirs is a curiously uncertain temperament, with some indications of vacillation. They very seldom know what it is they should aim at, and of the [Continued on page 108]

Will You Marry the One You Love?

PRIZE CONTEST

Is love a disease? Is it something to dread, to avoid, to escape if possible?

Are there different kinds of love? Is there one kind that is rich and fine and inspiring and touched with the divinity.

Turn to page 24 and read what Dr. Louis E. Bisch writes about the "emotional debauch called love."

Do you agree with him? Do your love experiences support his statements?

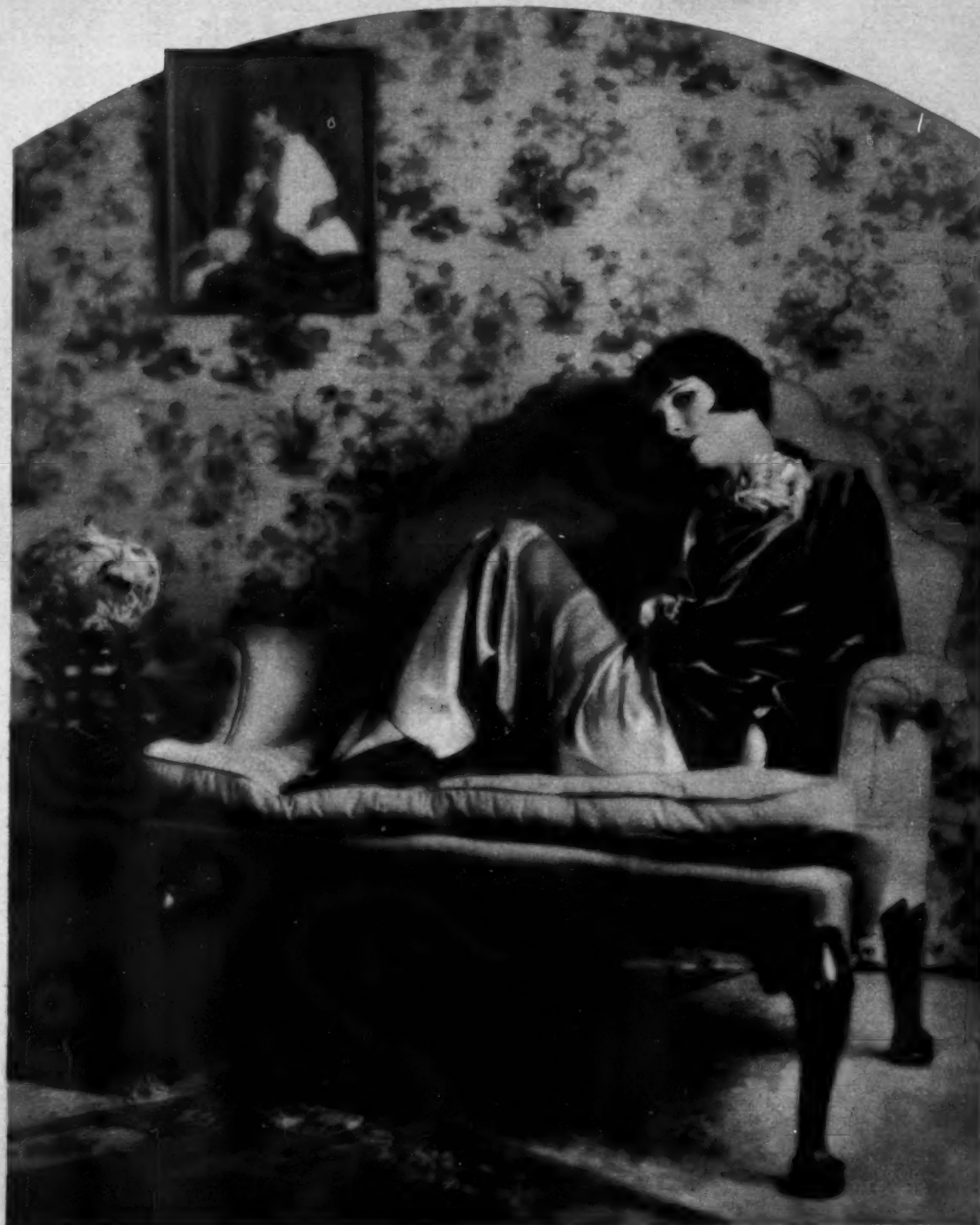
SMART SET wants to know what you have found out about love.

For the best letter, founded on experience, in answer to the question:

Will You Marry the One You Love?

SMART SET will pay \$15; for the second best \$10; for the third best \$5, and \$1 for each of the next ten best. SMART SET's Editors will act as judges. Contest closes Sept. 30, 1927. No letters will be returned.

Lonesome O, So Lonesome!



Gene Robert Rucka

Why Louise, you selfish thing! Don't you know that couch is a two-seater?

Found by Louise Brooks
of Paramount



Posed by Alma Bennett
in Mack Sennett Comedies

Camera

"Why be wise," asks Alma, "when it pays so much better to be foolish?" Which leads us to ask if Mother Eve, whose gown was a fig leaf, would consider Jocelyn's fine feathers wise or foolish

Posed by Jocelyn Lee in
Paramount's "Ten Mod-
ern Commandments"

Sense or Nonsense?



Cine Robert Richer



Posed by Marie Corda
in First National's
"Private Life of Helen
of Troy"

If you don't believe that history repeats itself look who's going to portray the most fascinating woman the world ever heard of. Now maybe we'll find out how so popular a lady as Helen had time to lead a "private life"



Hold the Pose

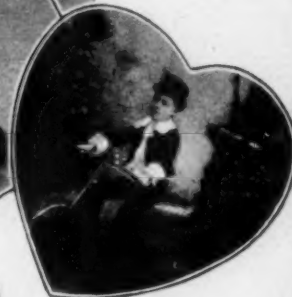
How would you like to be seen in "Quality Street" holding an umbrella over Marion Davies and incidentally holding the fair lady protectively in your arms? Conrad Nagel is probably blessing the M.-G.-M. director who was discerning enough to yell, "Hold it!" while he shot a few more feet of film

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month



Odd McIntyre, resting at home, dreams of an old sweetheart of his and of a time when he wore a youthful high hat, rode a velocipede and fell in love with Her

The Puppy Love I Never Outgrew



SHE first sunny picked up the books she dropped on the way to school. The heel of my right bare foot was bound up with a piece of bacon rind to relieve a "stone bruise" and I accented the limp as I moved away.

All that morning I scribbled the name of "Maybelle Small" in the back of my geography. She was blue-eyed, had taffy-colored braids and wore a gingham dress and spring heel shoes.

That evening at dusk when she came down Back Street with a pitcher for the next day's supply of milk, I was covertly watching at the corner and when she passed I was hanging by the toes of one foot from the hitching rack in front of McCormick's livery stable.

If she saw me, she gave no indication. That night I did not join the boys under the Court Street electric light to play "Go sheep go." I sat in the gloom of our back yard on a nail keg drawing strange hieroglyphics with a great toe in the dirt.

"What are you sitting out there moping about?" called grandma from the sitting room. Poor, dear grandma! She never knew the anguished pulsings of the first great puppy love. I dragged off up-stairs to bed to fitful sleep.

Morning came as mornings have since the dawn of creation but to me it was just another day. There were plates of crisp brown fried mush, my favorite dish, and a soupy hash on the breakfast table in the kitchen, but I did not eat and my manner

was listless. I wanted only to sit and dream. Grandma noticed it and must have been slightly worried for she ordered some sorghum from Ed Houck, who came to take the grocery order, and I knew that that night she would begin dosing me with sulphur and molasses.

THAT morning on the way to school I stopped in at Mr. Ford's grocery and spent twenty-five cents of the weekly wage I received for driving cows to and from pasture for what seemed to me the most elegant pencil box I ever gazed upon. It had a shiny finish, and two chubby angels floated out of clouds as a decorative touch. It was called "The Eureka."

As I passed her desk I left it on top. And until recess time I looked out the window at the budding apple trees and green hills dappled with sunshine, thinking that I had never heard the chirp of birds sound so sweetly.

Returning from recess, my dreamy world collapsed again. On my desk was the pencil box with a note reading:

"Thank you very much but my mother does not allow me to accept presents from boys. It is very beautiful."

That afternoon I played hookey from school and buried myself under leaves near the covered bridge on the lower river road. I wanted to be alone with my grief.

I fashioned the notes to be found on the river bank when my body was recovered from the pitiless currents. I remember that one read something like this: [Continued on page 131]

*A Wife's Own Story
of Tangled Love
In Marriage*

HUSH



*How
My Story
Began:*

I SHOULD have realized that Jimmy Saunders loved me back in the days when he and Bert Graham were college chums and I was just little Sallie Cook, a school girl. But I didn't and when Jimmy left college at the end of his sophomore year I hardly thought of him again.

Two years later I married Bert and by the time Jimmy came home from his wanderings, a wealthy man, Bert junior was five years old. Having no family of his own Jimmy insisted on spending his money on us and everything was going beautifully until I went with him to look at a bungalow he was going to rent. Jimmy and I found out that day that our old affection for each other was as strong as ever. I should have sent him away then but for fear of hurting Bert we agreed to let things drift. That was a mistake.

ONE thing has puzzled me a great deal during the year that has passed since then, and it is a question that I have often heard talked about in real life, as well as in novels and plays, but never clearly answered. Can a woman really care for two men at the same time? A lot of married women, and women who are not married too, I guess, have asked themselves that question and been unable to answer it.

In my case the circumstances may seem at first sight to be ordinary enough, but they were not. Here I was, married to Bert, caring for him deeply, caring as much as a mother could for our boy, who was now six. I was sorry that Bert couldn't earn a bigger income, no matter how hard he tried, yet I made the best of what we had, never complaining in any way that would discourage or hurt him.

I'm not trying to create sympathy for myself, but I can honestly say that I was a good wife to Bert, and did my best to make him happy, even though, for a woman who is young and attractive it is hard at times never to have any money to spend on herself, any pretty things to wear, any chance to enjoy the pleasant things of life. But I said, "If it is hard for me, it is hard for Bert too."

THEN along comes Jimmy Saunders, happy-go-lucky Jim, Bert's best friend, with close to a million dollars, eager to spend it in showing us both a good time, eager to make us, and himself, happy. I know that when Jimmy and I went into the little bungalow down at the shore that day, to look it over because he was thinking of renting it for the summer, he had no more idea of what was going to happen than I had. We both knew, of course, that we were fond of each other and had been, for years. Jimmy always joked about it, saying Bert had "stolen his girl" while he was away making his fortune, but we knew he didn't mean anything serious. Jimmy's friendship for Bert was a very real thing and always had been.

And yet, when we came out of that quiet bungalow, and Jimmy locked the door, we both realized that everything was different, and always would be, from then on. He helped me into his machine without looking at me. He seemed queer and quiet and ashamed, not a bit like his usual laughing self, the friend I liked so much.

I didn't feel like laughing either, knowing that we both had to go back and face Bert as though nothing had happened. Neither of us, I am sure, would ever have done anything deliberately to hurt him. That may seem a queer statement to make, but I mean it. I honestly believe that both Jimmy and myself felt closer to Bert at that moment than we ever had before. We felt as though we had injured him in some way and ought to make it up to him as best we could.

It was six o'clock when we reached home, and I got Bert junior from the superintendent's wife, who had been taking care of him, and we went up to the apartment. Big Bert

MONEY

*With Drawings
From Life
By
AUGUST BLESER, JR.*

hadn't come in, so I hurried to get dinner ready. Jimmy stood at the kitchen door and looked at me, his eyes like hot coals.

"I'm a rotter," he whispered. "I can't stay. And yet you know I'd never have kissed you if I hadn't loved you from the first. All these years. And I love Bert, too. He's my friend, my pal. And I guess, in a way, I've done him the greatest wrong that one man could do another. Made love to his wife. If you say the word I'll go blow my brains out!"

"Go into the living room and sit down, Jimmy," I said, "and quit talking such nonsense. A nice thing to do, blow your brains out, at your age, with all your money and everything."

"Then I'll go away now, and never come back. never see you again."

"How do you expect I could explain that to Bert?" I asked. "I think I hear him at the door, now. If you have any idea of going away, you certainly can't do it tonight." I'd just finished speaking when the door opened and Bert came in, smiling, a little package in his hand.

"Hello, folks," he said, "One of the boys at the office just got back from Cuba. He brought me a bottle of real Bacardi rum. Thought we'd all have a cocktail, before dinner. What do you say?"

WE HAD the cocktail and everything passed off just like any other evening. When I had finished putting little Bert to bed and went back to the living room, Jimmy was urging Bert to give up his position with the construction company and go into business for himself.

"I'll put up the capital," he said. "I want to do something really worthwhile for you and Sallie—something more than just buying the kid a few toys. Why shouldn't I, with all that money?"

Now Bert, as I have said, is a Southerner. And proud. Too proud, I've sometimes thought, to get along well in these hard-boiled days.

"I'm mighty glad, Jimmy, that you've made your pile and have nothing to worry about," he said. "But Sallie and I aren't looking for charity, you know. All right buying little Bert electric trains and things. That's your pleasure and we appreciate it. I'm even willing to sponge on



I heard Bert's step outside and a moment later the door opened. I was surprised and frightened too, because there was a terrible look on his face. I slipped the letters into the desk as he came in

you to the extent of spending a month at your bungalow this summer, since you've asked us." He laughed, then, and stopped to light his pipe. "But you don't want to go into the contracting business, Jim old boy. You're just suggesting it out of the kindness of your heart, to help me along."

That was true enough, and Jimmy admitted it.

"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I? I'm not figuring to lose anything by it."

"You've always got to figure on losing, in business, Jimmy. I may believe I could make a go of contracting, in a small way, but I can't guarantee it. Nobody can. Business is a venture, always. And much as I should like to take a chance I don't care about doing it with your money. You keep that stake of yours locked up in the safe-deposit box and clip your coupons. Then you won't have to lie awake nights, worrying. That's what I would do, in your place."

Of course Jimmy tried to persuade him and they argued about it until after eleven o'clock, but all Bert would agree to do was to consider the matter, and maybe take it up, if he could get some other people with money to come in. He might form a company, he said, some time, and if Jimmy wanted to buy a few shares, well and good, but he wasn't going to let him in for any large amount.

"Contracting work runs into big figures," he said. "We're building a concrete bridge right now that's costing a couple of hundred thousand. There are smaller jobs of course, but shoals of little contractors, local men, Italians and the like, are ready to take contracts on a small margin of profit. The big work is what pays, and for that you need a lot of money. I'll get up some figures, when I have time, and show you what I mean." And that was all that was ever done about it.

JIMMY didn't come to see me the next day, although he telephoned. He said he was busy, signing up the lease for the bungalow, moving his things down. It was a Friday, and he wanted to know if Bert and I would come down the next day, Saturday, right after the office closed, and spend the week-end. It was hot in town, he said, and he thought we'd all enjoy it.

He seemed gay and cheerful again, just like his old self. He made no reference in any way to what had happened, and naturally neither did I. Life is like that. You just go on and do the little things that come day by day as a matter of habit. And all the while each of us knew that the other was wondering when we would be alone again. I was trying to avoid it. I didn't ask Jimmy over when he telephoned, although he lived just around the corner, and he didn't suggest coming. But I am afraid we both knew that no matter what we did, another time would come, and the terrifying thing about it was that I also knew as soon as that moment came it would be exactly like the one before, down at the bungalow, a flaming mad moment that we would both regret as long as we lived.

As I look back on it now, I think it would have been better had I let Jimmy go away. It might have looked queer to Bert, with his plans for the summer all made and everything, but in the end it would have saved us all a terrible lot of suffering. At least it might have. I don't know. Sometimes I think I am a fatalist. No matter what you do, it never seems to matter.

Take that week-end. Bert was very gay and lively when we started out, unusually so for him. Things had been going well at the office, and he got home earlier than he expected. He brought me a big box of candy which was something he hadn't done in years. And because of his thought of me, I devoted myself to him all the time we were at the shore, and

Well Might Sallie Graham

Have Cried:

*"Oh, What a Tangled Web We Weave
When First We Practise to Deceive"*



never allowed myself to be alone with Jimmy one minute. Jim realized it, too, and helped me.

When Monday morning came, and we were all ready to drive back to town, it was so hot, even that early in the morning, you could scarcely breathe. One of those heavy, muggy days that usually end in thunder showers. And just because I'd been so devoted and made him have such a good time, Bert did the very thing I was hoping he wouldn't do. He suggested that little Bert and I, instead of driving up to the hot city right away, might as well spend the day at the shore and come up in the evening, when it was cooler.

I started to object, but Bert grinned at Jimmy and said he wasn't trying to unload his family on his friends but didn't Jimmy think it a good idea. And of course there wasn't a

thing Jimmy could say but yes. So the two of them drove off, and I took little Bert and went in for a nice long swim.

It was lunch-time when Jimmy got back, and I thought he seemed rather quiet and depressed. He had bought a steak and some lettuce and tomatoes on the way down and we had a delightful lunch. In the afternoon we took little Bert for a long drive, until the clouds began to pile up in the north-west and sent us racing home again.

The storm broke sharply about half past five, but it only lasted a couple of hours and by the time we'd had supper the moon was shining and the air was cool and fresh, with a lovely breeze blowing. Little Bert had gone to sleep right after supper—the long hot day had tired him out—and we decided to let him rest for an hour before we started back to town. So Jimmy and I went and sat in the garden back of the bungalow to enjoy the breeze, and watch the moonlight on the water, and tried for a moment to talk, and then found ourselves in each other's arms kissing each other just as hungrily and desperately as we had before.

I GOT up, after a time. I don't know how long it was. Moments with Jimmy seemed to fly like mad, and I put my hands against his cheeks and knew, because they were wet, that he had been crying.

"It's got to stop, Jim," I said, and started toward the house, but he caught my hand and dragged me back.

"Sallie, sweetheart," he said. "I'm not a bad man. I want to do what is right. But it seems to me, at times, that I can't live without you. Just can't go on living, I love you so. What can we do?"

"Nothing," I whispered. "I love you, too, Jim. When I'm with you I feel as though I never wanted to leave you. But when I'm with Bert and my boy, I want them too, want to do for them and make them

happy. And if I keep on this way, I'm going to make them very miserable. It's got to stop."

"If it does, I guess I'll stop too," Jim said.

I looked up at him.

"What do you mean by that, Jim Saunders?" I said.

"I mean that I can't go on, not seeing you."

"You're going to see me, but not alone any more. Let's go inside."

He stopped me again, held me against him.

"Sallie darling," he whispered, "we didn't plan to be alone to-

night, did we? You tried to go back to town."

"Yes," I said.


"Then, if I stay around, how are we going to help being alone together, once in a while. You can't refuse to come here. If you did, Bert would want to know why. The only thing for me to do is go away."

"Where?"

"I don't know. What difference does it make, just so I stop bothering you?"

"You aren't bothering me, Jim," I said, and kissed him. "I love you. But I want to do what's right."

[Continued on page 92]



I sat and listened to Bert and Jimmy arguing about my husband's future plans—just as I had on other evenings, just as though nothing really terrible had happened

*There are No
SECOND CHANCES
in Marriage—I Know*

You Never Can Do It Again

AND now life is going to begin again," I said, as I walked out of the dusty stifling atmosphere of the divorce courts three years ago. Marvelously good the world seemed to me on that bleak January afternoon; marvelously prodigal of potentialities. I was twenty-five. I had many friends, and many interests, work that I loved, enough money for enjoyment, but not nearly enough to make me blasé, enough of success to be self-confident, little enough for me to realize how many fields remained unconquered. The best of everything seemed in front of me. It was the second chance for which I had yearned so long, and at times so hopelessly.

I dined that evening with a friend very much older than myself, who for many years had been held and was still held to a marriage from which love had passed.

"You're very lucky," he said to me. "You're getting what nearly all of us ask for and so few of us ever get, the opportunity to begin your life again while you are still young enough to profit by your experience. You can start afresh now as though none of this had ever happened to you."

That is what it appears to the world that I have done. That indeed was what I myself thought I had done until I met the girl whom, in these pages, I shall call Beatrice Shaw.

She was very young, eighteen or nineteen it may have been. Not more certainly.

I shall not make any attempt to describe her to you. What of personal charm, after all, is to be conveyed by even the most detailed of descriptions? Would you see her any the more clearly were I to tell how the light flaxen hair curved over the small round shingled head, or how the light came and went in the cornflower blue eyes? There are so many girls with shingled heads, light flaxen hair and cornflower blue eyes, so many girls to whom such a description would be appropriate, and Beatrice Shaw was not like any other girl. At least to me she was not.

We met at one of those receptions by which a jaded hostess settles her obligations of hospitality towards the massed pile of her acquaintances. There is no grouping, no selection, only a list that has to be worked through somehow. And they are tediously the same. You are received by the wan smile of a small, tired, harassed-looking woman:

"Ah, dear Mr. So-and-so," she murmurs, "how nice of you to come!"

"How charming of you to have invited me," you answer.

THERE is nothing for either of you to say and after a moment's silence she will wave a perfunctory hand towards the background. "You know everybody here," she will suggest, which is both untrue and a dismissal. Or else you are introduced inaudibly to the nearest unattended female and left to find in her society what pleasure you may.

Such was my meeting with Beatrice Shaw.

There was a mumbling of names and we were left alone, complete strangers to one another, completely ignorant of one another's friends, interests, or positions, left there to discover for ourselves such points of contact as might exist between us. It would have been a difficult moment had not one been faced with it so often.

I was just about to make the opening move of the conven-

tional conversation, when something in the expression of the girl's face stayed me. Something, I do not know what, made me feel that I could not begin talking to this girl as one does to any casual stranger, of the weather, the latest play or the length of time for which we had known our hostess.

I think that at the moment she must have felt very much the same. At any rate, we found ourselves smiling at one another, with the friendly smile of two conspirators, refusing to play the social game in accordance with its official rulings.

"If you ask me," she said, "on which day I'm going to Ascot, I believe I'll scream out loud!"

The rest of the evening was a prolonged enchantment. I can remember very little of what we talked together, and even were I able to remember, I doubt if our actual words would seem in retrospect to have much significance. At such moments they rarely have. They are simply channels.

Nor can I recall the name of a single one of the guests. I was unconscious of the presence in the room of any one beside ourselves. That ebbing murmur of innumerable conversations seemed as remote and impersonal as the music in a restaurant.

Once it seemed our hostess was standing close to us asking herself if it were not her duty to rescue us from ourselves, to separate us with some alien introduction, wondering no doubt whether we were boring each other more acutely than were the others of her guests. But I refused to catch her eye.

ONCE, too, I remember being asked whether I would not take my companion down to the dining room where there were refreshments.

"Yes," I said, "of course, with pleasure." But I did not go. I looked at her interrogatively. "Are you hungry," I said, "because if you aren't don't you think it's more comfortable up here?"

Twice quickly her head was nodded. "Not a bit hungry," she replied. "And there are sure to be only hard chairs in a dining room. We might as well stay here."

We spoke jokingly of not being hungry and of preferring easy chairs. We would not admit to ourselves that it was simply because we wished to be together that we did not go downstairs. We knew that once down there we would become separated.

Gradually we became conscious of an emptying room.

"In five minutes," I said, "they'll begin turning people out."

We rose to our feet and standing there looked each other in the face. We hesitated; there was something to be said between us could we find the right words for saying it.

"When are we going to meet again?" I said at last.

She looked me in the eyes, straight, as the girl of today does look at a young man, unwaveringly, meeting him on his own ground.

"If you're not doing anything more amusing," she said, "you can take me to a dance next Wednesday. You can? Fine. I'll be ready for you at ten."

I had asked for a second chance and here I had it. Miraculously life had been begun again. My heart was beating and my mouth was dry as I closed the front door behind me on Wednesday night and walked down the steps of my house towards the taxi. I looked at my watch. It was thirteen min-

ALEC WAUGH

who has written this story out of his own experience, is one of the most brilliant of the younger British novelists. He won his first public recognition with his novel of English preparatory school life "The Loom of Youth," written when he was nineteen. Alec Waugh searched his own heart in this piece as he searches the hearts of others for the characters in his novels. "I am free!" he cried when he left the courtroom after his divorce. You will be amazed at his experience since then; at his quest for love and what he found



Alec Waugh, author
of "The Loom of
Youth," "Kept" and
other novels

utes to ten; in five hours or so, after the dance, I should be standing again upon that doorstep. But in what mood should I be standing there? Within those five hours momentous things might well have happened to me. At that moment I was not in love. I was attracted but I was not in love. Before I stood there again as likely as not I should be. Within five hours for all I knew Beatrice Shaw and happiness might have become for me synonymous terms.

And it was exciting, perilously exciting to feel myself upon the brink of such high adventure.

"Never again, perhaps," I told myself, "shall I see these houses and this street as I see them now, for it will be a different person who will be seeing them."

And then suddenly I remembered, how once before I had gone thinking the same thoughts and to another meeting. Once before I had said to myself: "Never again shall I see these trees, these houses, this shining lamp-lit road as I see them now." Once before I had stood in the early hours of the morning on the threshold of a doorway knowing myself to be changed utterly from the [Continued on page 106].

IS IT TRUE
That to the Pure
All
Things
ARE PURE?

THIS is the true story of my own love, written from the very depths of that dream world which lies deep in every girl. It is the true story of my soul.

It began that lovely morning in late August when the postman got off his bicycle and handed me a letter over our front gate. I looked at it a long time before I could believe it was for me because I had never had a real letter before although I was seventeen years old.

Then I carried it up our garden path, into the parsonage to father and mother. Father is the minister in the little vine-covered church at Deanville and we live in the parsonage right next door.

Father was in the parlor which is the study; mother came in from the kitchen. Father took the letter and studied the envelope. There it was in big bold handwriting on the loveliest, violet-tinted paper.

Miss Theodosia Dean
Deanville, New York

Father closed the Bible with the pages of his sermon in it before he spoke.

"Yes! It must be for Theodosia, Mother!"

I took the letter from father. I couldn't wait any longer to tear open the envelope. What I read was this:

"Dear Theodosia,

Malcome and I want you to spend the whole of September with us. Spread Wings is beautiful now. We have a houseful of people and I can promise you a gay time. Plenty of golf, boating and dancing. I shall look for you Wednesday on the four o'clock train. Cousin Seth will meet you at Tarrytown with the car.

Yours always,
Sallie Manning."

Well! Of all the unexpected things!" Mother said. "Sallie Manning!"

For five years Sallie Manning had been a household word in our family. She had called at the parsonage just once, five years before, and had left a memory ineradicable.

I still had a vivid mental picture of her, red-haired, impulsive, dashing, dressed exquisitely. She had just been married then to Malcome Manning; and she had come to have tea with our Cousin Dosia from the city. For a whole hour they had been shut up together in father's study, Sallie and Dosia. And then Sallie Manning had driven away. And in such a car! - All lined in satin with roses and silver fittings; a chauffeur in livery, two beautiful ecru-colored chow dogs with a footman to make them behave. It was as though a meteor of prismatic glory had flashed across our simple lives.



Eyes of

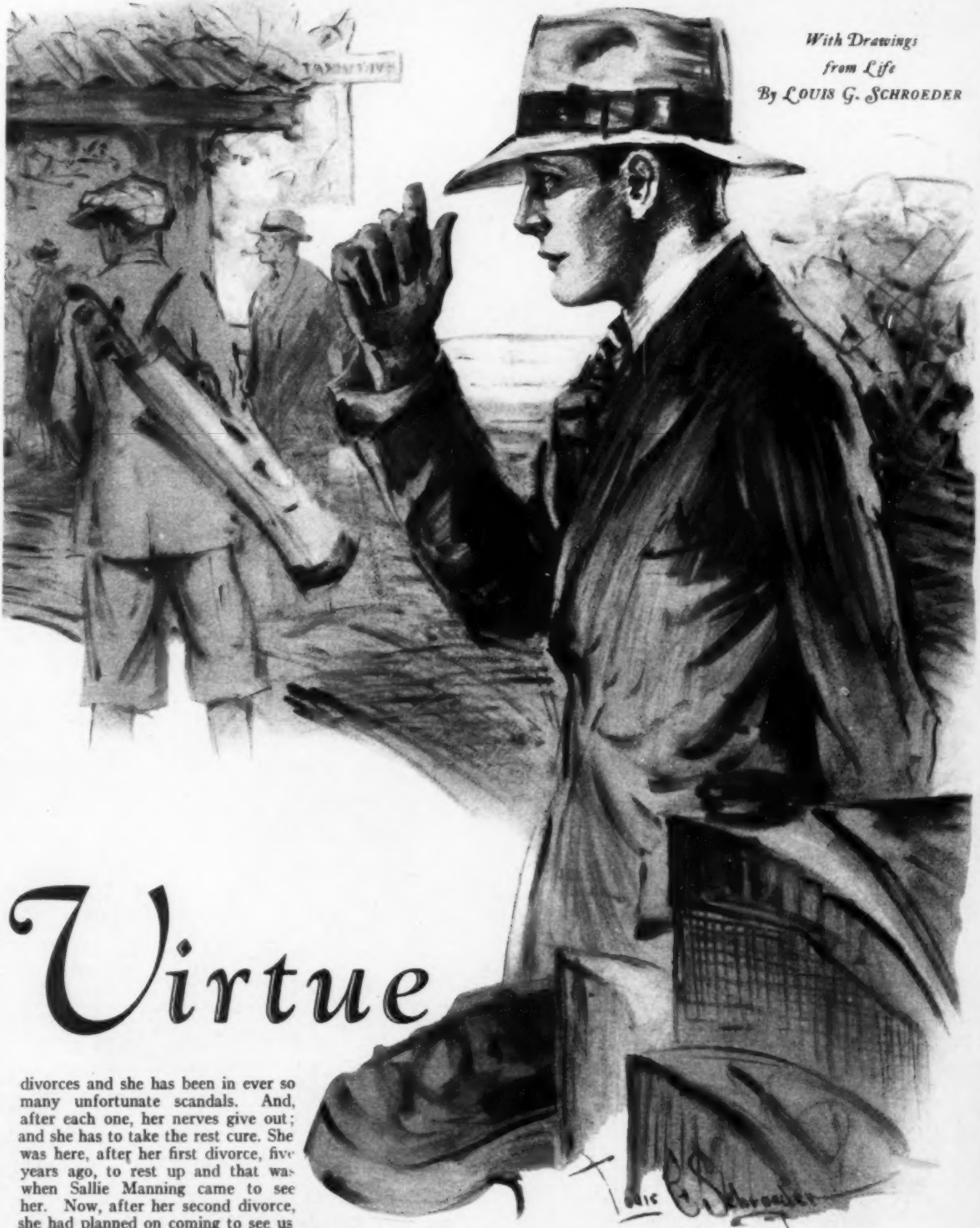
Oh, I remembered Sallie Manning very well indeed! "Do you think she remembers me?" I asked, fearful lest the letter and the invitation should vanish leaving me with a bright dream faded.

"Of course!" answered mother. "Hasn't she invited you to visit her?"

"She saw you, daughter, when she came here five years ago to see Cousin Dosia!" said father slowly.

Father is like Moses, very meek and charitable, but he always hesitates a little before he mentions Cousin Dosia's name.

You see Cousin Dosia is only a second cousin. She is rich and beautiful and lives in a splendid apartment on Park Avenue, all by herself. She is what they call petite, a little pink and white blonde, all done up in chiffon. The dearest, most helpless-looking little thing you ever saw! But Cousin Dosia, though she looks so little and pretty and helpless, has two



*With Drawings
from Life
By LOUIS G. SCHROEDER*

Virtue

divorces and she has been in ever so many unfortunate scandals. And, after each one, her nerves give out; and she has to take the rest cure. She was here, after her first divorce, five years ago, to rest up and that was when Sallie Manning came to see her. Now, after her second divorce, she had planned on coming to see us and rest up again. Then she suddenly changed her mind, and went to Europe with some friends.

Mother never refuses to take Cousin Dosia in.

"It is sweet of Sallie Manning," said mother, "to think of our little Theodosia, after all these years." She paused anxiously. "Can we manage it, father? It will be such a liberal education for our Theodosia."

I was so afraid they wouldn't let me go I cried out:

WHEN I got off the train I looked for Cousin Seth but all I saw was a slender young man with a pleasant sun-burned face standing by a magnificent blue touring car. I wasn't afraid so I walked right up to him and said, "I am Theodosia Dean and I'm looking for Mrs. Manning's car"

"Oh, please, please don't say no!"

"Of course, we can manage it, wife," said father firmly, opening the Bible again. Father believes in going right ahead on faith, and letting God do the rest.

"I mean about her clothes."

"Oh, I have plenty of dresses, mother," I urged. "There's my Sunday dress and everything."

The letter was written Monday and this was Tuesday. The dashing, impulsive hand-writing told the story; for Sallie Manning lived in a world where impulse was the motor-power that moved all things. "And tomorrow is Wednesday!" I exclaimed.

THERE wasn't time to write. So, after mother said that I could go, I went to the telegraph office and sent a wire to Sallie Manning.

"I accept your kind invitation with many thanks. Theodosia Dean."

I had to have a traveling dress and mother gave me her itinerancy frock. It is made of navy blue serge and mother was married in it eighteen years ago. Father was an itinerant Methodist minister then and every three years he had to seek pastures new; and mother always wore her navy blue serge for the journey. Then father's health gave out and they let him stay right here in Deanville because he was born here and all his fathers before him.

I felt very smart in my blue serge coat and skirt when we started out that Wednesday morning. We live way back on Staten Island and father had to drive me from the parsonage to the ferry, and across, and up to the Grand Central Station. Spread Wings is a magnificent old place on the Hudson back of Tarrytown. We knew all about it from the pictures Cousin Dossia had shown us.

Sallie had written that Cousin Seth would meet me at the train, so when I got off at Tarrytown, I looked for him. But, all I saw at the station was a magnificent blue touring car with a monogram on the door. By its side stood a slender young man. He was very sun-burned, but he had a pleasant



The man with Tamma Toka was Seth. My Seth. He spoke to Sallie and his voice was husky. "Go back to your room, Sallie. What are you doing here at this hour of the night?" His face was crimson-dark and his eyes glowed like fire, but he didn't say a word to me

face under all the tan and I wasn't afraid of him. I walked right up to him.

"I am Theodosia Dean," I said, "and I'm looking for Mrs. Manning's car."

He smiled.

"This is Mrs. Manning's car. Will you get in?"

HE WAS so nice and kind that I did what must have seemed a bold thing to him. I got right up in front where I could sit next to him when he drove.

And still he watched the train as if he were expecting someone. "She isn't here, that's certain," he said at last. He got into the car, took the wheel and we started.

He was the nicest young man I had ever seen.

"Pardon me, if I did not catch your name," he said.

"I am Theodosia Dean," I said and smiled at him.

The Unexpected Romance of a Little Country Mouse



"Not Dosia Dean!" he said and he seemed awfully surprised. "Dosia is my cousin," I said with dignity, for there was something in his voice that hurt me. "Sallie Manning, Dosia's friend, has invited me to spend a month with her."

He gave me a quick, startled look, and then he looked straight ahead with the queerest expression on his face. "I see!" he said. "I wouldn't have thought it." But what it was that he would not have thought, I didn't know.

Presently we entered a gateway, guarded by stone lions. Enormous trees hung over the gravel road and made an arbor of loveliness. On each side, stretching far beyond, lay fields of living green.

I sat very still with my hands in my lap, thinking how pleasant it was to sit next to him, and how nice it would be if he had not looked so surprised when I told him who I was. There was a pleasant little ripply feeling in me. Though I did not know it, for girls never do know what is really happening, that little feeling that went through me was the beginning of love. It was the first stirring of that deep emotion that was later to warm my heart into flame.

BUT I was only an innocent child who had never had more than a passing thought of love and I did not dream that this was the way love comes. As for him, after that one question he did not take the slightest notice of me. I wanted him to, but he didn't!

We wound through magnificent woods that sheltered lakes and singing birds. I could see pastures of fleecy sheep, and hills stretching far away to touch the sky. Finally, we emerged into a driveway, bordered with autumn flowers and stopped before a great mansion. I knew from the way it spread wide

and lay back in its nest of awnings and shade trees, that it was Sallie Manning's home, "Spread Wings."

As we stopped the young man spoke to me again. "I am Seth Noble, Sallie's Cousin Seth, you know. You might as well call me Seth, everybody else does."

"And you may call me Theodosia." I said it with so much dignity that he laughed.

"Is that what they call you at home?"

"No, they call me darling at home, but, of course that would not do here."

"Of course not," he agreed, but he laughed again.

"You'll do!" he said. "You're Dosia's cousin, all right." He was still laughing as he helped me out and led me into the house. "Here, Sallie!" he called. And down the big staircase came Sallie Manning just as I remembered her, hair flaming red, face brilliantly beautiful, and the loveliest gown, but something in her eyes was different. She looked as if a cruel wind had blown across her beauty, and her eyelids were red as though she had been crying. But she held her head proudly and her lips smiled.

"THIS is Theodosia Dean," said Seth, and it seemed to me that he said it queerly.

Sallie stopped short on the lowest step.

I went right up to her and held out my hand. "It was very kind of you to invite me to visit you. Father and mother want me to thank you."

Sallie looked down at me with a puzzled expression. My hand still lay in hers, and Seth stood watching. Down the great hall came a big stout man with loose, baggy-looking eyes, and a big soft mouth. As he joined us, Sallie said, "Malcome, this is Theodosia Dean," and I knew that this man with the weak face must be Malcome Manning, Sallie's husband.

"Dosia's little cousin," explained Seth in a low voice.

Malcome laughed outright. They all stared at me, perplexed, amused, startled. And I saw it then! Sallie Manning had meant to invite Cousin Dosia, and not me at all. They had looked for Dosia with her gaiety, her flirtations and her divorces, and not for a simple little country girl like me.

Sallie was still holding my hand. "I am very glad to see you, Theodosia," she said.

AT FIRST I was so confused that I wanted to turn right around and run back home. Then I thought of the lovely lakes, the wide lawns with their glimpses of strutting peacocks, the broad verandas, the tennis nets that I had seen on the brown-bark courts, and of Seth who had sent the little ripples of joy running through me.

"I do hope you'll enjoy it," Sallie went on. "We are all married couples." I thought she sighed. "We're gay but if you've gone much in Dosia's set you'll understand."

Her laugh was hard but she meant it to be kind, and I saw that she had forgotten me and how we lived, down in the country! She thought I had been living with Cousin Dosia.

Before I could tell her that I was used to married couples, having always lived with father and mother in the parsonage, a maid came and took me up the grand staircase to my room.

And such a room! It had been all fixed for Cousin Dosia in the most beautiful shade of orchid with dressing tables, and mirrors, and a bed that might have been slept in by Marie Antoinette, all eiderdown and orchid satin pillows and lace.

At the window there was a long reading chair, and by its side a table with dainty enamel [Continued on page 138]

*Hailed as an
Infant Prodigy* **WINIFRED STONER**

Tells for the First Time

What Happens in Real Life When

A Wonder Child Grows Up.

DID you ever wonder what happens to youthful prodigies when they grow up? Do they fulfill their early promise? Or does their precocity cause more harm than good?

The editor of this magazine was curious on these points and that is why I am writing this article. For years, you see, I was hailed as a "wonder child". You can well imagine that I have long since grown tired of that term, but now that I am twenty-four and grown up I can tell you from my own experience what has happened to one long-suffering prodigy.

Those of you who remember back a dozen years may recall the magazine and newspaper articles about me at that time. But it is quite possible that most of you are more familiar with the most recent and unpleasant publicity about me in the newspapers. One headline read:

"Coffee Bean Sends Stoner Love Aground—Former Child Genius Couldn't Make Good Breakfast Drink and Separation Resulted."

And over reproductions of my photographs the heading continued:

"At Eight She Could Speak Eight Languages

and Read Cicero—But Her Inability to Make Coffee Broke Up Her Home at Twenty-four."

Another big headline read: "Brains, Bah! I Hate 'Em!"

Reading those cruel newspaper headlines you would easily be led into believing that my early attainments did little to fit me for the real business of life. But those headlines and the stories under them were not true. I can make coffee and I can manage a home. When you have finished this article I shall leave it to you whether I have made a success of life or not, and you can judge, too, how much my early training had to do with it.

Please believe I am not trying to show you how smart I was when I tell you that university professors said that my attainments, at twelve, would do credit to a col- [Continued on page 116]



*Are You
as Bright as She Is?*

At 2 Winifred Stoner could write her own name, at 4 she knew Latin declensions, at 7 she published a book of one hundred jingles, at 8 she spoke eight languages, at 12 she was the author of twelve books. She says any child properly trained can equal or surpass these achievements. Did you? Can your child?



The author at 3, already a wonder child; at 12, teaching her own class; and at 16, in the movies

Haven't You Wondered What Became of This Girl?



Winifred Sackville Stoner, II

Here you have the "Wonder Child" grown up. Surprising picture, isn't it? You would naturally expect to see a young woman with a thin, studious, pale face, wearing thick-lensed, horn-rimmed eye-glasses. But Miss Stoner's physical development was not subordinated to her mental training. Her athletic accomplishments almost equal her intellectual ones. But she tells you that she is physically fit because she never over-exerted herself, and she warns women against too violent exercise

*This Girl
Played Football
with a
Man's Heart*

A Kiss for



IT WAS rally night before the big game and I was standing in the hotel window across from State's campus, listening to the varsity song swelling through the crisp November evening to the old tune of "Tammany".

"Varsity, Varsity,
"First you get your little sign,
"Then you smash right through the line.
"Varsity, Varsity,
"Buck 'em, pung 'em, crash 'em, pass 'em!
"Varsity!"

A solemn silence followed the song. Then the campus, aglow with red, green, blue, and yellow torches, exploded into a roaring cheer for "Touchdown" Carpenter. He was State's captain.

After the din dwindled down, Touchdown's great voice boomed through the night, making my heart beat like a drum.

His words rang out like a battle cry sounding the attack.

"We've got a clean slate this year. We've got the greatest fighting football team in the country. We mean to give State a championship tomorrow, her first, but not the last. The team needs you fellows tomorrow more than ever. You've been behind us to a man all season. What about tomorrow? Let's hear from you fellows now," he cried.

"**B**EAT Carleton! Beat Carleton! Beat Carleton!" the answer roared from a thousand football frenzied throats. Hand clapping crackled over the campus like musketry; the student band blared into the university anthem, "State Forever" and throbbing voices poured the mounting song into the night.

"State Forever" stirs and thrills you like "Dixie," "The Marseillaise" and "Over There." When the song ended I felt as worked up over State's hope for victory against Carleton as any student on the campus. It was as if I had heard

a Touchdown



I rushed down the aisle screaming at the top of my voice, "A kiss for a touchdown, Pep!" The stands took up my cry and it went thundering across the field

*With Drawings
from Life By*

Y. E. SODERBERG

our national anthem played before a battle! The old spirit of victory or death flamed through my blood. I determined not to risk our chances of winning the big game by keeping the date I had made with Touchdown.

The great ring of torch-bearing collegians expanded, burst apart, and scattered away to Forest Hall for the rally dance while I waited for Pep Palmer, State's star quarterback to whom I was practically engaged, to come for me. He came shortly, bristling, a chip on his low, wide shoulders.

"I know all about your scheme of meeting Carpenter on the sly, Vida. Well, you do it over my dead body. The big rummy's told some of the players. Guess he thinks it's a

great joke beating my time. I bring you down here for the game, and you give me the air for him at first sight, eh? Not much!" he said, and there was bitter anger in his voice.

"I WON'T keep the date with Touchdown if you promise not to start a fight, Pep," I answered. I was awfully upset over the mess I'd made of things, and angry at the idea of Carpenter's broadcasting our date. He hadn't seemed that type. "All right then, see that you don't," warned Pep, "or State'll be minus a captain or a quarterback tomorrow."

We walked the rest of the way to Forest Hall in a strained silence that seemed all the more tense and heavy because of

the cheering and music in the night. I wanted to tell Pep that I'd been very foolish, flirting under his nose with Carpenter, but we were in the hall before I could make up my mind to do so, and the next moment we were dancing with the crowd.

We had hardly taken five steps before I saw Touchdown coming toward me. I looked the other way, hoping to escape him but Touchdown shoved his huge frame through the dancers as if they were chaff. Even on the ballroom floor there was much of the football player about his every move. A moment later his big right hand caught Pep's arm from behind.

"Breaking," he said.

My heart jumped into my mouth at the way Pep stiffened and turned red at the other's touch. For a moment I was certain he was going to make a scene. Cutting was the rule at State dances. It would be terribly embarrassing if Pep refused to break, and Touchdown resented it. But, after what seemed an eternity of agonizing suspense, Palmer surrendered me to his rival with a look that said he was only doing it to keep his promise to me.

THE moment Carpenter danced me into the crowd I jumped on him for broadcasting about my date with him, telling him flatly I had no intention of keeping it now. He stood all my abuse in silence which made me surer of his guilt.

"The reason I broke on you and the boy friend so quickly was to put you right on this matter. I figured it had gotten to you wrong or would pretty soon," he said.

I almost lost step at his words. Did he have an explanation that would excuse him? Suddenly I hoped he did. Where a moment ago I was ready to condemn him, I was now eager to find grounds to forgive him.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that a smart Aleck named Frank Massey on the scrubs overheard us planning our date, and spilled what he heard to some of the fellows in the shower room. When it got to me I gave Massey a pair of prize black eyes."

"Oh! Touchdown, I'm so glad," I said. It had come rather hard to think of a big, fine chap like Carpenter as the caddish sort. "Of course Pep got it that you had told the story. And he has threatened to row with you if you rushed me any more. He's all set to start a fight tonight if I go off with you. I made him realize that State had to win tomorrow, and it would never do for you two to scrap. He promised to keep a stiff upper lip if I kept away from you."



"Here's Pep," cried Touchdown, the glory of face. With the yells of the crowd ringing in my cried, "You heard me, didn't you, dear old Pep?"



victory shining through the dirt of his scarred ears I held out my arms to both of them and "Yes, Vida," he said, "And you really meant it?"

"And, here we are," Touchdown said, and then after a strange little silence:

"So, I don't get even a few minutes alone with you, Vida, and I'd counted a lot on a whole half hour of you!"

"It's best for State's sake tonight, don't you think?" But, I was weakening under the intoxicating flattery of his words. He had counted a lot on a whole half hour of me!

"It would be something if only I could have a whole dance, Vida," he said, "But, I see a man getting ready to cut in on us."

PEP was not in sight. We might risk a few moments, the rest of the dance, in a corner, or a hallway off the ballroom.

"There's a little lounging room off that hall," he said nodding at a door in which direction he suddenly danced me.

"Do you see Pep?" I asked anxiously.

He shook his head. The next moment we were slipping through the door, and down the hall. Touchdown bowed me into a small, luxuriously furnished lounge where shaded lamps cast dim light.

"I must fly when the music stops," I said.

He caught my hands saying: "Nothing like you has ever happened to me before, Vida."

"Old flatterer, how many other girls have you said the same thing to?" I asked. Nevertheless I was thrilled by his words. For I was under his spell then.

"Tomorrow's my last game of football. Let it speak for your influence," he said, and drew me toward him.

It was not that I didn't want him to kiss me. Given the right place and the time I would have welcomed it although I knew we were both only enjoying the thrill of a flirtation.

"I think the music's stopped," I said trying to resist Touchdown. But his strength was like a limitless force drawing me to him.

"Won't you kiss me just once, Vida, so I can remember in the game tomorrow?"

GIDDINESS swept over my body, but my brain kept straight. "Tomorrow, after the game, I'll kiss you once for every touchdown you score—"

"What's that!" broke in Pep Palmer.

His voice sent icy chills up and down my back, and a sensation of panic overwhelmed me. I don't know how I ever managed to turn and face him. Pep was coming straight for Touchdown, his face white with fury, and his jaw set hard. Something gleamed in his right hand. It was a key. Then I realized the door was closed; locked no doubt by the key Pep flashed! I ran at him, determined to stop his mad rush.

"Pep! Pep!" I cried, under my breath so people outside would not know what was happening in the little lounge room, "remember your promise. Don't start a fight!"

"Promise!" he snarled. "That doesn't go now, not after you've broken yours. What do you think [Continued on page 123]"

*Another
Thrilling
Chapter
of an
American
Girl's
Adventures
in the
Land
of
Sheiks*

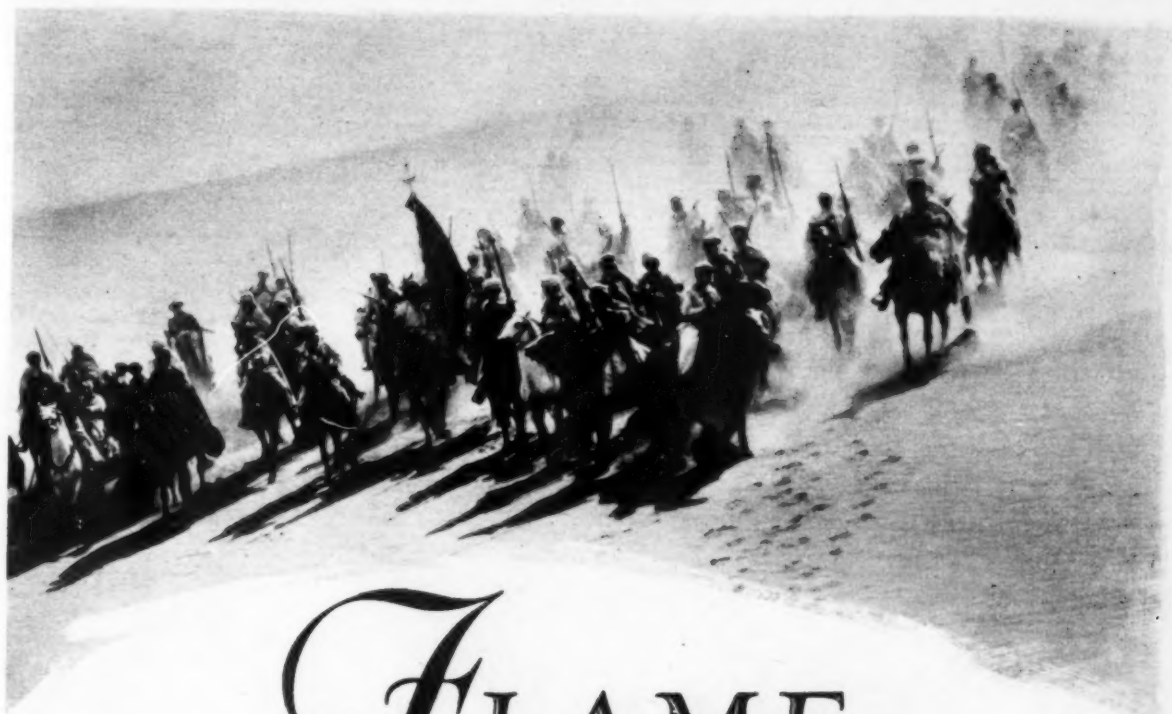


Flame and I faced about and saw a gleaming line of horsemen advancing. A little army of Arabs ready for battle!

WHEN I left school in America to join my father in Algiers I looked forward to it as a land of romance, but little did I think that I, Eve Marley, would ever be involved in such adventures as awaited me.

I had not been in Algiers long when a caravan, led by El Rani, the Akbar of Tiflis, who was conducting Diane Decasse, a French dancer, to the Sultan of Mascar, stopped at my father's house for rest and refreshment. With the caravan was Burke O'Neal, an Irish soldier of fortune, known as Flame of the Desert because of his red hair.

He tried to force me to marry him but I had seen him making love to Diane and refused. His threats to run away with me frightened me so that I sought the protection of El Rani whom I thought was all powerful. He promised me safety but he betrayed his trust and tried to make me one of his harem. Flame O'Neal helped me to escape, but through fear I lied to him about my real feeling for the Arab. He left me alone in the desert where one of El Rani's servants found me the next morning. I thought Flame O'Neal had come back for me and I was dumbfounded when I saw who it was.



FLAME of the. DESERT



El Rani prostrated himself in the dust like a slave

IN THE hush that precedes dawn upon the desert I faced the implacable eyes of Ahmed Kassim. That moment filled me with something like stupefaction.

It was not because of the long-barrelled pistol that he held levelled at my head. Rather it was my dismay at finding that the horseman I had believed to be Burke O'Neal, the Flame of the Desert, was in reality Kassim himself.

A thousand thronging questions whirled in my weary brain. How had Kassim regained possession of his garments?

But one thing at least was clear if I could read the message in those dark, gleaming eyes. He had captured me, and he meant to take me back to El Rani once more!

Not even the horrors of the desert, of thirst and hunger beneath the merciless sun, seemed as terrifying as that thought. Madly, on impulse, I determined to make a dash for my freedom, in spite of that levelled pistol barrel.

But even as I gathered the reins of my horse, Kassim's hand shot out and caught the bridle. The next moment he had flung around my shoulders a leather strap that pinned my arms helplessly to my sides.

He accomplished it without a smile, without a change of expression and just as impassively he hooked a snaffle to the bridle of my brave little mare, and wheeling, began to ride in the direction from which he had come.

It is needless to tell what was in my heart at that abject and

swift defeat. I think the courage went out of me, and I resigned myself to the destiny that seemed inevitable with something like Oriental fatalism.

With my arms bound I sat on my horse as if in a stupor, and Ahmed Kassim did not trouble himself to speak. As the sun rose we rode across that wilderness of sand, following a course that twisted and wound through the hummocks and ridges. It seemed to me that Kassim chose his direction by some miraculous sense.

ALTHOUGH we had ridden scarcely an hour and at a slow pace, I was certain we were near the encampment of El Rani! I realized then that in my torturous wanderings during the night after Flame O'Neal had left me, I had gone round in a circle and all but returned to the place from which I had escaped.

Kassim, in his loyalty to El Rani, had probably gone forth secretly to see if he could discover me, and his expedition had been crowned with success.

We were now following a kind of ravine, where huge hummocks cut off everything except the sky from our vision. In the back of my mind there lay a dull dread, but I was too tired to think, too hopeless to resist. We made our way for a quarter of a mile further, and climbing an ascent, saw the palms, the oasis, the tents of El Rani's men, lying at our feet.

The sun was up, but the light had not yet attained the burning brilliance of day. I saw women kneeling about the cooking-pots, men caring for the animals, the usual stir of a caravan making ready for the day.

Kassim lifted me from my horse and summoned one of the men to take the horses. Then gripping my arm tightly, he half led, half pushed me forward. Miserably my eyes roamed over the scene. I saw the tiny structure that had been my cell, and the great striped tent that must house El Rani himself.

Curious eyes looked at me, men started and stared. I heard the shrill, excited chatter of the native women as they saw me, but at a gesture of authority from Kassim they fell silent.

I went forward and sat where he indicated. A native woman brought me food, and I ate ravenously, knowing I must keep up my strength. As I sat there, for the first time I realized what a dismal picture I must make, with my torn and wrinkled clothing, my tired eyes and disheveled hair.

AND it was at that moment that I looked up and saw a man striding past me. He was in cool white linen, and a pith helmet hid that flaming thatch of hair that had given him his nick name. With his Oriental garb discarded Flame O'Neal looked strong and straight and powerful. In his very stride there was a kind of proud and unshaken confidence.

I looked at him helplessly, scarcely breathing, and his bright blue eyes met mine. They gave no sign of recognition. The next moment he had gone.

I sank back, trembling and unhappy. He had been my friend, my one protector in this camp of armed and savage men, and I had destroyed his faith in me. I had thrown away the gift of his love!

But then I told myself that I had had no choice, that I had had to save myself from him, too. What else could I have done? Perhaps I did admire him, but how could he expect to rush me into marriage when, after all, I knew next to nothing about him? Besides, when he had taken Diane Decasse in his arms, how could I tell that he didn't mean to be equally treacherous in his dealings with me?

In spite of these arguments the fact remained that my spirits were at their lowest ebb. At a gesture of command from Kassim, I rose to my feet and followed him. In another moment I was before the tent of the chieftain. I tried to turn back, but Kassim had caught my arm. While I waited, sick with fear, a Nubian, evidently a slave, stole into the tent, returning in an instant to salaam profoundly before Kassim. Without another word, Kassim thrust me inside.

A dishevelled couch stood against the tent wall. Near it stood a brass tray where coffee and a plate of fruit had been placed. El Rani, the Akbar of Tiflis, looked up frowning, and met my eyes. As he did so the frown turned into a swift smile. He leaped up and came towards me.

"You are late," he whispered, "but you are here and you

shall never escape from me again as long as you live!"

I had no plan in mind, and it must have been inspiration that prompted my next action. In the folds of my clothing lay the black, automatic revolver which Flame O'Neal had put into my hands. In a flash I had my fingers around the butt of it, but it was not at El Rani that I aimed it. I put it against my own breast.

"If you take a step towards me," I said, "I'll kill myself!"

He must have read the frenzied determination in my eyes, and in my voice, for he remained where he was, only smiling his thoughtful, cryptic smile.

"It would be a great pity if you did anything so foolish," he murmured. "And it will not be necessary for the moment." With a gesture he invited me to partake of the food before him, but I shook my head.

As if nothing at all had happened, he sat beside the tray and commenced his meal.

"Girls and women," he remarked in almost conversational tones, "are not permitted to be present at the meals of their lords. However, you are new to our customs, and therefore I shall not punish you. But in time you too will have to observe this custom."

I GRIPPED the revolver in my hands, daring to breathe a little more easily. I had not won any decisive victory, but my small triumph gave me added courage.

All at once, a tiny, fragile cup slipped from El Rani's fingers and rolled to the floor at my feet. With a muttered apology he stooped to pick it up. As he rose, it seemed as if an electric force swept through his body. Like lightning his hand shot out and closed on my wrist so tightly that I gave a cry of pain. Then with a cruel twist, he made me drop my revolver to the floor. Holding me fast, he looked into my eyes.

"You little fool," he said softly. "Why struggle further? It is only in struggle you will find misery."

I did not answer him, but the truth was that my courage and my resistance were almost at an end. If Burke O'Neal had not given me that cool, indifferent look a few minutes before, I might still have had the spirit to fight, however hopelessly, but now it seemed to me as if the very fates were arrayed against me.

I felt El Rani's arms around me, I saw his face bend close and closer to mine.

There was a sudden interruption. A voice from outside the tent of the chieftain suddenly broke in upon the silence, the flap was thrown aside, and a slave came in. After him followed a bearded man in the robes of a dignitary. El Rani released me, and his dark eyes flashed upon the newcomer.

"Who is this?" he asked in an Arabic dialect that I was able to understand. "Who disturbs El Rani when he is with one of his women?"

But the newcomer, proud as El Rani himself, made no apology.

"I am Nardir the Faithful," he answered, "who serves the Star of Heaven, the Sultan of Mascar!"

"So! And what is it you wish with me, Nardir, who also serves Mascar?"

"My lord, the ruler of my life and death, has sent me with an escort to enquire into your delay. He awaits you hourly in the walled city, and is anxious for your welfare."

It seemed to me, even in that hour of desperate anguish, that I was able to distinguish the overtones of irony in the Arab's voice, but if they were there, El Rani ignored them.

"The caravan is even now on its way," he said. "In three days we will be in the walled city."

The envoy bowed again. "Then I shall bear you company, guide your bearers through the pass, and see that all things needful are accomplished."

THE eyes of the two men seemed to meet in a duel. El Rani, with a shrug of his shoulders, appeared to submit to the demand made by Nardir. He clapped his hands, and in another moment a huge black appeared at the entrance to the tent. I saw El Rani motion towards me. The black man bowed low, then caught my arm and dragged me out.

In that instant I knew I was saved, this time by the intervention of circumstance. Saved for the while at least. El Rani had not dared disobey the commands of his Sultan, however veiled they might be in the [Continued on page 84]



Flayne O'Neal clutched his wounded arm and his voice was weak and faint as he said, "It would have been wonderful if you had cared. As it is, it doesn't matter what happens to me from now on." There was a bitter smile on his fine mouth. My heart misgave me, but I could not tell him. Some force stronger than myself kept me from admitting the last truth of all

SOUL MATES

THOSE sheik husbands—j'ever happen to have one?

Nothing really criminal about them! Never commit anything that would land them in the divorce court. But everlastingly ogling and smirking and boasting about their conquests. You know the breed. Like that Fred Simpson, for instance. How often you've wondered how Esther Simpson could stand that man's monkey-shines. Smart-cracking waitresses, calling the stenog "cutie," hinting that he has to carry a gun to hold the ladies off. It must make Esther feel like thirty cents, even though she knows Fred would fall in a fit if one of the girls called his bluff. But she stands for it. Most women stand for it. What else can they do?

Once in a blue moon, however, there's a wife who won't stand for it. Then she does something that makes history. No, I don't mean the regular rough stuff, like sending boxes of poisoned candy or shooting up the love nest. Something different that has never been on the books.

Something like Mildred pulled.

Mildred certainly didn't look as if she'd pull anything. She was a small, gentle woman with a heart shaped face and big, timid blue eyes. Mousey hair! Mousey ways! Not pretty, but sweet.

Most sweet women are sticky. They start doing it when they're young and don't know when to stop. But Mildred wasn't that kind. Her sweetness wasn't a surface frosting. It was a friendly simplicity that went clear through her. She liked everyone and trusted everyone. Can you imagine anything like that marrying a millinery sales-



You only have to take a look at this wonderful picture of Elsie Robinson to understand why she knows what goes on in the hearts of men—as well as women. You girls will get a good laugh out of the piece she has written on this page about the taming of a Sheik

man of all men on earth?

You know what a salesman is, of course, but did you ever meet a millinery salesman? One of those roving Romeos that go around selling French models, made in Hoboken, to all the old girls who are running hat emporiums out in the sticks—where the girls don't see a man outside the barber or the undertaker or the high school principal once a year. Naturally when something in snappy tweeds comes along they call out the village band to show their appreciation. And does it make the esteemed visitor think well of himself? Oh, nothing like that!

That was the sort of circuit Eugene Bragg covered, and at that, perhaps, he was worth a small brass band.

HE WAS six feet tall with one of those "Chocolate Soldier" shapes which were so popular twenty years ago. He had arrived a few years too late to wear a spread-eagle mustache but you felt it lurking in his manner. He had very large, round, brown eyes, wavy brown hair, small feet and he held his chest out when he walked. He had one topic of conversation, and one only—himself.

And Mildred worshipped him.

Husband worship is almost as obsolete as drooping mustaches but Mildred had a perfect case of it.

She was twenty-one when they were married, a drab, slender little thing with adoring eyes. She had been working in The Elite Drug Store. Eugene stopped over the week-end to show his line to Miss Abbey Farley who ran the millinery store next door. Miss Abbey was one of the few blanks in his list of customers. He faced a dull Sunday until he saw Mildred.

ELSIE ROBINSON Tells of a Timid Wife Whose Husband Was a Lady Killer

She wasn't the kind that Eugene usually fell for but there was no one else in sight so he decided to take a chance. It wasn't hard to meet her but he had a good deal of difficulty in persuading her to go buggy riding with him down the River Road that night. But finally she consented and from the moment they started she proved to be the perfect audience which Eugene had craved all his twenty-nine years. He was so thrilled at hearing the uninterrupted flow of his own voice for three whole hours that he stayed over and proposed to her the next night. They were married on his return trip.

MILDRED couldn't believe that anything so perfectly wonderful had happened to her.

The night he proposed to her, she knelt down before going to bed, in her high necked, outing-flannel nightgown, and thanked God for His goodness.

For the next ten years she continued to thank Him. As time went on she removed the collar from her nightgown and cut out the sleeves. But she never changed her mind about Eugene. She always felt that he was too good for her, until that night—but that's getting ahead of the story.

Nobody else felt that Eugene was a cause for thankfulness. He didn't drink or smoke to excess and he was always a steady provider. But outside of that he was about as near a total loss as 180 pounds of human beef could well be.

He continued to travel for the same millinery house, selling hats and promoting romance on the side with poor, starved females in hick towns, the man-hungry females to whom Mr. Eugene Wilfred Bragg was the yearly revue and annual orgy.

I don't honestly believe that the orgies amounted to much. Maybe a chocolate sundae at the Elite and a ride in the town surrey, or a rented flivver, when flivvers came along. Perhaps a hand squeeze, now and then. But Eugene was by nature a cautious kid. He never took any chance of getting himself into important trouble. He liked to talk like one of our main criminals but he always played safe. That's the kind of a guy he was.

BUT Mildred didn't know that was the kind of a guy he was. She was too busy thinking Eugene was a blessing from on high to analyze him. And when he began telling her what a hit he made with the ladies along the line, she simply took it as another indication that she wasn't good enough for him.

He'd come home from his trips and there she'd be waiting for him, actually fluttering with joy. She'd have everything fixed up like the Fourth of July, all the stuff cooked that he liked best to eat and his house robe and slippers laid out for him, and a couple of detective books so he could rest his massive brain. And then she'd prepare to worship him for the three or four days he was home.

HE WAS good enough to her. That is, nobody ever saw him strike her or lock her up in the woodshed, if you can call that being good. I guess he felt he needed to treat her pretty good so she'd last, for she was certainly his best audience. She'd sit there for hours listening while he told her what

a heart wrecker he was, how he'd dated up Miss Flossie Bean for a little supper, and how he'd sold Miss Evelyn Blake twice the number of hats she needed just because she couldn't resist him and how the Widow Smith had practically asked him to elope with her. There he'd sit and spill a line like that, and "Milly" would listen to it all and wonder how

she was ever going to hold him in the face of all that competition.

Any other woman would have busted the bread-board on that empty head of his or walked out and let him tell it to the dictaphone. But not Milly. She just listened and wrung her hands where he couldn't see her.

Sometimes, after he'd gone, her friends would find her crying her eyes out, but they never could get her to say a word against her husband.

Even when they openly commented on the way he was carrying on, she'd spunk up and say that dear Eugene wasn't to blame. Women simply hounded him and he couldn't resist them because he hated to hurt their feelings. Imagine! She'd look them square in the eye and say that she understood Eugene and there never was a dearer husband!

For ten whole years Mildred continued to understand Eugene and Eugene continued to play the field and talk about it afterwards. Ten years didn't make much of a difference to Mildred. She had been sweet and shy and shining when she married Eugene at twenty-one. She was still sweet and shy at thirty-one, but she didn't shine as much. Thanking God for your blessings, and then wringing your hands for fear you'll lose them, doesn't tend to preserve that complexion you love to touch. There were lines about her [Continued on page 101]



Sketched from Life
By
EDWARD BUTLER

Eugene Bragg was one of those roving Romeos who sold hats and promoted romance on the side

For the LOVE of a DOG



WHEN I came home, to my small house, "The Box," with its acre and a half tucked away among the large estates between Greenwich and Stamford, I found it empty, deserted and cold. My dogs were still there, and their old deaf attendant Miller, who was gardener, caretaker and everything else. But Lucy, my wife, to whom I had been hurrying from half across the world, was gone.

"Where's Mrs. Starr?" I asked gruffly but with a feeling of death at my heart.

"I dunno," Miller shouted as though I were the deaf man. "She went, let's see, 'twas maybe about eight, nine months ago."

"Where did she go?"

"Dunno. How can I tell? Don't you know? She didn't leave me no address."

In the hall upon the little black table was a stack of letters, telegrams and cables, nearly all addressed to Lucy and nearly all from me.

Some months ago Lucy had evidently tired of waiting for me and had gone. I was crushed, but I did not altogether blame her. I never did have the harem idea that my wife was my property like a horse or a dog. Even these could be stolen. But where could Lucy be?

At the bottom of all the piled letters and cables lay an envelope addressed to me in Lucy's handwriting. The note it contained was brief. It read:

"Leonard, I am going away for good. You know why. Lucy."

That was all. I knew why! But rack my brains as I would, that was exactly what I did not know. Was it because I had not taken her with me? What else? Surely, my illness was not a crime.

I had to go out into the kennels among the dogs to feel the throb of life about me. Otherwise, still weakened as I was, I felt I could not bear the disaster that had overtaken me.

"Did you know that I'd been sick?" I asked Miller.

"Naw, how should I know?" he shouted.

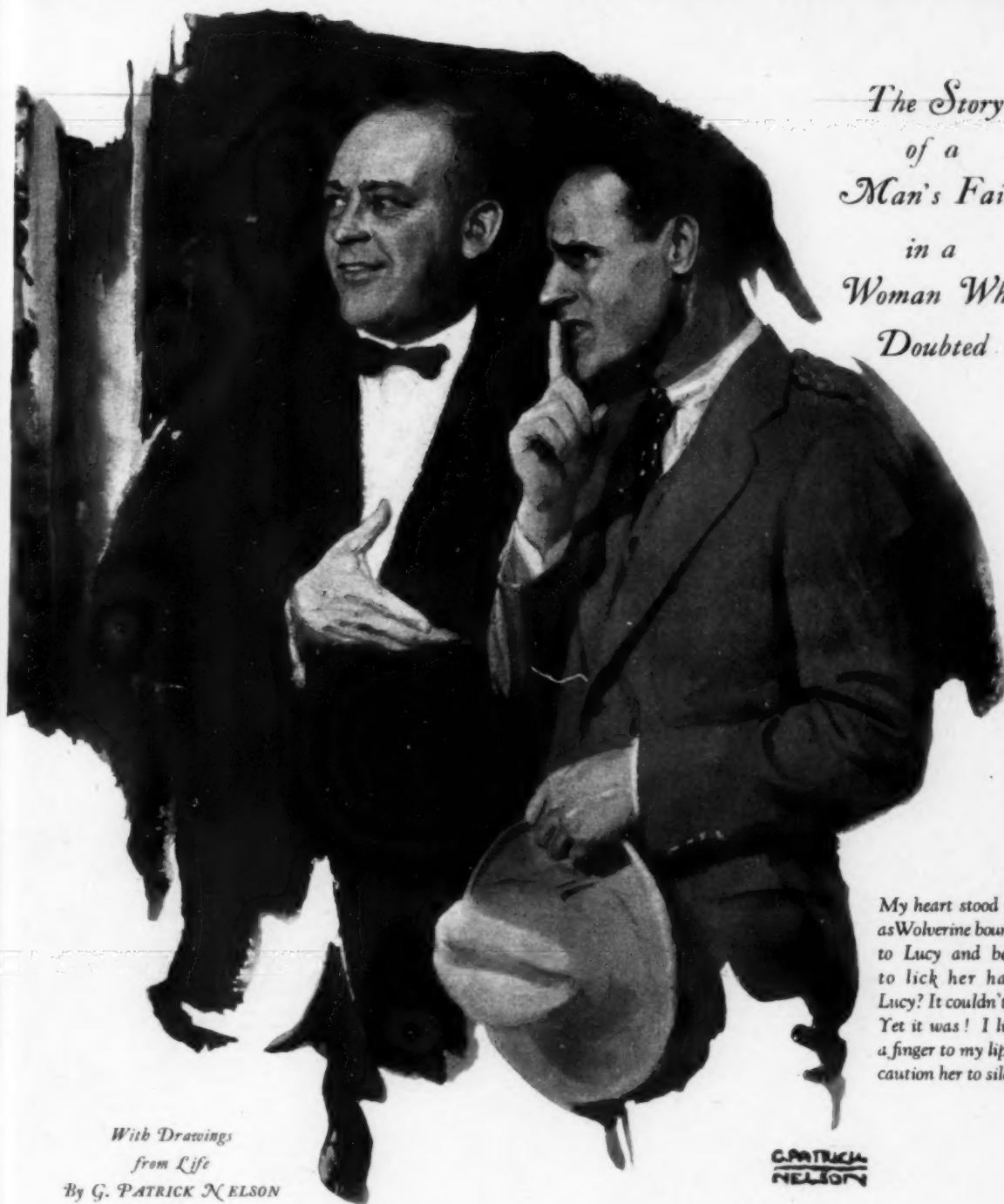
"Then how was it you stayed after Mrs. Starr left?"

"Well somebody had to take care of the dogs," he yelled.

"Then, I had a little money saved up. I don't need much."

MILLER had stayed, but Lucy had gone. I entered the kennels and the dogs that remembered me began leaping about me, barking in a joyous fury, licking my hands, my face, demanding attention. The new ones, born since I had left, soon followed the example of the others and came to make friends. Somehow I never had any difficulty in making dogs my friends. It was my only gift. I grinned down at the

*The Story
of a
Man's Faith
in a
Woman Who
Doubted*



*With Drawings
from Life*

By G. PATRICK NELSON

G. PATRICK
NELSON

My heart stood still
as Wolverine bounded
to Lucy and began
to lick her hand.
Lucy? It couldn't be!
Yet it was! I lifted
a finger to my lips to
caution her to silence

bounding mass of dogs and my face twisted involuntarily. Abruptly I left the kennels and stumbled toward the house. I might easily make a fool of myself by breaking down entirely.

From the welter of emotions that weighed upon me only one idea emerged: I must find Lucy.

The man who had brought his bride to "The Box" three years earlier—that Leonard Starr, was I in reality that man? Lucy! I saw her now with her dancing, sparkling eyes, her free impulsive nature, her ardent love. We had met on a steamer and were married after a courtship of three weeks. I remembered how she glanced about the quiet, silent little house, then murmured, with her hands upon my shoulders:

"If ever you stop loving me, Leonard, I don't know what

I shall do. Life wouldn't be worth living without you."

A kiss then could bring us both bliss, cure all ills and drive away all morbid fancies. What worlds of suffering I had undergone since that day when every tree, every shrub and leaf seemed to rustle a welcome and a blessing upon our happiness. Happiness! Now, two years later, I felt broken and shattered. Lucy was gone!

I WENT out to the kennels again and got Wolverine, my own magnificent police dog. I must have something living and my own in the house. Then I began to pace the small forlorn rooms that had once seemed to me so cozy and bright. Wolverine lay upon the hearth-rug and watched me with



THE dog leaped to the bureau, seized the slipper and stood regarding me. "By George, I think you'll do it," I cried. "Let's go, Wolverine, back where you came from." The wonderful dog, slipper in mouth, bounded to the door

searching eyes. Deep within me a voice seemed to be saying.

"I shall, I must find her. She must tell me the reason for her action. Was it another man? It certainly was possible for a woman to love a better man than I. Was it because I left her alone? But how could I help that? Did she not know I was an engineer and could not take my wife to all the rough places where my work lay?"

Yet simultaneously with these thoughts I realized I was arguing against air. If only I had not gone to that beastly country. If—if—if—but it had looked magnificent. Brazil was about to extend its railway system along the Paraguay frontier to Corumba. Together with other engineers, English and American, I was sent down to Rio Janeiro. It was a great life, for a time, hanging about Rio in hotels and cafés.

We had all thought the entire stretch of country had already been surveyed and was ready for the work of building to begin. It appeared, however, that the long section of unhealthy jungle was still to be explored. The other men flatly refused to undertake it. There was a namesake of mine among them, a Leo Starr from Delaware, who almost accompanied me, for the sake of our name as he said, but frankly refused because he was having too good a time where he was. I, like a fool, had said I would go and could not draw back. I dared not write Lucy of my decision. I simply wrote her I was going up country for a bit and that communication might be difficult.

Then, what happened explained to me why the other men, more experienced than I, had refused to go. About midway in the jungle not far from a hole called Miranda I fell sick with the fever. The natives of my expedition fled like the cowards they are and I lay for months hovering between life and death, out of my head most of the time, in an Indian hut, with nothing but Indians to look after me. How I survived is a miracle, but I got well finally, made my way back to Rio and after repeated cables to Lucy, to which no answer came, I sailed for home.

AT HOME I found all my cables stacked on the hall table, and Lucy's note, an emptiness like death, but no Lucy. She had ceased to believe in me. I, however, still believed in Lucy. We were both victims of some terrible mistake.

"How are we going to find her, Wolverine?" I said to my dog. Wolverine lifted her muzzle from her forepaws with alert eyes, then sank down to rest again.

Suddenly I decided I must go to New York. Loneliness unnerved me. I had had too much loneliness. I must think, and I was hungry for crowds of human faces. Perhaps among the faces I might descry the one face! How I stared at all the women in the train, in Grand Central Station, in Fifth Avenue!

I went into the office of the trust company where Lucy and I had had a joint checking account. Here might be a clue. I had always dealt there with a Mr. Clark, one of the many vice-presidents.

"Hello, hello!" said Clark. He was suave, kindly, gray-haired and businesslike. "Quite a stranger, Mr. Starr! Sit down."

I spoke of the small trust fund left me by a benign grandfather who had also left me "The Box," and of my checking account. When did Lucy draw her last check, I meant to ask. What I said was:

"Let's see, when was the last check drawn against my account?"

"Last check?" said Clark, pressing a button. "Johnny," he turned to an approaching clerk, "get Mr. Starr's card out of the trust-funds file. Starr—S-t-a-r-r. Leonard, is it? Also his checking account." Then Mr. Clark chatted of the weather, ending abruptly with:

"You've been away?"

"Yes. South America. Had a bout of fever there—laid up for a time."

"Ah, ah, I see," Clark murmured sympathetically. The clerk deferentially deposited the documents before him and tiptoed away.

"MN! YES. Last check—drawn by Mrs. Starr about—well, nearly eight months ago."

"Where?" I almost whispered.

"Drawn to cash—why, right here in the bank, I presume. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"No. No, nothing!" I muttered and made to rise.

"Don't hurry, Mr. Starr. What—let me see, you live out

on the Stanwich Road, if I remember rightly, don't you?"

"Yes."

"If it's a fair question," smiled the banker genially, "what do you do there to occupy yourself. Golf, eh?"

"No, not golf. I've got a lot of dogs there, a sort of hobby of mine."

"BREED 'em?" he asked.

"Yes, breed 'em, raise 'em," I grinned.

"Ever sell any?" he asked with the instant indoor man's curiosity about animals.

"Once in a while, but I just like dogs around."

"I see, I see," mused Clark. "Come to think of it, I like 'em myself."

"Most people do, Mr. Clark."

"Would you sell me one? A nice collie—friendly, clever—you know."

"Why, yes, if you like. But what kind of a home is the dog going to have? That has a lot to do with it."

"Oh," he frowned, "afraid we won't be kind to the pup and that sort of thing?"

I think I flushed like some poor schoolboy. I never made myself quite clear.

"No, no," I stammered. "I don't mean that. What I mean is, dogs are sensitive. It isn't every dog that fits every home, or every person. There's a kind of—"

"A kind of affinity between the right dog and the right people, you mean?"

"That's it!" I said. "You see, dogs are meant to make people happier. There must be no suspicion between them. Friendship on both sides. Only a very few people like all dogs and that is because they understand 'em."

"You for instance?" he smiled.

"Yes, I understand them."

"Well, look here. You live on the Stanwich Road; I live in Rye. Suppose the wife and I ran over in the car—shall we say Sunday morning? Good!"

I rose eager to escape into the outer air. Offices, walls, oppressed me. Outside in Fifth Avenue I was again scanning the faces of all women among the passersby for Lucy!

That banker Clark probably saved my life. Certainly my sanity! But for him my mind would have kept revolving about finding Lucy, and to have but one fixed idea, and no other, is the way to madness. But Clark saved me from shattering my mind upon that query.

HE CAME and bought his dog, not a collie, but a French poodle named Flute, which I recommended as more amusing and more suitable to his overheated house. A month later he told me:

"It's a funny thing, Starr, but I don't know what we should do now without Flute. We've been a little sad, you know, since our little girl died a year ago. We're not likely to have any more. Flute has simply livened up the whole house. I guess my wife wouldn't part with him for five thousand dollars."

Clark spoke to others and almost before I realized it I was selling dogs right and left.

In this manner it was that I met Wilson. He was tall, somewhat florid and overfed, but I am bound to say good-looking and full of vitality. All his great body seemed to be straining to catch every particle of life's pleasures.

He announced that he was desirous of obtaining a dog for his wife.

"A nice dog," he said, "would be company for her and I'm told you have some bully ones. A woman needs a dog even more than a boy does. Got to have something to pet, something to scold; you know."

"Suppose," he continued persuasively, "you bring round a specimen of dog, not too little and not too big, eh?" He gave me an address in Park Avenue. "How about five o'clock tomorrow? That all right?"

I took a wire-haired terrier on chance. Like many a wife of an exuberant man, Mrs. Wilson seemed gray and careworn, watching her husband's flow of vitality with eyes at once pleased, sad and uneasy.

The terrier, Shandy, began to spin like a top, chasing his own tail, leaping at rings of cigarette smoke and, generally endearing himself to Mrs. Wilson. [Continued on page 97]

What You Need to Know About ETIQUETTE

SOMETIMES I wonder if I really am a "mender of broken hearts," as they call me, or if I'm not merely an authority on the etiquette of courtship and marriage. Because, after all, what is it that breaks the hearts of all you boys and girls who write to me but the ignorance and lack of consideration in those you love?

Your letters pour in from cities and villages and places that aren't even on the map, and each one asks a different question. And you ask those questions because you don't know the proper thing to do.

"Shall I call him up first, or wait for him to get over being mad?"

"If I give him a silver cigarette case for Christmas, will I look foolish if he gives me only a book?"

"I can't afford to take a girl to theaters and cabarets, and shouldn't I tell her that I can't right from the start?"

Those are only a few of the questions you put up to me and I always try to tell you to do the thing that is kind and in keeping with good social practise.

That being the case, it seems to me that you should find a few suggestions along these lines extremely welcome.

Why should you know the rules of etiquette? We can't all be social lights, to be sure, but every day we come into contact with strangers who judge us by the things we say and do. If we are kindly and considerate, we make friends of some of them. But if we are rude and coarse they will have nothing to do with us. Even in our homes and in our offices we must observe certain rules of etiquette, or we make life miserable for ourselves and others.

IF ONLY for our own comfort, we must know how to eat properly at the table, how to acknowledge an introduction, how to dress for certain occasions, and how to conduct ourselves with poise and grace and self-confidence no matter where we chance to be. Etiquette tells you how to acquire these qualities. And aside from being a matter of comfort, it is absolutely necessary if one desires to be popular. From the large number of letters I get asking: "How can I be popular?" a lot of you evidently don't know how to act in company.



By *MARTHA MADISON*

For example, here is a sentence that I frequently come across:

"When I'm out in a crowd of boys and girls I get tongue-tied. If there are people who attract me, I blush and feel ill at ease if they speak to me. I'm considered good looking and I know I could be popular if only I weren't so self-conscious."

THE first thing I always say is: "Be yourself," and the second is: "Forget yourself." People aren't paying half the attention to you that you think they are. If you don't believe that, just listen in on the conversation of various groups. You'll find them talking about themselves and their own affairs, grasping at every chance to tell you their ideas, their ambitions. They want you to listen. And if you're self-conscious it's because you're thinking about yourself too much.

Instead of thinking about yourself, think about the other fellow. Try to make him feel at ease. Draw him out to talk about himself and then let him talk. That's not merely etiquette, that's graciousness and unselfishness. And it's far easier than saying something all the time.

ANOTHER thing that will help you conquer self-consciousness is to learn some parlor trick. There are loads of things, dancing, of course, being the most common. Piano playing involves a certain amount of musical education or talent. So does singing. But a child can learn to play a ukulele in a few lessons, and everybody likes group singing. Be a good sport, too. Learn to swim and play tennis, and hike. In other words, be a good mixer.

First impressions shouldn't count, but they do. And if you happen to be introduced to a man or a girl who goes by first impressions as we nearly all do and you say: "Pleased to meet you," they think you lacking in culture.

The proper way to acknowledge an introduction is to say pleasantly and slowly and distinctly: "How do you do, Mr. Smith," or just bow and repeat the name: "Mr. Smith."

Or the gentleman may say: "Miss Brown, I am very glad to meet you." That is sufficient. [Continued on page 135]

What's Your Line?



GIRLS: Oh, Emma, what happened? Did you spill the beans?

SWEET COOK-Y: No, they just jumped right out of the frying pan into the fire

Played by Mabel Evans,
"Toy" Gallagher and
Emma Skye in "Dear
Europe," a Camel Comedy



Played by Jimmy Adams
and Ethel Sweeney in
"Christie Comedies"

JIMMY: Why do you turn your back on me when I play?

ETHEL: Because I can't face the music



Played by Bobbie
Vernon and Frances
Lee in "Christie
Comedies"

COLLEGE YOUTH: It's easy for us educated chaps to get a skirt on a string
WORKING GAIL: Maybe, but you needn't think I'll be taken in by your line



VERA takes nursery rhymes seriously so she hangs her clothes on a hickory limb and does not go near the water

Fused by Vera
Swenson of
Christie
Comedian



Fused by Lotus
Thompson of Hal
Ketch Comedian

SOMEONE asked Lotus why a gold-digger was like a farmerette and without batting an eyelash she said: "Because she makes hay while the sun shines and doesn't let the grass grow under her feet"



SINCE two's company and three's a crowd it's easy to guess that each of the three is thinking, "I wish that other guy'd go home"

Fused by Chas Windsor, Archie Mayo and
Owen Moore of M-G-M.



SMARTY: If you think you know so much can you tell me what sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander
THE GOLD MEDAL GOOSE: Why, apple sauce!

Fused by Johnny Hines of First National

from the FILMS



"A SPRING board," says Laura,
"is a device to keep little girls
from jumping off the dock"

Played by Laura La Plante, Universal



WHAT a life! A man can't even
have a fight over a crap game with-
out a woman putting her foot in it

Played by Lewwellyn Gray,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



SAILOR: Look, girlie, I ain't
such a bad bet? Even the officers
salute me

GIRLIE: Oh, you're all right
as sailors go but I prefer a little
"dough" boy

Played by Arthur Hous-
and Billy Bech of
Hal Roach Comedies



VOICE FROM BE-
LOW: Don't be
scared, lady! Bark-
ing dogs never bite
CLARA: I know
that but does the
dog know it?

Played by Clara Bow in "Finger"
a First National Picture

Bright and Fair



Posed by Polly Ann
Brown of Paramount

POLLY ANN: Oh, sailor,
how much longer must I
hold this pose? My
horse wants to start crop-
ping the grass



Posed by Barbara Kent
of Universal

SAILOR: Well let
him. I'm waiting
for a little action.
This is a moving
picture camera



RAEZ-BERRY: Say, Gingham
Girl, I think you'd make a
"model" wife

LIVE DOLL: She would for a
"dummy" like you

Posed by Ruth Edmonds
and Berry Norton in the
O. Henry comedy "A Man
About Town"

MARCELINE
never has to
walk home; she's
such a good skate

Posed by Marceline
Day, M.-G.-M.



MARTHA says
that the pearl
monogram on her
bathing suit means
"Sink or Swim"

Posed by Martha
Hooper in Hal
Rosen's comedies



As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use
Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge"—is not really a question of quantity. It is a

matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat
Almond Base Face Powder*

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

PRINCESS PAT
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.



**Get This
Week End Set
—SPECIAL**

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (cash). Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2700 S. Wells St. Dep. A-130 Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....



This Funny World

As Seen by Aleck Smart



Be Kind to the Boss

Thanks for your letters, folks. We know you mean to be kind but please remember we got an awful big family to support. So when you write us, send a post card to the Boss, too, and pat him on the back. He's a good fellow. (Won't somebody cut this out and send it to him?) And the funny thing is he does get a lot of good stories into this magazine that we don't write. Just take a look at "For the Love of a Dog" and "Crucible of Youth" and "The Man in the Mackinaw" and "I'll Show Her." We like 'em in spite of the hundreds and hundreds we have to read each month. Can you imagine what it means to HAVE to read a story? Just think that one over. Still we think these are good. Tell the Boss so.

So Will He

*PACK up the shiny suitcase
And leave the lake behind;
Vacation days are over—
Go back to the city's grind.*



*Forget the days of playing
And the long romantic night;
Forget the sheik you worshipped—
Oh, you'll forget, all right.*

Wise Crackers Who Win

There was a lot of cracking by wise crackers this month and our ears still tingle. For some reason, the ten best lines were hard to select—maybe because they were all so good. Anyway the ten who get a buck each are: Mrs. Claude L. Easton, Charlottesville, Va., Ida McPherrin, Clarmont, Wyo., Bertha Abrams, Springfield, Mo., H. H. Hilton, Salisbury, N. C., Kathleen Kench, Lansing, Mich., Bernice Bowne, San Francisco, Calif., Blanche Woodside, Fresno, Calif., Mable Harwood, Vancouver, B. C., Imilda Witte, Minneapolis, Minn., G. S. Tayman, Caney, Kan.

Ain't Women Romantic!

It was late in August, on a night made for love and romance. We were full of a fine frenzy of adoration. We poured out our longings, our hopes, our sentiments of courage and faith to the beautiful just-less-than-angel creature at our side. She listened. It was a thrilling ecstasy to see the rapt expression in her eyes. We were still, waiting. She breathed, "Oh, gosh, I wish I had a hot dog!" I—! . . . ! X X X ! That's what we said. Could you have done better?

Can You Tie This One?

Women are going to start a fight for a chance to work longer hours. Yes, sir, that's what Mrs. Mary Murray, chairman of the industrial department of the Woman's National party says. That'll suit the blonde beauty who takes our abuse. She's always wanting to work longer—that is, about a minute



longer after we leave the office. Some girls are that way, you know. They just have to have plenty of work—so they can flatter themselves on how much they are leaving undone. If women win their fight for longer hours probably they won't come to the office at all. Be just like 'em.

Epitaph For a Dub

*This bird is dead and he doesn't repent it;
When his girl said "Yes" he thought she meant it.*

Is Dorothy Right, Or—

Dear Mr. Smart: I am a new reader of SMART SET. I am very enthusiastic about it and think This Funny World is great.—Dorothy Dunn, Chaffee, Mo.

Does John Know His Onions?

Dear Editor: Smart Set is great—all except Aleck Smart. Who called that funny-bug funny?—John Thorpe, St. Cloud, Minn.

Many Know Us—and Live

Dear Mr. Smart: Yours truly thinks your page is largely responsible for SMART SET's popularity. It's better than a circus. I'd hate to meet you in person though. I'm afraid I'd treat my tonsils to too many tickles.

—Octa Browning, South Bend, Ind.

How Long Is Forever?

Let's see now. What was the name of that handsome sheik that, only a month ago, you vowed you'd love forever and ever? Funny how hard it is to remember details—like names and things. Funnier still how short eternity is!

Laugh One Off for Us

Even the English pull a funny one now and then. As for instance London Opinion spills this: "He strongly objected to my dress," says the girl. "What did you do?" "Oh," she replied, "I just laughed it off."

Razzing the Editor

*One excuse is as good
as another when a girl's
in love with a man.*

(See "A Kiss for a Touchdown," Page 32)

*The wife she fled in a rage,
But the dog, he stayed behind;
Hubby was young for his age,
And the pup, possessed of a good nose, an intelligence that was almost human and a ready understanding, was far from blind.*
(See, "For the Love of a Dog," page 26)

What College Boys Laugh At

Do you think the eyes are an index to the mind, asks the Texas Ranger. The answer is, No. I know a lot of girls with bright eyes . . . The Columbia Jester cruelly observes, Some women with a past are so proud of it that they are always trying to live up to it . . . Northwestern Purple Parrot says: She doesn't think of him all the time but whenever she thinks, she thinks of him . . . This one can be charged up against the Missouri Outlaw:

*Mary had a little dress
A dainty bit and airy;
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But, gosh, how it shocked Mary . . .*



And the Lafayette Lyre adds, Figures show that girls are wearing fewer clothes these days . . . A globe trotter tells us, says the Colby White Mules, that when an Albanian shakes his head he means yes. We know a lot of cuds like that . . .

Limerick With Us

*There once was a prodigal son
Who, when his cavorting was done,
Came back to his dad,
Looking pensive and sad,*

Supply that missing last line. SMART SET will pay \$5 for the best line and \$1 for each of the next five best. Contest closes Sept. 30, 1927. Aleck Smart is judge.

Prize Winning Poets

August limerick fans had a good time—and they mighty near swamped us. However, we're swimming out through a high sea of last lines. The \$5 goes to Margaret Atherton, Buffalo, N. Y.; for the line, "A new kind of 'Eve' in our race." The five other winners, \$1 each, are: Mahlan Ard, Menlo Park, Calif., Mrs. Dan Dyer, Los Angeles, Calif., Lillian B. Endowe, New Haven, Conn., Alma Iling, Indianapolis, Ind., Howard Cross, Oelwein, Iowa.

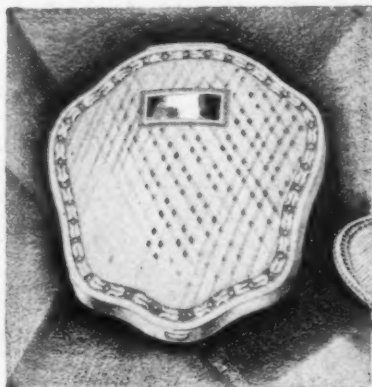
AZUREA



The aristocratic design of the new four-ounce Azurea Flacon, its crystal clear glass and artistic gold top, are of a distinction that appeals particularly to those of cosmopolitan taste. Priced at \$9.00 the bottle, or in 2 ounce size \$4.50 the bottle.

A Rarely Delightful Odeur of Piver in New Containers Smartly Designed

Delicacy and charm are apparent in every line of the new Azurea Twin Compact—a most special construction, with silvered engine-turned case and dainty border of enamel, a compact in every way exquisite. In all standard shades of Powder and Rouge \$2.50 each.



To further emphasize one's personality with an individual odeur throughout the toilette, there are available for the selection of the discriminating, these world-renowned PIVER odeurs—AZUREA—POMPEIA—FLORAMYE—LE TREFLE INCARNAT—SAFRANOR and FETICHE.



All these odeurs may be obtained in Essence, Eau de Toilette, Eau Vigétole, Poudre de Riz, Twin Compact, Poudre de Talc, Poudre à Sachet, Savon, Sels pour Bains (Bath Salts), Poudre de Toilette (Bath Powder), Crayon pour les Levres (Lip Stick). On sale at the better drug stores and toilet counters.

L · T · P I V E R · P A R I S

(Fondée en 1774)

PARFUMS OF PERSONALITY AND POUDRES DE LUXE

. . 118 EAST 16TH ST. . NEW YORK 46 ST. ALEXANDER ST. . MONTREAL . .



for this crystal bright, rose-lit nail polish

Finger tips rose starred with crystal brightness!

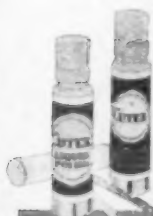
Tremendously smart is this Liquid Polish. Made by Cutex, who make the manicure preparations used by the most exquisite women. With it the finger tips keep their natural spangled brightness for a week or more. Its thin natural lustre sparkles even after the hottest water.

Cutex Liquid Polish comes in a Natural Pink and a Deep Rose tint. A generous bottle only 35c—the Polish Remover is the same. The coupon and 10c bring you these samples.

Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

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Flame of the Desert

[Continued from page 68]

polite language of Eastern diplomacy. For the time he had put me aside, and with time I still had a chance.

The black who had taken charge of me drew me out past the camels and their drivers to a small tent on the very outskirts of the encampment. I was thirsty and my throat seemed parched, now that the furious desert sun had climbed overhead and was sweeping the sands with its burning rays.

In Arabic I asked for water, but the huge black ignored my request. In a louder voice I repeated my demand and still he did not move. Timidly I touched his shoulder and he whirled about. As I began to speak, he shook his head. Then I understood. He was deaf and dumb! Perhaps the unhappy victim of some forgotten Eastern cruelty.

By signs I made him know what it was I wished. But he did not leave my side. He summoned another man by clapping his hands and made signs in turn.

Meanwhile I heard the sounds of the suddenly busied camp. It was plain enough that preparations for the march had begun. I heard the hoarse cries of the camel drivers and the neighings and stampings of the horses. We were on our way to Mascar!

Twenty minutes later, I was lifted by my black attendant and guard to the back of a crouching camel. Over my head was a small tent which shaded the strong sunlight from me. A call, like an order, in the peculiar singsong of the Arab dragomen rang out, and the caravan was on its way.

Miraculously the camp by the oasis had melted, miraculously we were on our journey to the walled city of Mascar, across the leagues of barren desert. Realizing that every step took me farther from the sea-coast and my father, my heart misgave me.

For the time I might be safe, but I had no hopes that my present peace would endure for very long. I knew that the huge black was watching me with a persistence that nothing could equal. Now and then as my camel moved ahead with its swaying lope, I would lift a flap of the tent only to see that small army of marching people. I looked in vain for Burke O'Neal, the Flame of the Desert, but I could not make him out. Perhaps he was in the vanguard, scouting for marauders or hostile tribes. His absence only drove home the realization that I was thrown on my own limited resources.

What would have happened, had that messenger from the Sultan of Mascar not arrived? Certainly at that moment I had reached the limits of my endurance. As the day wore on I tried to fortify my courage and my hope, and still, over the blazing sands, across the desert that sent back the reflection in a million swords of light, the caravan slowly marched.

I CANNOT describe the three days and nights that followed. Endless they seemed. But those who ruled the destinies of the train seemed ruled in turn by some inscrutable purpose outside and above themselves.

At nightfall, wearied and sick and forlorn, I would be helped from my camel by the deaf and dumb black, and taken to a tent that had been already prepared by swift workers. All night the black would stand guard there. Did he need no sleep?

Only once had El Rani appeared and that was on the evening of the second day, almost the moment we had broken camp.

"For a while I must keep you prisoner,"

he explained. "Later you and I will be free from all restrictions. Be patient, daughter of the Nazarenes!"

Even as I shuddered, he turned and left me, and I threw myself down on the military cot prepared for me, to sleep restlessly for one more tormented night.

That El Rani meant to let nothing stand in his way was clear enough, but that he feared the power of his Sultan was equally clear. He was overdue, and now he was hurrying. When he had discharged his mission and turned the French girl over to the Sultan, I knew I would have everything to fear. Of Diane herself I saw nothing, and I supposed her to be in a part of the caravan not even visible to me.

AGAIN and again she came into my thoughts, and always in connection with Flame O'Neal. I imagined the Irish captain holding her in his arms, saying to her things that he had said to me, making ardent love to her. Why should I, why did I, resent that? Yet I did, so much so that I hated to let my thoughts dwell on that picture.

It was in the afternoon of the next day that I heard the sounds of distant firing, as if a skirmish were going on not far away. If that were so, I knew well enough that O'Neal was in the very thick of it. A sudden fear for him, a fear unlike that which I had felt for myself, left me sick and cold.

And all that afternoon I kept my eyes wide open, and the flap of the canopy parted, seeking for some news of him. When I saw a band of horsemen come riding up, with Flame O'Neal at their head, a kind of peace came over me which I could not explain.

It seemed to me there was but one thing I could do. If I could see Flame O'Neal and somehow ask his help, perhaps I could still escape. Without him to help me, my attempts would be futile.

The moment I had decided on that, I felt a thousand times easier. He had helped me before! He would help me now! If he had lost the strange madness which had made him think he could force me into marriage, he could not at least have lost all interest in me. My woman's instinct told me that much.

But how could I communicate with Flame O'Neal? That was the problem. The black mute never seemed to cease watching me, and even if I had been able to communicate with him, I knew it would be hopeless to try to bribe him. He had that sense of faithfulness which, when it is found among the wild nomads of the desert, is never equalled by other races.

Yet the opportunity came.

At noon of the third day when we halted for food and an hour's rest, I detected a feeling of excitement running through the caravan. Now and then I caught snatches of talk as men passed close by. We were very near Mascar! That was the rumor that was flying about, and filling the camp with excitement.

"The white Bature has been sent ahead to observe from the shehu sand-hill," I heard one Haussa man say to another.

The white Bature! That could mean only Flame O'Neal in their dialect. As for the shehu sand-hill, that must be the most prominent ridge in sight.

The woman who brought me my food approached. She served my black attendant first, then myself. As he ate, I noticed that his eyes went hungrily across a stretch of sand to where three men sat over their food. Now and then they drank from leathern bottles that were slung around their necks.

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Margery Bailey is telling her companion, Ed Wagner, as he offers her a Lucky Strike between tennis matches at Forest Hills.



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I knew of course that Mohammedans did not drink spirits, but in this caravan there were many recruits of many races, Berbers, wild Touaregs, and men from the Atlas Mountains.

It was plain that these men were drinking some fiery concoction or other and the eyes of my guard were envious.

It is in moments of great need that the brain moves with sudden and unexpected ingenuity. A fully formed plan came into my head in a flash.

I clapped my hands and summoned the woman who had brought me my food. I could not speak her dialect, but I was able to make her understand what I wished.

EVIDENTLY she had been given orders to see I was denied nothing, for after a moment of reluctance she went over to the three men. There was a moment's angry dispute, then one of them unsling his bottle from his neck and gave it to her. She brought it to me.

The black man's eyes were staring at me now in fascination and greed. Pretending to taste the liquor, I made a wry face, and then offered it to him.

Torn by impatience, scarcely daring to hope, I watched the black mute empty the entire bottle. Then very slowly his head sank on his breast. With a start he lifted it again, opening his eyes and darting a sudden look of suspicion at me. But I had not moved, and pretended I did not notice. Presently his eyes closed again. Worn out by the heat and the fatigue of the journey, he was not able to resist the spirits he had drunk.

The camp was quiet. I waited until the black man seemed unconscious, then cautiously rose to my feet. In three minutes I had sped across a cleared space and was moving slowly, though with a beating heart, to where the horses were tethered. I was glad now that my own clothes had been destroyed. In my native costume, I was able to draw the veil up to my eyes and to conceal my hair. Unless someone looked closely at me, I would excite no suspicion. A man on guard by the horses gave me a curious look, but at the very instant when I decided he had discovered who I was, he glanced idly away. I moved on. His back was towards me. Hastily I slipped the tether of one of the horses and led it away. In one more moment I had mounted it bareback, and was on my way to the shehu sand-hill!

I was careful to ride in a wide circuit of the camp, and to take advantage of every hollow and rise that would conceal me. The horse I had selected was fortunately a fast one. In ten minutes I was almost out of sight of the camp itself, and in another ten I had skirted the edge of the big sand-hill on the horizon and was pushing my way through the tall, withered, tafasa underbrush.

As I came to the summit, I saw a familiar figure. Flame O'Neal, with field glasses in his hand, was surveying the surrounding country.

At the sight of me, his face grew grim and hard.

"What are you doing here?" he asked almost harshly.

"I had to see you," I gasped. "I had to see you alone. I came to beg you to help me."

"Help you?" he repeated, and it seemed to me his tone was sardonic. "Why do you come to me for help when you can count on the protection of El Rani?"

"Oh, please," I cried, "don't look at me like that or say things like that. Didn't you know that I lied to you when I told you—" I broke off helplessly, but he had given a start.

"You lied to me?" he said. "But why did you lie to me?"

"Because I was afraid of you, too. It was

the only way I could stop you. Then I got lost, and Ahmed Kassim found me and took me prisoner."

He uttered a swift ejaculation and his eyes narrowed.

"So that's it! My dear, that day I went back to find you, but when I saw you in the camp again, I thought you'd come of your own will, and that it was the truth you'd told me."

"Then you will help me, Captain O'Neal?" I begged.

"Help you? Is there anything else in the wide world I'd be wanting except that? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I wasn't able to. They've kept me prisoner. I only managed to see you now by stealing away."

He laughed aloud suddenly in his cheerful, fearless way. "This is the best day's news Burke O'Neal has had for a long time, my dear! I'll get you out of it somehow, though it's sorry I am you didn't reach me sooner. This will be no easy task with us twenty miles from the walls of Mascar!"

He seemed charged with sudden high spirits, and I saw him again for what he was: a reckless and utterly courageous man to whom danger was the breath of life. And I, too, felt glad with a sense of peace and security that I could not define. It seemed to me I had shifted all my burdens and fears to his strong shoulders, and so great was his magnetism that I felt as if not one man, but a thousand, were going to help me.

His eyes were half closed and I knew he was thinking hard. All at once his eyes opened widely. He made a quick movement and whipped out a revolver. I looked in the direction in which he was staring. Up the hillock, brushing through the tall desert grass on his horse, rode the Akbar of Tiflis, El Rani!

So I had been seen! Someone had picked me out on my way here, and reported to the chieftain. Perhaps the black man was already dead for his failure to guard me. In any case El Rani had pursued me alone.

He had been riding hard, but as he came nearer, it seemed as if no trace of emotion disturbed that calm Oriental face. His eyes lighted on me and sped past me to Flame O'Neal.

"So!" he cried. "It is my loyal captain who defies me, who dares interfere with my desires."

"Stop where you are, or I'll fire!"

But El Rani was not lacking in courage. He spurred his horse on so suddenly that O'Neal's mount reared before the onslaught. The Irishman fought to recover his balance, then slid to the sand. In an instant he had leaped up and with a daring and an agility I scarcely believed possible, he had caught the reins of El Rani's horse and held on doggedly. I heard a revolver crack; but the Arab chieftain's lips parted in a smile, the shot had missed.

THE next instant Flame O'Neal had dragged El Rani from the saddle.

They swayed together like two madmen, while I held my breath in fear and trembling. I did not doubt that O'Neal was the stronger, but I had that helpless feeling that all women have in crises, the sense that they can do nothing except encourage and comfort.

Suddenly El Rani broke free. His revolver was aimed with deadly precision.

"You white ferret!" he snapped. "As if I did not know! As if I did not suspect! Ahmed Kassim told me what it was you did—how he pretended to you he did not know! From that hour I have had spies put on you. And now you die!"

Scarcely knowing what I did I flung myself against El Rani at the moment that he fired, and the shot went high and wide.

The next instant O'Neal closed upon his adversary, wrested the revolver from him, and hurled it in a wide arc.

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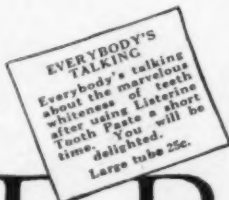
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El Rani tripped him up, and as the Irishman fell, the Arab caught a long curved dagger from his belt. As he lifted his arm, I screamed and closed my eyes.

There was a sudden rush of sound on the crest of the hillock, a warning cry, and El Rani hesitated and turned. O'Neal sprang to his feet. The three of us stared.

While the struggle had been in progress, a gleaming line of horsemen had advanced unseen. Dark men with lances and flags, men with carbines across their saddles, a little army of fighting Arabs arranged as if for battle.

And in the center were three men, two in embroidered tunics, and one, a bearded, emaciated figure, all in snowy white.

Before I could recover my surprise, El Rani had prostrated himself in the dust, lying there like a slave. There were a few hoarse cries of command, a lance was made, and the two men in colorful tunics rode toward us. Behind them came the emaciated man in white.

Flame O'Neal and I remained standing, looking at this vision that seemed to have sprung from the earth itself.

It was the man in white who spoke. "El Rani, for days I have waited for word from you. I find you now. Why is it you have not come before?"

His voice with its deliberate, flawless Arabic and its tone of authority, seemed to snap the silence. Then I knew! I knew I was in the presence of the man whom Spain and France feared equally, the powerful Sultan of Mascar whose subjects served him with the devotion granted to one of divine origin.

"Master of the desert! Lord of space and time!" El Rani intoned solemnly. "I came as soon as Allah permitted. But an outbreak in my caravan has delayed me, and the disobedience of the white servant behind me, has made me slow."

The Sultan's eyes, that looked like dead things in his thin, haggard face, went past me to Flame O'Neal. He nodded.

"So be it! The will of Allah may not be questioned. El Rani, rise! Shoot this white dog before my eyes that I may see the justice of the Prophet made perfect."

And then I did not wait. I rushed forward and caught the bridle of the Sultan, even while a cry warned me that to these people my action was one of sacrilege.

"He lies!" I cried. "He wants to kill him because of me! Don't let him! Don't let him!"

Strong arms had gripped me and torn me away, as if in fear that I might contaminate the ruler with my touch. But he motioned them to release me.

"Woman of the Nazarenes whom I find in the garments of a daughter of my people," he said, "why should I alter my commands?"

Then I remembered. I remembered the powerful weapon I had against El Rani, that secret of his which had made him declare I would be kept a prisoner for the rest of my life.

"FOR this reason!" I cried. "You have been awaiting El Rani because he brings you a French girl. I know. But I know also something you do not know."

There was a half strangled cry from El Rani. He leaped towards me. But again the powerful figure on horseback gestured slightly, and El Rani held his distance.

"He betrayed you," I went on swiftly. "He betrayed you with Diane Decasse. He has been her lover. I know that is so!"

The eyes of the Sultan darkened. They flew past me with a furious, searching look to El Rani himself.

"The words of a frightened woman," El Rani said. "Of what importance are they? She would say anything, even this vile lie!"

But the Sultan did not speak. His glance seemed to bore El Rani through and through

as if to tear the truth out of his soul. He deliberated and his hand touched his beard. Then he reached his decision.

He spoke so swiftly and imperiously I could not understand. But the next moment I saw a handful of fierce, hawk-eyed men wheel in a circle around El Rani, O'Neal and myself.

Then the Sultan lifted his hand. The rest of his men grouped around him in cavalry formation. They went cantering down the hill and disappeared in the direction of the camp, with the sunlight glittering on their weapons. The Sultan had gone to investigate the truth of what I had told him, keeping us prisoners in the meantime.

THE men whom he had set as a guard numbered only six, but they were all fierce-looking and resolute, and held their carbines in readiness. Beyond surrounding us, they made no move.

I glanced at El Rani. He was so calm I could not help but feel a certain admiration for him.

Flame O'Neal was at my side. He spoke rapidly and in English.

"Faith, I almost think you've done it," he said with a twisted smile. "When the Sultan finds out, it won't be El Rani alone he'll put to the torture. There'll be you and myself, too, my dear."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Not one of us has a chance of seeing daylight again. Unless—"

He shot a swift meaning look at our guards. "Sure there's no sense in giving up hope. Only we'll have to be acting and acting soon."

He had lowered his voice to a whisper. "I'm hoping none of these savages understand English," he added.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Fight my way out," he said coolly, "and take you along!"

"But if you fail?"

"Then it'll be a glorious death for me. It's you I'm worrying about. The thought of you in harm would haunt me forever, even in the next world."

His rapid whisper, meant for my ears alone, reached El Rani. I saw him look at us, impassively, without a trace of expression on his proud, hawk-like face.

"Captain O'Neal," I said, "do you really think we can get out of this?"

"Did I ever fail in anything?" he asked.

His confidence gave me a sudden hope. Then I remembered.

"But, Captain O'Neal, this time you won't—"

"Oh, my dear," he said, "won't you trust me? Won't you believe that I love you, now when we're both of us at death's door?"

I thought of my poor father then, worrying over what had become of me, I thought of my life and all that was ahead.

"Don't ask me now," I stammered. "How can I tell you?"

"But if you don't know now, you'll never know," he said.

"Then—then, what you ask is impossible," I cried, without even thinking.

"You've helped me and I'm terribly grateful to you, but that's no reason why I should marry you. I'm trying to be honest, trying to tell you the truth." And scarcely conscious of what I was saying, I lifted my eyes to his face. I think now that if he had taken me into his arms, the foolish words would have died on my lips. But I myself did not realize that I was lying.

Then after a long pause, he said quietly: "Then, my dear, it's no use. If you won't take me now, you'll never take me."

And I'll not force you against your will if your mind's made up." He gave a short, almost bitter laugh. "It's the way things happen. You don't care for me, and there's nothing I can do to make you. Well, I'll get you out of this, but I won't be forgetting, long after you've forgotten my very name."

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I couldn't speak. I couldn't meet his eyes. Instead my gaze went on to El Rani, listening still with the air of complete detachment that only an Oriental could have achieved. It seemed to me it must be bitter for him to stand a prisoner, to hear O'Neal make love to me like this, to know that his own fate was really sealed. But he did not reveal his thoughts, and he seemed too indifferent to utter a word.

The next instant Flame O'Neal bent close to my ear. "See here, my dear, I'll get you free and let you go in peace after that. But you'll have to help me now. Go up to that man. Pretend to beg for your liberty. Divert him. Then the moment you get a chance jump on a horse and ride like the devil himself. If I'm with you, the rest you can leave to me. If I'm not, strike due east till you come to the Tondeno country. The people are friendly, and will give you help. God bless you, my dear!"

HE STRAIGHTENED again. I mustered up my courage, and stepped over to the nearest man. He was standing beside his horse, his carbine in the crook of his arm. I cried out something in Arabic. I don't know what. As he made to push me away, suddenly a lean figure leaped from behind me and tore the carbine from the man's fingers. I saw it whirled like a flail in O'Neal's arms, and the man went down like a log.

There was a sudden hubbub and shouting. In the melee, I saw three of the horsemen detach themselves and surround the figure of El Rani. A carbine cracked sharply. Flame O'Neal dragged another guard from his horse and flung him headlong. The third struck at him with a knife. O'Neal dodged then fired with the weapon he had secured. Before I could move, he had lifted me on to one of the horses, and leaped up behind me. He wheeled and sprang into a gallop down the slope. The balls of the carbines whistled harmlessly over our heads.

He laughed in glee, like a schoolboy on a prank. "Three of them! All by myself!" he boasted. "And the others don't dare leave El Rani. Faith, who else in all the world could have done it so well?"

I sat before him on the saddle, while the horse, a powerful one, struck its great stride. But all at once O'Neal pulled back on the reins and was silent.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you afraid of something?"

He shook his head, "Afraid? Flame O'Neal afraid! No, it's not likely to be that! It's El Rani, I'm thinking about."

"What do you mean?"

"Poor devil, they'll torture him. And they know how to torture in more fiendish ways than a man could tell in a day's steady speaking. After all, El Rani shouldn't suffer. He's been a good fighter. There may be a drop of Irish in him for all I know. I'm going back to free him, too!"

I think that one of the devils of whom he spoke so familiarly must have been in Flame O'Neal that day. Without the slightest sense of caution, the least care for concealment or stealth he galloped back to the shehu sand-hill. We were almost within hailing distance, when he swung me from the saddle and set me on my feet.

"Stay there, my dear," he said. "I'll be with you soon enough."

Then he was gone. I ran forward a few paces and halted uncertainly. I heard a sudden and terrific din, loud shoutings, and rapid shots. I think Flame O'Neal must have descended upon them like the vision of some terrible and ancient god, sowing destruction to all in his path.

I saw one figure go flying down the hill in terror. Flame O'Neal burst through the dry underbrush and came pounding towards me. Close beside him was El Rani on a

second horse. The Irish captain had achieved what he set out to do.

As I stared dumbfounded at this new happening, a sudden dizziness came over me, for I saw that in spite of Flame O'Neal's grim smile he was swaying in his saddle, and the sleeve of his white drill coat was slowly soaking with a tell-tale stain.

"You're hurt," I said.

"Pouf!" he dismissed it contemptuously though I thought his face was a little white. "It's only a pity that I can't lift you up on this saddle. You'll have to climb up, my dear!"

As I mounted I noticed how his right arm dangled helplessly, but we had no time to halt, no time to dress his wound.

Like a bolt we were off, Flame O'Neal and myself on the strong dun horse, and El Rani on a full-blooded Arabian mare. For three hours in all that terrible heat we never once slackened rein. It seemed to me we could not go further, and yet we still went on.

How Flame O'Neal, with his wound, was standing the pace I could not tell. He had not spoken to me since we started, nor had El Rani opened his lips. I wondered how the Arab felt towards the man whom he had attempted to kill and who had retaliated only by saving him from a dreadful death by torture.

Hours and hours later it seemed, we came into a cool and shaded place, with palms bending over the limpid water of an oasis.

El Rani dropped from his horse. I followed, and O'Neal dismounted stiffly in turn. I went close to him, for he looked to me as if he were going to fall.

"It's all right," he muttered. "Get me a drop of water."

El Rani himself went down to the margin of the oasis.

The Irishman's voice was weak and faint as he went on as if to himself.

"Would have been wonderful if you'd cared. As it is, it doesn't matter what happens to me from now on."

He was swaying on his feet. There was a bitter smile on his fine mouth. My heart misgave me, but I could not tell him. Some force stronger than myself kept me from admitting the last truth of all.

INSTEAD I tried to loosen his coat so gently that it would not hurt him. Then El Rani was with us, and was moistening and bathing the wound. He directed me in curt phrases, and I did as he said. Though the sight of Flame O'Neal's suffering made my heart sick, I realized El Rani's extraordinary skill. There, in the shadows of the palms, with nothing but the jewelled dagger he carried in his sash, he probed with swift sure strokes, and removed the ball from O'Neal's arm.

The Irishman's face was white but he made no sound of pain. I was proud of his courage as a mother might feel proud of her child, for I knew the agony he was going through.

But it was over so swiftly! Then El Rani made a careful bandage and bound up the wound.

"You must lie down and rest. They will not find us here. Not even the men of Mas-car can track us to this place. You saved the life of El Rani and whatever happens, El Rani does not forget!"

It took little persuasion to make O'Neal lie down and close his eyes. I, too, was worn with fatigue.

I don't know how long I slept. But I awoke suddenly to find that the sun was going down in the west, though the heat still remained in heavy waves over the land.

Flame O'Neal slumbered deeply with arms outstretched. Then all at once I saw what it was that had awakened me. Bending almost over me, with his eyes gleaming darkly, was El Rani. I tried to cry out, but

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he thrust his hand against my lips. I was helpless in his grasp.

He half carried, half dragged me to his horse. Then he thrust a gag of silk, torn from my own clothing, into my mouth and lifted me on his horse. He got up behind me and as if unable to resist his triumph, or remain silent in his exultation, he gave a fierce war-cry in Arabic. I saw Flame O'Neal sit up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

At the same instant El Rani struck spurs to his horse. And I knew that the Arab chieftain was devoid of any sense of gratitude or kindness. Held firmly on his horse, a horse more powerful by far than O'Neal's, my own weight did not even lessen his advantage in speed.

El Rani, a hunted man himself, was taking me into the desert. This time I could not look to any circumstance to save me!

EL RANI had me in his power again and I felt as a mouse must feel when a cat lets it go and catches it again. But greater than my fear for myself was my terror at the fate that seemed to hang over Flame O'Neal. What that fate was I shall tell you in November SMART SET.

Hush Money

(Continued from page 53)

"Does anybody know what's right and what isn't?" he said. "I can't help caring for you. It's not anything new. Sometimes, much as I think of Bert, I feel you belong to me as much as you do to him. I cared for you first. I care for you now, as much as he does. More, maybe. Do you think, Sallie, that it would ruin his life if you were to leave him, and marry me?"

I'd never heard Jimmy say a thing before that was disloyal to Bert, and it surprised me, although I could understand it.

"I couldn't hurt him that way, Jimmy," I said. "If he had been a bad husband to me, run after other women, or drunk, abused me, it would be different. But Bert hasn't given me any cause to complain. He's done his best. I know I could run off with you and have everything in the world that money could buy, except happiness. It can't buy that, not when you have a guilty conscience. And if I left Bert, I would have to give up my boy too. I couldn't do that. Not for you nor for all the money in the world. Don't you see?"

Jimmy's face was very pale and drawn.

"YOU'RE right," he said. "I don't know what to suggest, except just to go ahead and do the best we can. When I can't stand things any longer, I'm going to beat it."

"Wait awhile, Jim," I said. "Everything may change. For all you know, you may meet some other girl and fall in love with her."

I couldn't go on, then, because Jimmy shut my lips with long, hard kisses, terribly sweet. I got out of his arms and ran into the house. Little Bert was still asleep on the couch. I leaned down and took him in my arms.

"Let's go, Jimmy," I said. "Bert will be wondering what has become of us."

"No he won't," Jimmy whispered, as we went out to the car. "The paper said there was going to be a thunder storm, and I told him we wouldn't start back until it was over. And he isn't going to be home, anyway. I didn't tell you before because I was sort of afraid, Sallie. But there's been some trouble about the cement tests, at that bridge the company is building near Harrisburg, and they've sent him out there to straighten things up. He won't be back until tomorrow afternoon."

I reached out and pressed Jimmy's hand. If Jim Saunders hadn't been a good friend of Bert's, he might have said, just as well as not that since Bert wouldn't be home, why shouldn't we spend the night at the bungalow? Almost any man would have done that, to be with the woman he loved. To sit on the cool beach, under the stars, instead of driving back to a hot, stuffy apartment. I began to see, then, how much

Jimmy really did care for me, and for Bert.

That, of course, only made the situation worse. It is easy enough for a woman, a married woman, to get rid of a man who is just trying to cut in, to take his fun where he finds it, but when a man really cares, and has cared for years, it isn't easy at all. You can't just say to him, "Run along and forget you ever saw me." Real love is a precious thing. No woman, who has it, wants to throw it away or wants to hurt the man who has given it to her. I didn't know, from the way Jimmy talked at times, but what he might really blow his brains out. Or, what would be worse, go to the dogs, with drink and women.

I don't mean to say that Jim Saunders was weak. I knew better than that. But there are times in any man's life when his feelings can get the better of him, and I knew how Jimmy felt, just then. So I made up my mind that the only thing to do was to let him get over things gradually, to keep him with us until other interests came along to take up his attention. Almost any love affair will die out, I suppose, in time, and I knew that Jimmy's interest in me would die out quicker, if he kept on seeing me, as Bert's wife, than if he went off somewhere by himself and brooded over it.

So when we got back to the apartment I put my two hands in his.

"Don't let's take life too seriously, Jimmy boy," I said. "As long as we don't hurt anybody else, I guess we can't go so far wrong."

"Then you're not going to send me away?" "No," I said. "Let's be brave, and fight the thing out, instead of running away from it."

He squeezed my hands, then, until I almost cried out, and looked me in the eyes.

"You're a good woman, Sallie," he said, "and that's a fact. I wish I were your husband, instead of Bert, but since I'm not, I'm going to care for you just the same, and devote my life to making you happy. Good night." He left me, standing in the vestibule of the apartment house and went back to his car. Little Bert, who had waked up during the drive home, was asking for something to eat, so I took him up, and fed him and put him to bed.

THEN, while I was undressing, the door-latch clicked and Bert came in.

He seemed as much surprised, to find me there, as I was to see him.

"Thought you'd be spending the night at the shore," he said.

I stared at him, and for a moment I was angry all through. Did he think I was so unattractive that he could almost throw me into another man's arms, especially an eager, vital man like Jim Saunders?

"I didn't think it would look well, my spending the night alone, down there, with another man," I said.

He laughed at that, and I saw he was surprised at what I had said. "Jimmy Saunders is my best friend, and yours. I'm not afraid to trust you alone, Sallie dear. You ought not to suggest such a thing."

"I didn't suggest it," I said, sorry I had spoken. "I said it might not look well, to others."

"WELL there's something in that, although nobody would have known about it. Jim is the best friend I've got in the world. If I couldn't trust him I couldn't trust anybody at all. You see what I mean, don't you? Let's forget it."

In a way, I did see, and it made me very unhappy. Bert has such a high sense of honor, he couldn't imagine Jimmy and me ever caring for each other, or admitting it, if we did. That has always been the trouble with Bert. He refuses to see life as it is. Most men wouldn't care about trusting even their best friends that far, but Bert has queer ideas. I was to find that out, later on, when the big tragedy of our lives faced us.

Just then I was miserable and didn't know which way to turn. If Bert had been the least bit suspicious, things would have been easier, but to have a man show the absolute confidence he did in me and in Jimmy, made me feel like some degraded wretch who was taking advantage of his trust, his honor, behind his back.

I couldn't get to sleep for hours, and lay there wondering if it might not be better, after all, to tell Bert the truth, about Jimmy and myself, and abide by the results. But that, I knew, would destroy Bert's faith in everything. And to send Jimmy away, now, would ruin his life. No matter how I looked at it, I couldn't see anything to do. My mind kept going round and round in circles. And in the end, like most people, I did nothing at all, except to go on from day to day, making those about me as happy as I could, and feeling pretty wretched myself, most of the time.

There was one good thing about Jimmy's having taken the bungalow. He was down there, during the week, so that I did not see so much of him. He had a telephone put in, however, and called me up every day.

But when Saturdays came, he said he couldn't wait to see me any longer, and suggested to Bert that we come down every week-end.

So we drifted on, fairly happy in a way, and when the time for Bert's vacation came, in July, we spent it, of course, at the bungalow. I took care to avoid being alone with Jimmy as much as I could without making it noticeable to Bert. Little Bert was nearly always with us so I didn't have much trouble, especially as Jimmy himself did his best to help. He was fine, all through that summer, and if I did let him kiss me, once in a while, no harm was done by it to any one. In fact, as the days went on, I decided that our problems were solved, and that Jimmy was getting over what I called his infatuation for me.

I ALMOST felt sorry, at times, which was like a woman, I suppose, especially when he spent a couple of weeks running after my younger sister Grace, who had come down for a visit. Grace is married to a man who has made a good deal of money, but is considerably older than she is, and, being away from home for a while, there wasn't any reason why she shouldn't flirt with Jimmy, especially as they had been good friends during his college days. But when I saw the way she was leading him on, I got angry, which was very unreasonable, I suppose, unless you admit that a woman can care for two men at the same time.

One evening, when a party had been made



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up to drive to the village and see a motion picture, I said I had a headache, and would stay home. I wanted to see what Jimmy would do. Just as they were all ready to start, and Bert and little Bert and Grace were in the car, Jim said, as though the idea had just come to him, that it would never do to leave me sitting around all the evening alone, and that he would stay and keep me company. I urged him to go, said that Grace would be disappointed, and that I could read a book, but Jimmy wouldn't hear of it, and told the others to drive off.

When he came back from the car I had gone out to the back of the bungalow and was lying there in a big porch swing, my arm over my eyes.

"Hello," he whispered, and stood beside me.

"Is that you, Jim?" I asked.

"Yes, Sallie. How is your headache?"

"I haven't any headache, Jim," I said.

"Oh!" I heard him take a deep breath, and I knew he understood that I had wanted to see him.

"You ought to have gone with the others," I went on. "I'm sure Grace must have been disappointed."

In that moment his arms were about me, and his lips were on mine, although I tried to turn my head away.

"I've been trying to put you out of my mind," he whispered.

"What's the use, with Grace?" I said. "She's married, too."

"What's the use, with anybody?" he said. "You're the only woman I want, ever have wanted, ever will want! I played around with Grace, to make things easier for you and for me! Now I'm tired of playing. I can't stand any more. You are my woman, Sallie, mine, and I'm never going to let you go again as long as I live."

AT THAT moment I was so glad to hear what he said, to feel his arms around me, that I forgot all about Grace. I told him how wretched I'd been all those weeks, which was true, in spite of everything. I can't explain it, but I think I was happier that minute than I have ever been in my life.

When that summer was over, and Bert and I came back to town, Jimmy decided to stay on at the bungalow for a while. He had rented it until November, he said, and might as well enjoy the fall weather. Also, he said, Bert and I could keep on coming down week-ends, but it didn't work out that way.

In the first place, little Bert was taken sick, with intestinal trouble, which kept him in bed for weeks, until he wasted away to a shadow of his old self. And then big Bert caught the "flu" and just barely escaped having pneumonia. I had to nurse them both. Money was scarce, and I was too worn out and ill myself when it was all over to care much about anything.

Jimmy left the bungalow, during big Bert's illness, and came to stay at a Brooklyn hotel. He was in and out of the apartment every day, bringing fruit and all sorts of things for Bert, insisting on bringing into the case a high-priced specialist from New York. I honestly think that what Jimmy did then, together with my nursing, saved Bert's life. And while we never mentioned the matter to each other by so much as a word, I think we both felt that we made up a little to Bert for our disloyalty to him.

During those weeks, no man could have been a better and truer friend to anybody than Jim Saunders was to Bert and me. He even wanted to lend us the money for a trip to Bermuda or the West Indies, and when Bert wouldn't take it, insisted on turning the bungalow over to us, so we could all have a couple of weeks to recuperate.

"It will be warm and pleasant, during the fall weather," he said, "and do you a

lot of good. Bert isn't fit to go back to the office, yet. You can have the place to yourselves."

"Aren't you going to be there?" I asked.

"No," Jimmy told me. "I've decided against that. I'm going away."

"Where?" I said.

"Oh, I don't know. It doesn't make much difference. I'm thinking about taking a run out to the Coast for a while."

"Are you going on my account, Jimmy?" I asked him.

"Yes. Yours and Bert's. He needs you, now, to help him get well and strong. I'd only be in the way. Here are the keys of the place, and I'm leaving my car, for you to run around in." He took an envelope from his pocket and showed me some papers. "Got my tickets and everything. Train leaves this afternoon."

"Then I won't see you again," I said.

"NOT for a couple of months, at least. I want to think things over."

He asked me to write, and I said I would as soon as he sent me his address. Then he went in to say good-by to Bert. We had been standing in the kitchen, where I was fixing some broth and when I took it in, he and Bert were shaking hands.

"I can't begin to tell you how I appreciate all you've done, old man," Bert said. He was sitting up in bed. "Expect to be on top of the world by the time you get back."

Jimmy said he hoped he would, and kissed little Bert, who was playing checkers with his father, and we went out to the living room. I felt like crying, without exactly knowing why, and I was wondering if Jimmy was going to kiss me.

"Take care of yourself, Jim," I told him.

He bent down and just touched my lips with his.

"Try to, Sallie," he said. "Be a good girl, and don't forget to write." Then he was gone. I went to the window and looked out, and the last I saw of him he was crossing the street, in the direction of the subway station. My eyes filled up. After a while I heard Bert calling to me for a glass of water. I thought I had got all the tears out of my eyes, but he noticed them.

"Jimmy is the best friend a man ever had," he said. I couldn't speak. When I got back to the kitchen I shut the door and sat down for a good cry.

The next week we went down to the bungalow.

I suppose I ought to have been happy, down there at the shore. The weather was beautiful. Warm, bright gold days and crisp cool nights that made us glad to light the big log fire in the living room. The bungalow was not heated except for this open fire, but Jimmy had sent down a couple of electric heaters, to take the morning chill off the rooms, and during the day little Bert and his father were outside in the sunshine. They were both getting well and strong and I was glad, though I felt blue and out of sorts myself. As I look back now I am convinced that the dreadful thing which was so soon to happen must have cast its shadow before.

The first we heard of Jim was a postal card from Atlanta, sending his love to all. Then one from New Orleans, and after that several more from other towns, on his way up the coast. He did not stop at Los Angeles, as we had expected, but went right through to San Francisco, and his postal from there hinted that he might go on to Honolulu in two or three weeks. The card gave the name of the hotel at which he was stopping, and was addressed to me. "Hope you are all well," it said. "Am writing."

I looked for the postman very eagerly all that day and the next, and at last Jimmy's letter came. It was really two letters, one,



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a nice friendly chatty note, which I gave to Bert to read, and the other, a real letter to me, which I read while Bert and Junior were out walking on the beach, and then two or three times more, that night, after they had gone to bed.

It was a long letter, the first and only love letter I had ever received from Jimmy.

"Dearest Sallie," it began, and went on page after page, to tell of his desperate love for me, of his struggle to fight against it, of what I meant to him, that he felt toward me as he would toward his wife, of the disloyalty he had shown toward Bert, and how he hated himself for it, and of his determination to go away, and stay away rather than run the risk of bringing unhappiness to the two people he loved most in the world. I was amazed at his writing as frankly as he did, but Jimmy was always like that, frank and outspoken, and he knew very well that Bert would never open one of my letters.

"I DON'T know how I am ever going to live without you. Sallie darling," he wound up. "You are the one woman of my life and always will be. When I remember that night, when you stayed home from the movies I feel as though I couldn't wait to take the train back, and live all those happy moments over again.

"But I mustn't do that. Only tragedy would come of it, in the end. So I shall go on, as I am going on now, and see what happens to me. And if I can't go any longer, why, then I'll stop. Please write to me, dear. I shall wait here until I get a letter. Tell me all you think, and feel. I want to know. I have never received a letter from you in my life. I've never received a love letter from any woman. Can't I have one from you, to help me on my way?"

But when it came to writing a letter like that, it wasn't so easy. Not that I had any trouble finding things to say. My thoughts would have choked my pen, because I was deeply fond of Jimmy and it seemed as though, after reading his letter, that I must tell him. The difficulty was to find time and opportunity to write. The bungalow was a fairly large one, with three bedrooms opening off the living room, kitchen and bath. The living room had a desk in it, where I always wrote my letters, but I couldn't sit there and pour my heart out to Jimmy, with Bert in his bedroom, not fifteen feet away. I did not know at what moment he might walk in and surprise me. And the mere thought of that drove all idea of what I wanted to say out of my head.

It was because I felt guilty, I suppose, that I was so nervous and upset. I wanted to be absolutely alone when I wrote to Jimmy, and I finally came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to go up to town, on a shopping expedition and write from some hotel there.

I could not go to the city the next day, however, because Bert had to go. There were some matters at the office, he said, that required his attention. He was practically well, by this time, and expected to start in work again the following Monday. That day was Friday, and when he telephoned the office, as he did every morning, they suggested that he come up on the next convenient train.

I drove him over to the station and then came back to write my letter. Now that

Bert had gone, I could do it just as well at home. What I wanted to do, particularly, was to cheer Jimmy up, and while I tried to be careful in what I said, it is not easy to write to any one you care for and not say a great deal. In fact, I had to say a great deal. I knew that the least sign of coldness, of change on my part would make Jimmy feel terribly, and either bring him back to me by the next train, or send him off on some desperate course. So I begged him to cheer up, because I cared for him and always would, and hoped, when he got tired of California he would come back again.

I said a great many more things of the sort that women write to men, when they are very fond of them. Nothing that was not true, either. Jimmy had been too good and dear to all of us, for me to refuse the little bit of comfort and happiness I knew my letter would bring him, out there in that lonely hotel. I was not trying to keep our affair alive or to be untrue to my husband. I felt that I owed Jimmy that letter. And in writing to him as I did, I had no sense of unfaithfulness to Bert.

It was long after lunch when my letter was finished, and I decided I had better drive over to the village with little Bert right away and post it. First, however, I thought I would read Jimmy's letter to me once more, before tearing it up. I had just finished, when I heard Bert's step outside. A moment later the door opened.

I was very much surprised to see him home so early, and frightened, too, because he seemed to be in a great hurry, and there was a terrible look on his face. I slipped the two letters into a drawer of the desk, as Bert came in.

"What's the matter?" I asked, trembling so I could hardly speak. I was afraid he had found out something about Jimmy and me, but in a minute I knew I was wrong, for he came up to me and put his arm about my shoulders as I sat there at the desk.

"Don't get excited, dear," he said, "but there's been an accident to Jimmy. I've got a wire."

"He's dead?" I whispered, my heart almost choking me.

"No. He isn't dead, but badly hurt, I'm afraid." Then he went on to tell me that the wire he had received was from a doctor in one of the San Francisco hospitals, saying that Mr. Saunders had been brought there after having been knocked down by an automobile. He was seriously but not fatally hurt, and had asked that his friend, Mr. Herbert Graham, in New York, be notified at once.

"I FEEL I ought to go out there at once," Bert said. "I've talked matters over with our chief, and he is quite willing, under the circumstances, to let me take the time off. I think you ought to go too, Sallie, for a reason I've never spoken to you about before."

"I hate to mention it, at a time like this," he said slowly, "but just before Jimmy left for the Coast he came to me and handed me an envelope. It contained his will, he said, which he had made in case anything happened to him. He had named me as executor, and because he was so fond of you, and hadn't any near relatives, he had decided to leave every cent he had in the world to you!"

When I heard that, things suddenly became black around me, and I fainted.

WHAT had I ever done to deserve the torment of the days that followed? Was I to lose Jimmy this way because I had been too cowardly to acknowledge his love? Was I to lose Bert's love because my love for Jimmy was to be discovered? When you read what happened in November SMART SET you'll see why I forgot about the money involved, the money I was to live to curse as "Hush Money"

For the Love of a Dog

[Continued from page 75]

"What a darling dog!" she cried. "I simply must have him!"

"Now there's a dog for you," boomed Wilson as though he had created him. "Whenever he frisks about you, imagine it's me, lavishing devotion."

Less than a week later, in New York, with Wolverine upon a leash beside me, I was making my way to the garage in Fifty-fourth street where I had left my car, when I came face to face with Wilson.

"Hello there," he cried with his usual exuberant vitality, "Where you bound for?"

I explained.

"Want to talk to you for a moment," he ran on. "Business palaver. I've got a club here in the next street. Come along." He took hold of my arm and Wolverine, notwithstanding her excellent breeding, uttered a deep growl and the wolf-like hackles about her neck bristled.

"That dog you brought my wife," Wilson began, once we were seated in deep leather chairs, with Wolverine between my knees, "is a great success. I suppose you have plenty of others. By the way, this dog you have here seems a fine specimen. Well, the point is, I want to buy another, for a lady, a great friend of mine who, I hope, will be a greater friend still. When could you bring a dog up there?"

Thoroughly detesting him and his affairs by now, I made excuses, explained that I'd have to see the place, the lady, the sort of home into which the dog was to fit, and so on.

But Wilson would brook no excuses. "Nothing is easier," he said. "You go home by way of the Concourse, don't you? We'll be there in a jiffy. A little apartment building I own up there." Before I knew it we were driving toward the Concourse, Wilson beside me and Wolverine in the tonneau of my coupé.

We drew up before a red brick apartment house with a sort of New England air about it.

"Shall I take the dog along?" I asked him.

"Sure. She'll like to see a fine-bred beast like that. She's fond of dogs." We entered the hallway and Wilson rang the bell of a ground floor rear apartment. The door swung slowly open and in the obscurity of the doorway, where no lights had been lit as yet, I saw facing us a young woman whose features I was unable to discern.

"HELLO, child!" boomed Wilson. "Brought a visitor with me, man with a dog who—" Wolverine at this point interrupted by a sudden tug at the short leash on which I held her and a loud sharp bark. Wilson uttered a laugh. "Go ahead and make a light, child," he said. I spoke admonishingly to Wolverine and waiting until the young lady snapped on the lights, I followed Wilson in and closed the door.

"Miss Gibson, this is Mr. Starr," Wilson said. She turned and faced us with a smile that seemed suddenly to freeze upon her features. Wolverine bounded out of my grip, leash and all, and began to lick her hands and forearms.

Lucy! It couldn't be! Yet it was, unmistakably Lucy in her orange-colored negligee! My Lucy!

My heart stood still for a moment, then it seemed suddenly bent upon shattering my ribs. With a presence of mind that was not at all my own I lifted a finger to my lips to caution her to silence.

"Seems to take to you!" Wilson said laughing down at Wolverine. "Fine dog,

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eh, Lucy? Always thought you'd like a dog."

"A beautiful dog," she murmured faintly with her hand upon Wolverine's head, and slowly she sank into the nearest chair.

"But this one's not for sale," ran on Wilson. "Won't part with it. But he's got others, all kinds of 'em. What do you say, Lucy? Shall he bring you a doggie? Be company for you, eh?"

With a sort of veiled horror in her eyes, Lucy began to move her lips uncertainly, but no sound came from them.

"What's a matter, child?" Wilson said. He was plainly perplexed. "Aren't you well? Thought I'd surprise you. Sorry I didn't phone first. But look here Starr! You go ahead and bring her the kind of a dog she'd like. Savvy? Wish I could persuade you to leave this one, though. They seem to take to each other."

"YOU have persuaded me," I said. "Wolverine will be happy here. I'll leave her, if you say so."

"Good egg!" shouted Wilson leaping up and clapping my shoulder. "Eh, Lucy? Now you call me up about it tomorrow at the office and we'll fix it up!" This was my dismissal. I had found Lucy! But had I found her dead I could not at that moment have felt more completely crushed.

"All right, Wolverine, you stay here," I managed to say with dead lips. "Good night."

Broad though the Concourse is, I narrowly escaped collision more than once before I was sufficiently master of my wits to turn round and return to the apartment house.

"I must see her this instant and ask her the reasons for this and for everything," my lips were saying. "But if that man is still there I dare not risk it. I might kill him."

Automatically I moved across the way from my parked car and in the shadows of a building I waited.

Finally Wilson emerged from the entrance. I stifled the impulse to run and throw myself upon him. He walked away, seemingly searching for a cab.

Then I crossed the drive and pressed the bell at Lucy's door. The door opened a few inches and I saw Lucy's face framed in the aperture.

"May I come in a moment? I must," I said.

"You!" she gasped. She trembled visibly. "Come in," she murmured and stood back to let me pass.

Wolverine, ecstatic with delight, came bounding between us.

Slowly, as though uncertain what to do, Lucy finally turned and faced me. Her eyes were full of pain.

"Well!" she said with an effort, "Will you please tell me why you tracked me down? Is it just to humiliate me a little more?"

"Lucy!" I cried. "Can it be possible you hate me as much as that? I never had anything but love for you. I have nothing but love for you now."

"Love!" she said and there was contempt in her voice. "Much you know of love."

I started, "What can you mean?"

"Love!" she went on her voice rising. "I lavished it on you. I absorbed myself in you until you were all my world, and you threw me away. Left me alone with the dogs and went off to affairs with Spanish women or half-breeds."

I was dumfounded, yet even in my perplexity there came the thought:

"She still loves me—loves me or she wouldn't be so angry."

"Lucy, dearest," I said, "you must tell me what you mean. I haven't an idea what you mean. I have never loved any woman but you. I was so unfortunate as to fall ill, that was all."

"Mean to say you weren't carrying on

with a Spanish half-breed woman there in Rio and finally went away with her to Buenos Aires? Think I don't know? Think I haven't heard?"

"Lucy!" I suddenly spoke with solemnity, laying my hands on her shoulders. "Listen, darling! It's some terrible mistake. I never knew any such woman. You see I went into the jungle. I didn't like to write you that. I fell sick and the natives took care of me."

Slowly, deliberately, as though testifying for my life, I told Lucy all my poor miserable experience.

"Oh," she moaned. "If this is true then why wasn't I told? Why? Why?"

"Because I was flat on my back with fever, Lucy," I said. "But this man Wilson what is he to you?" I demanded. "I must know."

"You must know," she said, "that if you had taken me with you—all this—there would be nothing to know. Well, if you must know he is the man I am going to marry as soon as he gets his divorce. His position is much the same as mine. His wife cares nothing for him."

"That's a lie!" I broke out. "His wife divorce him? Did he tell you that? Why, she adores him. I've been there. I sold her a dog. If ever any woman worshipped a man, that little woman worships him. He's deceiving you."

"No, no!" she said. "You are wrong. He couldn't. How dare you say such things?"

"I dare because I know. Listen, Lucy darling, have no fear. I shall not let any one harm you. Only let me protect you. I'll prove to you that that man is deceiving you and I'll prove there was no woman in my life in South America. It's some ghastly, horrible mistake. Let's leave Wilson now. Who told you there was a Spanish woman?"

"I can't tell you," she answered. "It was someone who was there. Leo Starr, he told me, was a by-word there."

Then I knew and I leaped to my feet.

"Leo Starr! Why didn't you say so? He was another man of that name from somewhere in Delaware. A gay bird! Oh, he—thank heavens that's straight. I dare say he did all those things you credit me with while I lay sick in the jungle."

A wave of comprehension and despair seemed to pass like a cloud over Lucy's face.

"Oh, what have I done?" she wailed.

"Go now! Please go, Leonard. I must be alone. I must think this thing out."

"But I can't leave you like this," I pleaded.

"I am all right. I must be alone. Let me think."

HER near collapse alarmed me. I was disturbed, uncertain. Yet owing to the shocks she had sustained I felt I must humor her.

"Then may I come back tomorrow," I begged, "tomorrow morning?"

"Yes. No. I'll let you know," she said. "I'm too ashamed. I've ruined my life and yours; now I must think. Please go, Leonard."

"Very well," I said. "I'll be back tomorrow morning."

Wolverine, the picture of misery, leaped and fawned upon me as though imploring me to stay.

How I passed that night alone at "The Box" I do not wish to recall, but a little after nine the next morning my car was in front of the apartment house and I rang Lucy's bell. For some time I waited, then rang again. Someone spoke so suddenly close behind me that I leaped like a criminal.

"You want to see Miss Gibson?" I nodded. "Well she ain't there." The burly unshaven janitor leaned upon his mop handle. "She gone away last night 'bout half past ten in a taxi. Maybe she gone

for some time, 'cause she took her new dog she just got yesterday."

"Gone! Where's she gone to?" I asked. "Dunno," said the man. "She didn't leave no address."

At "The Box" when I returned from New York I found in my mail this brief note:

"Dear Leonard, By my wretched lack of faith I have ruined my own life and injured yours. Don't look for me. You are well rid of me. I shall take good care of Wolverine. At some future time, when you have had a chance to recover peace, I'll return her to you.

Lucy"

I must find her. I knew that she still loved me and miserable as I was I found myself again glorying in her spirit, her impulsiveness.

Early one morning as I lay sleepless, I heard the barking of a dog at the front of the house. I jumped from bed, and ran down to the front door. A gray dog, with tongue lolling out from fatigue, dragged itself toward me and laid a damp muzzle against my knees.

"Wolverine! Good Lord!" I cried. "Where on earth did you come from?" My misery was suddenly changed to joy. Wolverine had been with her and now Wolverine was here with me! We were linked again and I felt a throb of hope in my heart.

WITH my arm about Wolverine's neck and holding her forepaws like the hands of a lost friend I led her in.

"Here's milk, Wolvie," I said "with a fine layer of cream to it!"

I poured the milk into a pan and held it out to her. But she only lay panting, gazing at me with weary eyes, as though saying, "I'm still too tired to eat."

"My poor doggie," I murmured caressing her head between my hands. "You must have had a run this night. If only you could tell me where you came from all my troubles would be over."

Later that morning Wolverine had her milk and happily dozed before the fire. But the more absolute and contented the tranquility that settled upon Wolverine the more heavy and oppressive became my own thoughts.

"What, in heaven's name," I asked myself, "could I do to break this barrier of ignorance? Somewhere there must be a way."

Toward dawn of the following day, however, out of the milling of my thoughts, the sudden glimmer of an idea came to me.

On the table beside my bed, lay Lucy's slippers, the one object she had left behind.

"Wolverine!" I cried. "Look, see, doggie!" She leaped to my side and placed her forepaws upon the coverlet. "Look, Wolverine! This is hers! Do you understand?"

Wolverine nosed the slipper and gave an ecstatic bark.

"Wolverine! Think you could find her? Go back to her? Let's go, Wolverine! Find her!" The dog barked, whirled about and came back with her nose to the slipper.

"Let's go to her, Wolverine. Shall we go? Will you lead me?"

With close intent scrutiny I watched the dog to read any gesture, any glimmer of intelligence or response. Wolverine seized the slipper from my hand, scampered about the room, then brought it back to me.

"We go, Wolverine. We go!" I almost shouted and dropping the slipper on the bureau I began to dress.

Then Wolverine did a singular thing. She abandoned me suddenly, scuttled down the stairs and in a moment returned bearing in her mouth my gloves and the stout Irish walking-stick I usually carried on my country walks.

"Good! Good old dog!" I exclaimed in excited amazement. "I think you under-

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"Six Months Ago All I Got Was Sympathy"

"**W**HY Ruth, what in the world has happened to you?"

Frances Knight hadn't seen me for six months. We were chums until she married and moved away. At that time I was on the verge of a breakdown. All my friends felt sorry for me. I was always tired, always weary, always despondent. My nerves were worn to a ragged edge. My head ached, my back ached, every bone in my body seemed to ache. All I got was sympathy—and advice.

Naturally I tried everything that sounded reasonable. I took tonics, pills and powders until I was a walking drug store. Still, at that, my entire physical condition was that of an old woman. Though I was seldom really sick enough to call a physician, yet I was always so tired, so worn out. My face was drawn and haggard. My eyes became dull and sickly looking. My complexion was "pasty" and colorless.

Then one day I heard someone refer to me as having "one foot in the grave!" What a shock it was to hear that! How angry I felt!

I decided then and there to find "the way out." How well I did can be seen by just looking at me.

My secret is simply that of Annette Kellermann's methods! I read, in a magazine, of Annette Kellermann's life—how she, who is called the world's most perfect formed woman, was once practically a cripple; puny, ailing, always sickly.

The story of how she dragged herself out of misery and actually made of herself the lovely, healthy, beautiful woman she is, gave me new hope and new faith. I wrote to her for her book, "The Body Beautiful," which describes her methods.

To that little book, I can truthfully say, I owe the wonderful health and exuberance of spirit that is mine today.

Miss Kellermann is now anxious to give every woman the benefit of her simple 15-minute-a-day system and invites you to write a letter or mail the coupon below for her new book, "The Body Beautiful." There is no charge or obligation. No salesman will bother you. The book will be sent free, if you will only write for it. And you can judge at your leisure whether or not you can afford to miss this opportunity to make a "new woman" of yourself as over thirty thousand women have done.

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stand me at last, old scout. Don't you?"

I waved the slipper at the dog as though it were a reward held out for all her canine wisdom. Once dressed I snatched up the gloves and walking stick. The dog leaped to the bureau, seized the slipper, and stood regarding me.

"By George! I think you'll do it!" I cried. "Let's go, Wolverine, back where you came from." The wonderful dog, slipper in mouth, bounded to the door.

Wolverine keeping ahead of me took the road leading past "The Box" northeastward, running, evidently toward the New York State Line. She showed no trace of hesitation, only glancing about now and then to see that she was followed.

For some three miles, perhaps, the dog kept steadily to the road. Then abruptly she abandoned it, leaped a stone fence and took to the woods.

AT THE end of another five or six miles of woodland march, crossing fences, narrow country lanes, stubbled farm lands, the edges of private estates and even gardens, Wolverine leaped a fence and turned into what I recognized as the Long Ridge Road. This road, since repaired, was then rutted deep and miry with soft clay, but at least it was a road.

Always waiting for me at a turn or a bend, the dog would move forward again as soon as she knew I was following. Toward eleven o'clock I stopped at a small grocery store by the roadside and procured some milk, some potted ham and a loaf of bread. No sooner had Wolverine finished her share than she appeared again eagerly impatient to go.

As though drilled for this task, the dog again bounded forward. In and out among woodland and meadowland wound the road, past farmsteads and closed up country places, but still fortunately she kept the road.

Some two or three miles before Bedford, Wolverine with a glance behind her to see that I was following, leaped a ditch and once again took to the woods.

With a groan I scrambled after her. Fortunately the November sun was not too hot and the shade of even the largely denuded autumn woods was welcome to me after the steady trudging. The pad of Wolverine's feet continued steadily upon the beds of dead leaves and again and again I had to call her to halt until I penetrated some thicket of leafless bushes, under which Wolverine had gone gliding like a shadow.

Wolverine, now visibly tired, seemed to be showing signs of excitement and she was again keeping steadily to the road. Towards four o'clock, just as the sun was going down, she made a sudden spurt of joyous speed and turned in at an old weatherworn farm house about half way between Cross River and Salem.

My heart fell. That place couldn't be Lucy's home! A wild goose chase after all!

An elderly woman, wearing spectacles and a large gingham apron, was standing in the yard beaming upon Wolverine and nodding toward me.

"Oh, I'm so glad you found that dog," she began before I had a chance to speak. "We've been so worried. The poor child will be glad to see him. She's worried herself sick. And her here for a rest, too!"

"Where is this dog's owner?" I asked.

"Oh, she's upstairs poor thing. All tuckered out with worrying herself. You can't see her, I'm afraid. She's not been

down today. Come into the kitchen. I'm sure she'll want to know your address anyhow to thank you for your trouble."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but if she wants her dog back the lady will have to see me."

"Now you just wait a minute," said the old lady. "I'll see what I can do. Maybe it'll do her good to come down."

Five minutes later, the woman returned and asked me to go into the "parlor."

In the dim, stuffy room, lighted only by a small fire in the shallow hearth, standing in her orange colored negligee, was Lucy!

Wolverine, slipper in mouth, bounded toward her and with a joyous leap offered her the slipper.

Lucy automatically took it and a quiver of surprise passed over her startled features. She glanced up quickly at the figure shrouded in the obscurity of the room.

"Leonard!" she gasped.

"Lucy!" I said. "Wolverine has led me to you. She came to show me the way. She—oh, Lucy, won't you let her show you the way back home?"

Lucy said nothing. But her lips parted suddenly and a smile at once tearful and sunny, like an April sky, illumined her face.

"Lucy," I said softly, "Wolverine has led me to you across more than thirty miles of country. She would have led me hundreds of miles if necessary. She knows we two ought to be together—because we love each other. We've had a long search for you. Won't you say that this is the end of the search?"

And when I seized her hungrily in my arms, Lucy did not resist me.

"Oh, Leonard, Leonard—could you still care for—?" that was all her lips were permitted to say.

"I know a justice in Stamford, my darling," I whispered, "who could re-marry us tomorrow morning if we asked him."

Lucy hung in my arms silent and inert for a space. But in a moment she turned her tear-wet face up to me and I saw that she was smiling.

"Stamford isn't so far away," she flashed "and there's a telephone here. Why couldn't it be tonight, Leonard?"

"Tell me one thing, Lucy," I broke out even in that moment of joy with the oppressive thought that had been consuming me these long weeks. "I trust you absolutely. But—you know what I must feel: How did you come to meet that man Wilson and—and—what was he to you?"

LUCY'S face darkened a shade, but her eyes looked straight into mine as she said:

"He—he was a bad dream, Leonard. The first time I ever saw him was when I rented my apartment from him, about three months ago. He was my landlord—and—he said he wanted to marry me. How thankful I am that you and Wolverine came when you did."

I was thankful, too. I could not endure that subject further. There was a fierce exultant triumph in my heart.

"To Wolverine," I said, "really belongs all the credit. We'll have to show our gratitude to that doggie, Lucy, by the care we take of her."

"No child was ever taken care of as I'll care for Wolverine," said Lucy. "She's the best friend either of us has ever had."

Our happiness, on a solid basis now than our first marriage, has never allowed us to forget the great debt of gratitude we owe to Wolverine.

DOES one have to be in the limelight doing something spectacular to be a good sport? Can a backwoods farmer be as good a sport in the eyes of a cultured girl as a popular varsity football player? Perhaps you will acquire a new sense of values after you have read the story in November SMART SET about the man who thought he knew thoroughbreds, whether horses or men.

Soul Mates

[Continued from page 71]

eyes, and a cord tightening in her neck, and she had developed a tight way of holding her mouth, as a frightened child holds its mouth when it faces the dark.

But there were no facing-the-dark symptoms about Eugene. He had exchanged his "Chocolate Soldier" shape for a "Butter 'N Egg Model" and wore dark brown suits with a hair line of red and snappy plaid socks. He was beginning to get a little bald in back and a little bulgy in front but otherwise he was the same old life of the millinery circuit. The circuit had increased, for his technique, although hard on wives, was certainly good for the hat trade and he was selling two or three of the larger houses regularly. That is what really brought things to a head.

As long as he'd only covered the small towns, things had been safe enough. The town milliner was part of the family in those little places and though she might entertain a few secret flutterings of the heart she wasn't apt to do anything desperate, which suited Eugene, who wasn't keen on doing anything desperate himself. But in the larger places it was different.

It was a city girl who finally made Mil-dred snap up off her knees and stop thanking God for Eugene.

Not so much of a girl at that. They still called Miss Mayme Smythe "girlie" but it wasn't on account of her years. Her hair, at the time Eugene met her, was a noisy henna. Her chassis was stream line, upholstered in beige moiré. Her speed was—Well, what have you?

And most of the boys who "sold" her store had gotten her license number way back before the war. Hunting had been mighty slim for several years when Eugene dropped in.

She swallowed him at one gulp and he didn't even struggle. All she had to do was to tell him that he was a great, big, wonderful hero, which, of course, was proof enough to Eugene that she was the world's wisest and most fascinating female.

I guess it didn't take Mayme Smythe long to discover that she had an amateur on her hands, but she kept the information strictly to herself. The truth was, she was in grim earnest in this affair. She was growing tired of being out on her own and only Mayme Smythe knew what a right she had to be tired. She wanted to settle down with a fair prospect for comfort in her old age.

Before their first dinner was ended she had sobbingly confessed the perilous loneliness of a fair maid in a large city and coyly hinted at the capitulation of her hitherto unvanquished heart. It wasn't hard to make Eugene feel that she was the only woman who ever understood him. On their next meeting she managed to make him see how life without her would not be worth living. At this point he had to leave and cover three small towns, but she called him up every night. Long distance calls. At midnight. Those long distance visits made him feel like a regular devil. They finished him off in fact. At last he was leading a life worthy of a gentleman of his mettle.

HE DOUBLED back to see her over the week-end. When he left Sunday night, to return to Milly, he was determined to take the great step. He had a right to his liberty. It was going to be a little tough on Milly but she couldn't expect him to go on living a lie.

He had used words like that before. In fact, they had been his stock in trade in promoting his charms to the village belles while he was still keeping a foot on first base, but he had never meant them before. He did now, or at least he thought he did. And Milly thought he did too, when he had informed her, in heavy, broken accents that

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she'd simply have to give him a divorce.

He chose dinner time for the announcement. There had been something cold and nervous about the way he greeted her but Milly had schooled herself never to ask questions. Usually he broke into speech the minute he entered the door. But this time he was well into the creamed cauliflower before he announced, more in sorrow than anger:

"Milly, I am going to leave you."

The room had been still before, but suddenly it became like a vacuum, as though the very air had died. Milly didn't move. She had been smiling at him in that propitiating way of hers, as if she was apologizing to him for living. The smile didn't leave her face, but it stiffened and died. The light seemed to go out inside of her. It was horrible, that slow turning into stone. But she didn't speak.

EUGENE watched her and his eyes began to grow scared. He looked exactly like a kid who has stuck out his tongue at the teacher and is wondering what's going to happen next. It must have been a whole minute though it seemed like an hour and then Milly said, in her dry, precise little voice: "What did you say, Eugene?"

He gulped at that. There's a certain amount of kick in telling your wife for the first time that you're going to ditch her, but it falls flat as a curtain call. However, he went to it again like a little man and blubbered out the fatal news.

Milly waited again. Then she said "Why?" in that same dry voice.

He looked irritated at that. I suppose the poor sap thought that if he told Milly to beat it that would be all there'd be to it. She certainly had given him reasons for thinking that way all those years, and it was inconvenient, not to say inconsiderate, of her to begin acting like a human being at that particular minute. But there was something about that "why" that was mighty convincing. And Eugene started explaining.

Having started, he simply didn't know when to stop so he spread Miss Mayme Smythe all over that family dinner table. He even told about those midnight calls and, would you believe it, he actually smirked while he said it!

When he first started talking it was plain that he was trying to work himself into a rage on account of his thwarted life, and doing his best to make Milly see what a worm she was for having stood so long between him and happiness. But pretty soon he got so smoked up thinking of Mayme, and so pleased with the sound of his own voice that he forgot all about his wrongs and was actually enjoying himself. And when he said at last—"And, so Mildred, we must part," it was just as if he'd come to the end of a graduation piece instead of announcing the death warrant for his own marriage.

This, of course, was Milly's cue for a heartbroken outburst of tears, or maybe a faint. But nothing like that. Instead, before he'd fairly finished she was back at him with an "Is that so?"

Eugene's eyes fairly bulged with amazement. I guess he felt exactly as a person would feel whose pet lady-bug had turned and bitten them. Before he could get another word out she had the floor.

She told him how glad she had been when he married her, how grateful and how ignorant. Particularly how ignorant. She made it very plain that if she had known more about men, Eugene was the last form of suicide she would have chosen to commit.

Then she started in on that ten years' recital of love affairs with the village belles, and the suffering it had meant to her at first. She hadn't been able to understand it until she'd had a love affair!

It was something real that had come into her life with her deep esteem for Mr. Howard Blake.

"Howard Blake? You don't mean that little old gink that drives the stage from here to Evanston?" Eugene's voice was grieving.

Yes, she meant that Mr. Howard Blake. But he wasn't an old gink. He was only thirty-nine, one year younger than Eugene, in fact. And as for being a stage driver—well surely a stage driver had as high a social rating as a village milliner.

So for eight years, while Eugene had boasted and strutted and Milly listened and slaved, she had in her secret heart entertained a deep esteem for Mr. Howard Blake, an esteem which deepened every time she took his car to go shopping. And, in his quiet way, he had let her know that he returned her esteem.

She hadn't let it go any further than that. She had always felt that when you were married, even if you had made an unfortunate choice you must stick to it, so she had controlled herself. And that was really why she had been able to stand for Eugene's silliness. She knew from personal experience how rebellious the human heart can be! That was why she had stood it all. He had thought he was the only one with a rebellious heart.

Now he knew different, but he never would have known if he hadn't decided to leave her, after she'd endured him all these years. Well, he could leave her if he wished. She'd make no objection whatever. But before he left it was some satisfaction to tell him that he wasn't the only one who had made an unfortunate marriage and had found a soul-mate afterwards. She had had the same experience.

You should have seen Eugene when she first started her speech. He was stiff with indignation. But as she went on he began to wilt and by the time she was through he was as full of holes as a bath sponge, and just about as limp. And he was crying, actually blubbering that it had all been a mistake, that she was the only one he'd ever loved and now he'd lost her but wouldn't she give him another chance.

At the end of three days Milly began to melt a little but it was a week before she finally consented to stay with him a little longer. She frankly admitted it would just about kill her to do so for Mr. Howard Blake was really the only man she could ever care for.

That was four years ago. There isn't a more devoted man in the U. S. A. today than Eugene Bragg. He waits on Milly hand and foot and the neighbors swear he goes around the house with a search-light whenever he comes home, looking for a possible rival. Of course, he hasn't lost his old egotism, but instead of boasting now about all the girls who are crazy over him, he is always handing himself bouquets because he has been able to win and hold the finest little woman in the world.

AS FOR Milly she has grown plump and is much prettier than she was at twenty, and there's actually a twinkle in her eye.

But doesn't she ever grieve for Mr. Howard Blake?

There never was any Mr. Howard Blake to grieve over. Oh, yes, there was a man of that name but he never meant anything to Milly or she to him. She invented that whole story on the spur of the moment though she never confessed that to Eugene. He still thinks that if he doesn't stick on the job twenty-four hours of the day he'll lose his priceless possession. Milly may have been a little slow in starting, but when she once got going she certainly hung up a record. Pity a few more downtrodden dames couldn't take a tip from her.

Big Boy

[Continued from page 28]

arm tightened around me. Just then the music stopped and there was Zelda Merrick right beside us with her partner. She spoke to Jack Stanley, but ignored me and that little intimate moment was gone.

Al Bennicker was still talking to dad when I came back.

"He'll cop the belt, all right," Al was saying. "His last five fights have been K. O's."

"You're bringing him along pretty fast," dad said. "It's a hot pace for a kid."

"Aw, the kid's tough," Bennicker said. "It takes speed these days. It's not like your time, Regan. Things have changed."

After Bennicker had gone back to his table dad said, "He's some manager if that bout tonight don't show him how things are."

"What do you mean, dad? Jack won the fight, didn't he?"

"Yep, by a lucky swing, but Wernell had him on the floor once with the ice-box one sock away."

"You mean he won't win his next fight? The big one?"

"He'll never stop the champ," dad said. "Benny's rushing the match right now, and the kid's stale. Tommy Lewis'll give him a terrible beating, and after that it's curtains for Stan. Three scraps after the champ trims him and he'll be a has-been."

"But dad," I said, "maybe if somebody talked to him—"

"Sure, and wouldn't he believe you? He thinks Benny's a wonder now, and that Merrick dame's got him dizzy. She's a cagey Jane all right. She's five years older than Jack and divorced twice already," dad said. "She figures he'll be in for the big money, like Benny does."

I couldn't forget that conversation with dad. I kept wondering about Jack Stanley and Zelda, and that horrid crowd and what was going to happen if he should lose.

ALL the papers picked Jack Stanley as the favorite for the championship match. I planned to go and see it but somehow when the night came, I just couldn't. It seemed to me I couldn't stand it if he won, because that would mean he'd marry Zelda and I couldn't stand it if he lost either. Dad went, of course, and I waited up for him. He came home early and from one glance at him I knew what had happened.

Jack Stanley had lost! Knocked out in the fifth round. Dad said he had taken an awful lot of punishment, and put up a game fight but he just didn't have the punch.

I felt desperately sorry for Jack, but underneath it too, I was secretly almost glad. Because it wasn't likely that Zelda would marry him now. I watched constantly for news of them both, but it was hard to get. The papers roasted Jack terribly and then dropped him. Dad said that it would be a long time before he could even get another match. I didn't hear of him or see him for a long time, and then, one evening we met again.

It was in the park, about five o'clock. I was turning out of a little side path and he almost crashed into me. I slipped and fell, clutching at my ankle—and he bent over and picked me up as if I were a child.

"Oh say, I'm sorry! Why it's Miss Regan. Gee, are you hurt?"

"No," I said. "I just turned my ankle."

"I ought to be shot not looking where I was going! Let's turn in here." Just ahead of us were the lights of a park pavilion. It was early so no one else was there. I held on to Jack's arm but if ever any one felt like a cheat, it was Molly Regan because my ankle wasn't hurt at all.

"You look kind of faint," Jack said. I

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sank into a chair at one of the little iron tables. He got a waiter to bring me some water. In the light it almost shocked me to see him, he was so changed. He was thin. His clothes were shabby, and there was a haggard expression in his nice eyes, as if he hadn't slept for a long time.

He took out a flask and poured a stiff shot for himself and one for me.

"Ought you?" I said. "Aren't you in training?" I didn't like the sound of his laugh as he answered:

"Not now, but never mind me. How are you feeling now?"

"Oh, I'm all right," I said and there was a silence. I broke it with an effort. "I was sorry about the fight."

Color rushed into his face. "It was a lousy show, Miss Regan. I wasn't right, somehow. Well—alibis don't go. I'm through, I guess. Suppose you've heard the talk. Al Bennicker and I don't string together any more."

"Through! Of course you're not. What's one fight? Aren't there other managers beside Al Bennicker?" I asked.

"Yeh, but not one of 'em would sign me after what Al said. He claims I'm yellow. That's not true, Miss Regan, but when they get started, they don't leave much of a guy. I don't know what was wrong. I felt awful dopey that night, but I never threw a fight in my life. Gee, why am I spilling all this to you, Miss Regan?"

"Please go on," I said. "I'm so sorry."

"Thanks," he said. "You're different from most girls."

"No, I'm not! What makes you think so?"

"They like a winner."

"So do I," I said. "And I think you're one."

"Maybe once," he said. "Not now."

I knew then without being told that Zelda Merrick had thrown him over. I hated her! Jack Stanley didn't say any more to me about himself that evening but I saw him look back over his shoulder as he left me at my door.

I told dad about meeting Jack and what he had told me about Bennicker turning him loose and saying he was yellow. Dad listened scowling.

"Yellow," he said. "The big stiff! He had a sweet scrapper there, and burned him out. That's all the trouble with the boy. I saw that fight. I wish I'd had the handling of a youngster like that."

When dad said that a wild thought leaped up in my mind. "Dad! Why don't you?"

"Why, Molly, you don't want me getting back in the game? I've made my pile, and you're a young lady now. Besides, I'm an old timer."

"THE idea!" I said. "You're not old, dad. Why, you're just in your prime, and I'm proud of you being a manager. Why couldn't you take him on? It would be a gold mine for us if you made him a champion—wouldn't it?"

Dad looked awfully pleased.

"You really want me to, Molly?" he said. "Of course I do! You'd show them all up, dad."

"Well," said dad, "I never liked Al Bennicker."

And I knew Stanley's cause was won!

A few days later dad went to see Jack himself. He came back looking serious. "He's in bad shape, dead-broke and been hitting the hooch. It'll be months before he's fit to go back against a real boxer. I'd have to take him away somewhere. And what about you, Molly dear?"

"Oh, I'll go to Aunt Nellie's for the summer," I said. Aunt Nellie lived on a farm, and dad knew it wasn't very lively.

"Not much in that for you, dear."

Not much in it for me? Isn't it lucky men are so dumb? I had a hard time persuading dad, but finally he agreed.

A few nights later I heard voices in the

living room as I came in. I stopped still. Dad was saying:

"Well maybe I can teach you as much as Al Bennicker."

It thrilled me to see Jack. He was shabbier than ever, but his eyes were shining, and there was a new ring in his voice when he spoke to me.

"Hello, Molly," dad said, "we've been making a little arrangement here."

"It's an awful swell offer," Jack said, "but I'm afraid Mr. Regan is taking a chance."

"Maybe! Maybe not!" dad said.

When Jack was leaving he said "I can't tell you how much this means to me."

"Oh, it's just business," I said. "I hope we're going to be friends."

"You bet we are!" he said and he was gone.

IT WAS three months after that before I saw Jack Stanley again. Dad took him up to a camp in the pine woods and kept him on a light routine. He began to build up rapidly.

In October when they came back it was a bronzed, clear-eyed young giant that stepped off the train. Jack looked wonderful, and so did dad. They were both all set to make the wise guys look foolish.

"You're looking great," I said.

"So are you, Molly. You look beautiful!"

"Glad to see me?" I asked, and he leaned over suddenly and caught up my hand and kissed it.

"That's how glad I am," he said.

"Goodness, how did you learn that way off there in the woods?"

"I learned a lot of things," he said. "Molly—it was you, wasn't it, who got this chance for me?"

"Oh," I said, "that was nothing."

"Nothing! My life! That's all. If I do make good now it's all on account of you. And you can just bet I'll do my everlasting best."

At first nobody knew anything much about Jack Stanley. People had forgotten him and the first few bouts didn't amount to anything. But dad's an awfully cagey manager. He got Jack a match with Red Martin. Red was a fast tough boy, and everybody slated him to win. I remember one of the papers said:

"Jack Stanley will attempt a come-back against Red Martin Friday night. Red's many friends confidently expect him to score a knockout."

Dad had told Jack to play it careful, but in the third round he came over to dad. His eyes were bright and he looked excited.

"Leave me cut loose, Jimmy, and ruin that guy!" he begged.

Dad grinned. "All right go in there kid," he said.

And Jack went in! He was what the newspapers called "pure dynamite." The crowd began to go wild. At the end of that round people were on their feet shouting.

The end came unexpectedly. Jack landed a smashing upper-cut that flung his opponent's big body half across the ropes.

Jack had just climbed down over the ropes and started toward us when Zelda Merrick glided in front of him. We were so near I could have touched her. Austin was with her and behind them I could see Al Bennicker.

He gave her a cold nod, and left her there and the expression on her face was pure joy to me. I stared straight into her furious eyes, and smiled. If glances could kill hers would never have left me among the living.

At home I got out a cold supper, roast beef and salad and near beer, and all the time my heart was singing.

Jack ate like a wolf and then sprawled out on the sofa.

"Gee, this feels good," he said. He looked tired, but awfully happy, and a delicious

feeling of fellowship spread through the three of us, like a warm glow.

"Some scrap, kid," dad was saying, when the door-bell rang. He answered it and I heard him take the caller off into another room and close the door.

I sank down beside Jack and for a little we both sat, looking into the fire. "Well," I said, finally, "this is different from the last fight I saw you win. Don't you wish you were at a big party?"

"No," Jack said.

"I saw Zelda speaking to you tonight."

"Yeh!"

"What was she saying?" I asked, as if I didn't know perfectly well.

Then I got the surprise of my life. Jack Stanley whirled around and snatched me into his arms.

"Darling," he was saying, "I know I've no right to speak to you yet. But I love you so much."

"And Zelda?" I said again. I knew it was cruel, but I had to hear him say he didn't care any more for her.

"I WAS a plain fool, I guess," Jack said. "But I'm not any more, not since that night I saw you in the park. I never knew there were girls like you, Molly. I'd die for you, any day."

We heard dad open the door just then. When he came in his face was serious, but there was a funny kind of twinkle in his eye.

"Well, Stanley," he said, "that was Al Bennicker."

"Al Bennicker!" Jack said. "What did he want, the big bum!"

"He came around to find out if I had a contract with you. And I told him I didn't. I said it was up to you."

"No, it's up to you, Jimmy," Jack said. "Only I won't work for Al Bennicker."

"In that case," dad said, "I've fixed up something." He handed Jack a paper. "It's a regular contract. Take a look at it, Jack."

I knew what that meant to Jack. There had only been a verbal arrangement with dad before Jack had made good. He grew red with pleasure as he took the paper.

He started to read it and suddenly his expression changed. "Look here, Jimmy," he said, "what's this? This thing says I can't get married while you're my manager."

"Sure," dad said. "I'm going to put you in the big time boy and I don't want to take chances of some frill mixing a honeymoon into your work-outs. There's not a good manager in town would do any different."

It was perfectly plain that dad was thinking of Zelda. I glanced at Jack's worried face and he looked helplessly at me. There was an awkward silence.

"Well?" dad said.

"All right, I'll sign," Jack said, "if Molly says so."

"Molly?" dad said. "What's Molly got to do with it?"

"It's up to her," Jack said. "Shall I sign, Molly?"

"Don't you dare, Jack Stanley!" I said. Everything seemed to happen at once then. Jack was trying to kiss me and apologizing for it and explaining to dad that he loved me, and I was explaining to dad that I loved Jack and dad looked as if he thought we were all lunatics.

Dear old dad! When he got over the shock he turned to me with a terrible mock scowl. "You're a sly puss, Molly Regan," he said, "but I've got you now. That chap can't marry without his manager's consent, and I don't give it," he said, "not till my daughter can be marrying the middle-weight champion."

Well, that's the story; because naturally there wasn't any stopping Jack after that. Certainly the champ didn't!

"Watch him make a fool of himself"—I heard someone whisper



—then I started to play!

IT WAS the first big party of the season and the fun was at its height. The room fairly rocked with laughter as Jim finished his side-splitting imitation of a ballet dancer.

Tom, who was giving the party, turned to me and said, "And now our young friend here will give us his well-known imitation of Paderewski!"

Instantly all attention centered upon me. Feigning reluctance, I made as if to beg off, but was forthwith dragged to the piano. Admonitions of, "Come on, old timer, do your stuff!"—"Don't be bashful!"—came from all sides.

They expected me to do my usual clowning—but I had a surprise up my sleeve for them. Just as I was about to begin, I heard someone whisper, "Watch him make a fool of himself—why, he can't play a note!"

I Surprised My Friends

They thought I was going to give them my one-finger rendition of chopsticks. But instead I swung into the opening bars of "The Road to Mandalay"—that rollicking soldier-song of Kipling's. You should have seen the look of amazement that spread over their faces. This was not the clowning they had expected! Then Tom began to sing. One by one they joined in, until soon they were all crowding around the piano, singing away at the top of their lungs.

It was almost an hour before they let me get up from the piano. Then a deluge of questions: "How in the world did you ever do it?" "Where did you study?" "When did you learn to play?" "Who was your teacher?" "How long have you studied?"

"One at a time, please," I begged. "I'll tell you all about it. To begin with, I didn't have any teacher."

"What! Say, you don't expect us to believe that, do you?"

"Sure thing. But I don't blame you for not believing it. I wouldn't have, myself. As you know, I've never been able to play a note. But I always liked music, and many a time when I was napping up a party with my clowning I would have given anything in the world to be able to sit down at the piano and really play."

"But it never occurred to me to take lessons. I thought I was too old—and besides, I couldn't see my way clear towards paying an expensive teacher—to say nothing of the long hours I'd have to put in practicing."

How I Learned to Play

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(Continued from page 55)

person who five hours before had set out from it. But behind these recollections came the feet of fear. History repeats itself in the lives of people as in the lives of nations. What reason had I for believing that a second time the outcome would be any different? All my cautionary instincts began to murmur around me.

ALL through that twenty minutes' drive these voices did not cease to whisper to me; nor did they whisper unavailingly. It was the same person who stood five hours later on his doorstep fumbling for his latchkey. Nothing irrevocable had happened.

Yet it had been the sort of evening on which irrevocable things do happen. A warm scented summer night, a good dance floor, a good band, a good supper, a good partner! The sort of party at which I had thought often enough before and very often since: "Ah, but how perfect this would be, if only one could be in love!" But all the evening I was held back by the memory of things felt at another time and for another person. And the eager unconsidered words that flew at such a time so easily were left unsaid, for there are certain things that cannot be said twice.

It is not that one cares any the less the second time, but that the conditions under which one cares are different. When we fall in love for the first time, we are in the chains of a sensation so beautiful that we feel it cannot but be eternal. We know that for others this rare rapture has lost its color; we have heard the poet's complaint that "so sweet a bliss as a kiss should not last for ever", but we do not associate such failures with ourselves.

Such things may have happened to others; to us they will not happen. It is different for us. They cannot have really loved, those others. But when we have come to know the geography of the road by which they travelled, when we have once realized that for us too, this fine rapture has sunk to a mere kindness—well, how shall I put it, we may find no less sweet, no less intoxicating, love's second coming, but we are less ready to stake our independence on an emotion that we have outlived once, and shall in all human probability, outlive again.

And so the evening passed, a warm, summer night of starlight and of plaintive music. The sort of evening on which the world seems out of tune with all who are not in love. But there was spoken no word of love, and we sat silent and apart as we drove homewards through the deserted, gleaming streets, in a way I suppose disappointed in each other.

"It's been a splendid evening," I said at last. "I've so enjoyed myself."

"Have you? I'm glad," she answered.

"I'll ring you up one day soon," I said.

"Oh, yes, whenever you like. I'm usually in until eleven."

But her voice was cold and distant, and when the cab drew up before her house, she did not as she had on the first evening linger talking upon the pavement. She stepped straight out of the cab. "Good night, it was nice of you to come," she said, and ran up the steps toward the house.

Her key turned easily in the latch; the door swung open; momentarily against the lighted interior of the hall was stamped in graceful silhouette the long flowing line of her slim figure. She did not even turn to wave her hand before she shut the door. The bright promise with which the evening had begun had passed. As I turned back towards the cab and the long jolting drive through streets that had grown unreal and

ghostly in the dawn's uncertain prelude, I told myself that there would be no return to the eager-eyed anticipation of five hours back. I had missed that opportunity. I could only capture now by siege what would have yielded to a resolute assault.

I said that we were disappointed in each other, but that we were resentful would have been, I think, the more accurate description. Resentful because we had not become to each other what we had thought to be. And through all our subsequent relations there was, as I realize now, an undercurrent of resentment. We saw each other during the next few weeks frequently enough. We went to theaters, and dances and concerts, but always there was that sense of friction. And although we came to learn during those weeks a great deal of one another, of mutual tastes, impressions, and friends, and of differing views on things, we never returned to that first point of harmony. It was inevitable that sooner or later, that suppressed resentment would find expression.

We were at a large dinner party in a London restaurant after a wedding at which she had been a bridesmaid, I an usher. We were sitting next to each other and we began to disagree while the soup was being cleared away; we were quarrelling before the entrée had arrived. By the time the main course had been set before us, with our shoulders turned on one another, we were maintaining a fusillade of comment and repartee with the person on the other side of us. And because it was at a big party, there was little chance of reconciliation during the remainder of the evening.

It was, I think, one of the worst evenings of my life. I had never been to that restaurant before; I shall never go to it again. But I shall remember as long as I live the exact coloring of its walls, the exact spacing of its columns, the exact proportions of its high arched windows, frames and mirrors. And I shall remember always the small circular hall in which at the end of the evening and for the last time I spoke to her.

COULDN'T I see her home, I asked. But before she could reply I had heard our hostess's voice, saying: "Now don't bother about taxis. There are enough cars here to take you all back." Gloomily, I watched the distribution of the party into cars, knowing that I would have no other opportunity of speaking to her, knowing that even were we both placed in the same car, her house was a good two miles nearer to the restaurant than mine.

Before ten o'clock next morning there was a telephone message. Miss Shaw was very sorry, I was informed, but she would be unable to come with me that afternoon to the Gauguin exhibition. It was what I had expected. The first step towards reconciliation must come from me. And it would not be difficult to take it. Flowers, with the sort of letter that it is so easy to write if one cares! It was the step that any young man of twenty-five would be expected, as a matter of course, to take, but I was scarcely the typical young man.

However free and unfettered I might appear, I carried the armour that life had driven me to wear for my own protection. I could remember that once before there had been just such a quarrel; a quarrel that had been made up, but that it would have been perhaps better to have left a quarrel. For when lovers, or potential lovers, make up a quarrel they commit themselves. And remembering how things had happened once, I waited. My life was pleasant enough, I told myself. Plenty of friends, plenty of

interests, and work that I loved. Better to let things take their course awhile. I was certain to meet her soon somewhere.

But the days passed and I did not see her, and the weeks passed and became months, and I told myself that unless I met her soon the opportunity for reconciliation would have passed, that my place would have been taken. But the months went on and nothing happened. And one day I rang her up, and after a long pause I was informed that the line was out of order. It may be I took that as an ill omen. It was at any rate the only effort that I made. I let the days pass.

AND ever since I have been asking myself whether it was a big thing or a little thing that I let go by, whether I was wisely provident or whether I lacked the courage for a high adventure. I have asked myself, and I have found no answer. There is indeed no answer to be found. It is one of the many things that I shall never know.

But this I do know—had I, when I met Beatrice Shaw, been actually what I appeared, a man of twenty-five without debts, without entanglements, with tolerable prospects, with everything that is worth while in front of him—had I really been that, Beatrice Shaw would be my wife today.

But there is no clock that can be put back five years. You cannot recover lightly a faith that you have lost. And that is what people do not realize when they speak so haphazardly of a second chance, when for the sake of that second chance they break the chain of many associations and a long relationship.

Ever since in a lesser degree, because second and third and fourth experiences inevitably must be in a lesser degree, it has been the same. There have been brief moments of excitement; there have been people who have made one think, for a few weeks or hours or for seconds, "Ah, but this is the real thing. This will last." But always there has come in the train of such moments the remembrance that all this has already happened before.

I should be the last person to say that to divorce is a mistake. An unhappy marriage is the cancer in the social system. It poisons wherever it may touch. There is no worse torture. But this I would say to those who feel that though they are not actually unhappy, they could be considerably happier, who feel that could they be granted the privilege of a second chance they would build far more surely than in the days of their inexperience:

"Think twice! Be careful! This second chance is not the thing you take it for. You cannot go back to what you were, nor become your old self again. You may restore the old conditions, but you will not be the same person any longer, and they will seem different to you. You cannot fall in love a second time as you fell in love the first. You know too much. You remember too much. There is no returning to the point from which you set forth upon your first adventure.

"You will indeed be setting out into an equally unknown, an equally unmapped country, but what is gone, is gone forever. We cannot go back; we cannot stay still; we must go forward and there are no second chances!"

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Find Your Success in the Stars

[Continued from page 44]

many hundreds of clients, I have questioned, I have found more professional misfits in this sign than in any other.

They can choose such occupations as judge, lawyer, broker, insurance agent, ecclesiast, foreign diplomat, and nearly all types of welfare or public service work.

The natives of Sagittarius have a varied existence, more marked by interesting experiences than by a mere accumulation of money or possessions. Often the people of Sagittarius are slow to discover where their true abilities lie, and it is among this class we find so many of those who drift from job to job, experience to experience, compassing more in a lifetime than those of the more stable influences.

NO ARTICLE which deals with successful contemporary men and women should, I suppose, ignore Thomas A. Edison. Mr. Edison's sign is that of Aquarius, his birthday being February eleventh. Aquarius guides those born between January twenty-first and February twentieth.

The natives of this sign are benevolent, intuitive, somewhat impulsive, and inclined to be dogmatic. The latter quality as often as not will create hostility. The Aquarius people are furthermore somewhat abrupt, with little respect for conventions or traditions. They seek always to break away.

It is easy to see how a temperament with these characteristics could turn its fertile resources to the field of invention.

The natives of Aquarius are not limited to invention alone, however. They can also expect high success as painters, stock salesmen, railroad workers of any kind, extemporaneous speakers, magnetic or spiritual healers, sculptors, or promoters.

Let us glance at the sign of Virgo which rules those born between August twenty-first and September twentieth. These people are practical and discriminating, though somewhat inclined to censoriousness.

Practical, shrewd, combative, they are well-fitted for a struggle with material obstacles. General Pershing, who was born on September thirteenth, comes within the scope of Virgo.

Virgo is an excellent sign for all those engaged in business, including the smaller pursuits of commercial life. Although executive ability is indicated, these people excel in the matter of handling details and know how to take orders as well as give them. They make excellent secretaries, stenographers, accountants, printers, librarians, statisticians. They excel as scientists, and are good critics in the literary field. Professionally they are equipped to be trained nurses, dietitians, or physicians.

Those who come under the sway of Capricorn are as diplomatic as the natives of Virgo are outspoken. This sign rules everyone born between December twenty-first and January twentieth.

Eva Le Gallienne, the actress, has fulfilled the demands of Capricorn and reached success accordingly.

For some time she played leading parts with a certain degree of success. Then she founded her own company, and under her own management inaugurated a season of repertoire that has definitely put her in a position by herself.

Many actresses have tried to do just what Miss Le Gallienne did and they have failed dismally. Why did she succeed?

Because the natives of Capricorn have a grasp of details that practically amounts to a genius. Curiously enough, they dislike details, but they manage them magnificently. And the details to be handled in managing and directing a season of reper-

toire such as hers are almost incredible.

It is not easy for them to make a change, but once they have undertaken a thing, the drive of their will-power is tremendous. Capricorn people must beware of living too much in themselves, of brooding over injustices, fancied or real, or they are likely to defeat themselves in spite of their determination.

There are four other main types that remain to be discussed: the natives of Taurus, Gemini, Scorpio, and Pisces.

In dealing with these, I shall illustrate with cases of clients of mine.

There came to my studio one day a woman of about thirty whose birthday declared her a subject of Taurus, which sways those born between April twenty-first and May twentieth.

My client, Miss X—, was worried about her work. Marriage apparently did not interest her, but a career did. After a promising start in a place where she had been rapidly promoted, things suddenly seemed to be going all wrong.

The natives of Taurus are conservative, practical, trustworthy people. They are sensitive, somewhat inclined to excess, and crave ease and material things. Though sympathetic, they hold grievances or prejudices that hamper them greatly.

Miss X— told me she had gone to work some years before as a typist for a big department store. She had been selected for promotion, transferred to a bookkeeping department, and done equally well. Then her understanding and taste made itself felt, and from bookkeeping, she was appointed assistant to the buyer of women's apparel.

AFTER all this promising apprenticeship, she suddenly found that her ability seemed to have disappeared completely. She was in actual danger of losing her position.

I talked frankly with her. I told her that the natives of Taurus (and her own year of birth did not conflict with the general planetary conclusions) make excellent dressmakers, stenographers, business accountants, and dealers in women's clothing. Professionally they can be nurses, doctors, scientists, actors or musicians, particularly as regards string-instruments.

But in business life they are salesmen; they are not equipped to buy. A chance promotion had placed this woman in the very situation where she was least able to express her true abilities. I told her to go back to the head of her department and frankly ask for the chance to direct the selling of the very thing she was now attempting to buy! I received a letter from her a few months later in which the teachings of astrology were once more verified.

Looking over my records for a case in Gemini, which rules those born between May twenty-first and June twentieth, I came upon Mr. A—. He wrote me for advice and his letter seemed to reveal a typical Gemini nature.

If you were born under Gemini, you are apt to be a versatile and brilliant nature, with quickness of comprehension, but with little concentration. You may very well be what is called temperamental, but you are also likely to be magnetic and attract others to you with scarcely any visible effort.

Your interests tempt you to start things you cannot hope to complete. This is likely to create a certain amount of unhappiness for you unless you deliberately ally yourself with a partner or a friend born under one of the steadier signs.

Mr. A— had started many things with glowing hopes of success, and sooner or later arrived at inevitable disappointment. Only

at one thing had he really succeeded, and then for some unknown reason, he had even lost his grip there. He had been a traveling salesman, an advertising writer, done translations, and even been a customs official in a South American port. It was in the latter capacity that he felt he had achieved most success.

I corresponded with Mr. A—and learned that what I suspected was true. During his brief and successful experience in South America, he had been associated with a friend of his who was later shifted to another place. Mr. A— had decided to stay on alone.

I told him to find his friend at once, join with him in his projects, supply the brilliance, the dash, the initiative, and let his friend carry his ideas to completion.

M. J. R. was a girl who came to me with difficulties concerning a career. Her sign was Scorpio, as her birthdate occurred between October twenty-first and November twentieth.

The people of Scorpio have penetration and understanding, but they are somewhat secretive. They are also inclined to be dominant without being actual leaders, though this trait they can master.

THEY form deep attachments, yet are suspicious of the very attachments they form. Perhaps this is due to their fertile imaginations. They are analytical and immensely ambitious but their tremendous pride often retards their progress.

I probed M. J. R. with questions. Then the truth was revealed. She admitted that surgery did fascinate her, but her conventional instincts had held her back from going into a profession which few women take up. I told her that in her case the barrier of sex was nonsense, and assured her that the sooner she registered for a course of medical study, the sooner she was headed for a great career.

To illustrate the last sign, governing those born between February twenty-first and March twentieth, I shall select a client who wrote to me but whom I never saw.

The people of Pisces are emotional, sympathetic people. In spite of great gifts, they too often lack self-confidence, and often go through life misunderstood. They are the most sensitive and sensational of all the types. Great talkers, romanticists to the last degree, they are easily depressed or cast down by those with whom they associate. Yet, in the final analysis, Pisces people must live their lives unaided, almost solitary so far as the spirit or the intellect is concerned.

My client wrote me that he had inherited a manufacturing business from his father and it was, for some reason unknown to him, rapidly going down hill. What should he do? What was the matter?

I told him to sell out as soon as possible, even if it seemed at a loss. It would be nothing compared to the loss he would be sure to suffer if he continued in business.

I heard from him again after my reading. As a popular, sensational novelist he has created a stir in the literary world.

It may be wise for you to study your sign, and find out if you are working at a calling that is harmonious. More people fail in life than succeed. But then there are more people who follow occupations for which they are unsuited by planetary influence, than there are those who have the good fortune or the instinct to adapt themselves to their true expression through work that permits them to use their natural gifts.

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Crucible of Youth

[Continued from page 23]

Mr. Benton continued to scold; he threatened, he created and enlarged upon direful penalties and punishments to come, but about it all was the quality of hollowness. He seemed to be blustering loudly to cover up a subtle defeat. He would still be a father, of course, to give orders and dole out nickels, but somehow both the boy and the man realized that Paul Benton had received his last old-fashioned lickin'.

Assuming that anyone understands adolescents, Cora Benton understood Paul when she took the time. It was to her that the tow-haired little boy in overalls had come sobbing with his troubles, never to his father. As her thirty-fifth birthday grew relentlessly further away, Cora Benton took more and more to romantic novels, movie magazines and Westfield's three-nights-a-week picture show. She looked very much the typical country housewife, which is hardly a compliment to pay any woman.

Her round face beamed kindly as she noisily collected the breakfast dishes from off the table and piled them in the sink. "Better run upstairs and get ready for Sunday School, Paul, dear," she suggested mildly.

"Aw, razberries—" began Paul, when the heavy voice of his father drowned him out.

"You do what your mother tells you and hurry up about it," he ordered with unnecessary vehemence. "It's twenty minutes of nine right now and you've been missing entirely too many Sundays lately. And now that you're wearing long trousers and hanging around pool rooms," he added, "you can begin staying for church."

After Sunday School, Paul stayed for the church service and when that was over, he filed slowly out with the rest, nodding and smiling to country folk in their Sunday clothes, forgetting the self-consciousness caused by his long pants in his relief at being outside once more. All his uncomfortable qualms of embarrassment returned with a rush, however, as he came up side by side with a certain little black-haired girl.

"Oh, there you are, Paul." She flashed him a friendly smile. "Say, you look great in your new suit. Bet you can pass for eighteen anywhere now."

"THINK so? Well, yeah, I guess I can at that. I was shootin' pool all night last night and ole Pop Turner is awful strict about lettin' fellows in that are under eighteen years old."

He left Mary at the door of the brick house that Old Bill Barthman's hardware business had enabled him to build and walked on briskly, licking his lips and visualizing the chicken dinner he knew would be steaming on the table when he got home.

Food-drugged Sunday afternoons pass dreamily. Paul drowsed and wallowed on the front room floor with the many-paged Sunday newspaper from the city.

Taking into consideration that he was penniless, dressed up and lonesome, Paul finally guessed he'd go up town and hang around a while. Westfield was completely under the influence of the opiate called Sunday. The sturdy big houses along Main Street looked dark and deserted.

The group of boys in front of the butcher shop which Paul approached was composed of those who either could not, or would not, get a date for the evening. Every normal male over twelve years of age endeavors to "step out with a gal" on Sunday night.

"Hi!" greeted Paul briefly, nodding to a group composed of Snag Worley; Roy Kane, the banker's eldest boy; Mutt Jenkins, and Snoot Hartman.

Albert "Snoot" Hartman was a typical small town high school smart-aleck. He was a handsome little devil, quick and clever, and had a meek, angelic expression in reserve that thus far had kept him from being expelled from school.

"Hello, Skeeter," he bawled, "got anything to drink with you?"

"Naw," grinned Paul. He sat down on one end of the long bench beside Mutt Jenkins. "Anything doin' tonight?" he hazarded.

"This town's deader'n a squashed toad!" said Mutt bitterly.

"Wish it was September," sighed Snoot. "Then we could go steal a buncha water-melons."

"And get peppered fulla buck-shot," snickered Gus.

After that conversation lagged and finally died among the group in front of the butcher shop. Mutt Jenkins finally left them, cursing Westfield from its earliest settlers up to the present uneventful Sunday evening. Paul hid a yawn, though it was not yet seven-thirty. Westfield was undeniably dead on Sunday nights when one had neither a date nor the means of arriving at that classic state the corn-belt calls "cock-eyed."

The four remaining boys arose and rushed eagerly to the curb as an old open Ford clattered up and stopped, its headlights streaming down the length of the deserted business block. It was Buck and Larry.

Snoot grinned and climbed into the front seat, motioning Paul and the two others to get in back. Unhesitatingly they piled in. Buck jammed the starter with his heel, it snarled angrily, the motor burst into life with a racket that made the quiet Sunday evening hideous, and with its muffler and throttle wide open, the rickety old Ford touring car clattered off full-tilt into the night; a representative argosy of raw, eager, impulsive American small town Youth.

Finally on a lonely road the car stopped and Larry said: "Raise up."

The three boys in front arose. Larry lifted the seat cushion and took something heavy out from under. He replaced the seat and they sat down, still wordless. There was the hollow "thung!" of a cork released under pressure. He lifted a gallon jug and drank deeply, then passed it over to the back seat.

When Paul found himself with the cold stickiness of the glass between his hands, he experienced a lightning chain of sensations. His primary emotion was a panicky small-boy fear of doing something he knew was very wrong. Finally, with a rash sixteen-years-old-and-long-pants-by-gosh feeling, he lifted the jug to his lips and took a timid gulp. As he did so, another machine came along the pike from the west, and its light fell upon them.

"Get that jug outa sight!" yelled Buck, "d'ya wanta get us all in trouble?"

At the mention of getting in trouble, Paul's sick fear doubled. As he held the jug in his hands undecided what to do with it, the machine jolted by, but Paul did not see Mary Barthman's round little face staring at him in wide-eyed surprise.

THE Ford rattled merrily along. Paul hung on to his straw hat and sang snatches of popular songs with the rest. He was happy in a tremulous way as he lay back against the tattered upholstery and let the warm night wind blow full in his face. Taking a wild ride clear to the city with a buncha regular guys! Hot rocks!

A zig-zag course through side streets

finally brought them into a quiet residence section. After cruising about for some fifteen minutes and getting thoroughly lost, Buck sighted two girls on the sidewalk.

"Snoot," he commanded, "you keep still. I'm gonna ask those wimmin how to get back on to the Linville road."

He slowed up when he reached them and smiled ingratiatingly. They paid not the slightest attention to him, or the smile, or the Ford, which it itself would have attracted attention almost anywhere but in a junk yard.

"Say, 'scuse me," he fairly shouted at last, "but couldja tell us how to get over to First Avenue? We're lost!"

The taller of the two turned and looked Buck straight in the eye. He was so sincere, so countrified, and so thoroughly lost that she weakened.

"Maybe you don't know it," she said formally, "but this street you're on now is First Avenue."

"Really? No kiddin'?"

"Really and no kiddin'." She emphasized the absence of the final "g" unnecessarily, but it was wasted on Buck. She was a rather pretty girl and he was loath to drive on.

"Will this street take us out on the state highway that goes through Linville?" he inquired, and immediately racked his brain desperately for another question to ask.

PAUL had glanced reservedly at the girls as the machine stopped. He shyly inspected the tall one whom Buck was politely questioning but the second girl had her back turned.

She wore a semi-transparent pink slicker over her dress, topped off with a curly head of golden hair. The effect was novel, and beautiful. On the back of her slicker, between her shoulder-blades, was lettered in fancy capitals "E. H. S." and beneath that, done in colored ink, was a beautiful butterfly with outspread wings.

"Snoot" Hartman felt that he, the acknowledged center of attraction, was being cruelly ignored. During a lull in Buck's banter, Snoot stood up in the front seat and smirked:

"How'd you gals like to take a ride with us sheiks?"

Buck whirled angrily. "Shut up!" he said but he was too late. Flashing the whole group a look of disgusted resentment the girl took her smaller companion by the arm and together they made a hurried departure.

Larry Hartman drove the last half of the way back over roads of his own choosing. Paul dozed and dreamed of curly golden hair lying against a pink slicker.

He was awakened by Buck, and a few minutes later he was stealing up the walk and into his house. He tiptoed through to the kitchen, lit a match and looked at the scroll-work clock on the shelf over the stove.

It was a quarter of one. Paul shuddered.

MARY BARTHMAN sat in the seat in front of Paul. He had noticed at the beginning of the period that she seemed very detached and chilly whenever he looked in her direction.

During an interval when the teacher had his back turned, Paul leaned quickly forward to get a clearer view of the problems he was copying from Mary's paper. When she discovered what he was doing, she placed her chubby hand over the figures, gave him an icy sniff and turned her back.

Paul was nonplussed. This was unusual indeed. He poked her in the ribs with the eraser-end of his pencil and whispered, "Whatcha sore about, Mary?"

The girl at his right had been watching with amusement. When she saw Paul was looking for a homework paper, she chuckled slyly to herself, unfolded hers and handed it

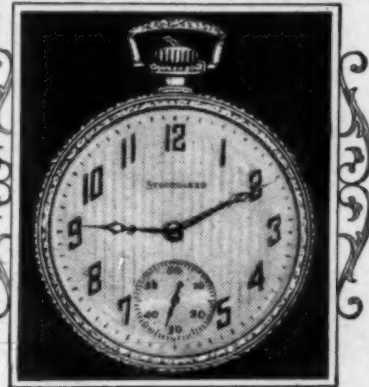
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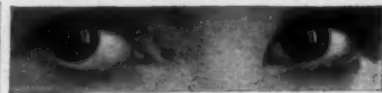
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to him with an unmistakably friendly smile. "Why, say, thanks, Gertrude!" said Paul, looking at her gratefully. He took her paper and applied himself vigorously to copying. When he finished he saw that she still smiled at him. He grinned in return and gave the paper back to her.

The electric gong marked the end of the forty-minute period. Like water spilling over a breaking dam the pupils snatched up their books and jostled their way out of the room. Paul fled with the rest.

The art teacher, a slender, cool woman, took the brush from Paul's paint-smeared fingers and with a few deft strokes dispelled the billiousness of a marine sunset he was dabbing at.

Paul relaxed his forward-leaning position and smiled up into his art teacher's face. "Uh-huh. That is prettier," he admitted.

Ellen Craig smiled in return. She slipped down into a chair close by Paul's side and began to shade a long finger of golden sunlight across the hard blue waves.

Paul slumped in his chair, his arms folded moodily across his chest. He was gazing through and far beyond the cardboard and the water colors. Miss Craig talked and painted on.

"That's a sweet little island you put over there in the corner. Let's make those palm trees curve more, as if they were swaying with the wind. Palm trees swaying with a tropic wind. Almost like poetry! On our island there would be parrots, and passion-flowers—"

"And cannibals," put in Paul.

"Perhaps. But we won't paint in any of them. Cannibals aren't pretty. We don't paint things that aren't pretty. We try to forget them."

"Well, there'd be monkeys, anyway," he amended.

"Yes, most assuredly monkeys. Fuzzy, chattering marmosets."

"And boa-constrictors to eat the monkeys," Paul added.

MISS CRAIG drew back and looked at him agast. "Why Paul! You do think of the most horrid things!"

"That reef was where the boat got wrecked," Paul said.

"What boat?" asked Miss Craig eagerly. "Why, the pirate boat. They was runnin' away and the ship scuttled and they had all kinda gold and silver and stuff like that. It was dark and stormy and they hit the reef and wrecked. The captain fell overboard and the gold pieces all came sinkin' down and covered him all up but his ole head. The crew they all swam ashore and one of 'em took his shirt off and put it up on a big pole for a signal. Then they all died of hunger and thirst, till only one guy was left. He sat there on the sand just all skin and bones and played with the big ole diamonds and rubies and jewels, just lookin' out over the ocean."

"You thought all of that while you were painting?" she asked slowly.

Paul nodded a bit shamefacedly. The woman leaned towards him, her hands clasped. "Paul," she begged, "don't you ever feel as if you wanted to paint a picture of something like sharp mountains silhouetted against the moon, with winding valleys in the shadows below, and dark green fir trees." She dropped her gaze from Paul's face to the floor. Suddenly she unclasped her hands and arose. "Oh, let's walk!" she cried unexpectedly. "Let's get out and sketch something springy and green!"

TOGETHER the boy and the woman went out in the deserted, echo-haunted hall, down the dusty steps and out the back door of the school building. Skirting the fence, they walked briskly across several softly-lumpy fields and came to the edge of a shallow ravine choked with trees.

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There Miss Craig stopped. "Isn't it beautiful? Those new pale green leaves, I mean."

"S'kinda pretty," begrudged Paul. Ellen Craig turned sharply and faced him. "Look here, what's got into you?" She stood with her arms akimbo and her head tilted to one side. "Today you've been as glum as a clam. You used to be able to see pretty things and talk about them, but now your mind seems to be running to sordidness."

Paul frowned and said nothing. Miss Craig's pink lips puckered thoughtfully. She looked him up and down a moment, then said:

"I believe the trouble is those long trousers you've started wearing. Yes, I can see by the way you bristle up when I mention them that they're the cause of your stand-offishness. What's the matter, Paul? Do you think it's babyish to take an interest in art and to have imagination?"

"Aw naw, not exactly, but I was thinkin'."

"Thinking about what?"

"Why, all the regular guys—you know—like—well, Larry Hartman, and—"

"That awful hoodlum you call a 'regular guy'?" You don't mean to say you're starting to imitate him?" She glared at Paul, looking uncomfortably like a stern mother.

"Aw, gosh, no! What I mean is, none of the bigger guys like Buck Donnelly and that bunch take art any more'n they'd take sewing, or stuff like that."

She sighed, shook away her musings and again faced him seriously. "If you want examples, Paul, why don't you turn to wholesome boys, like Jack Spires and Marvin Coons? They know right from wrong and yet nobody would dare call them sissies."

Paul forgot time and place. "Ho!" he jeered, "ole stick-in-the-muds like them two! Why, they won't even drink good licker!"

"Does that mean," Miss Craig said distinctly, "that you do?"

Paul started crawling abjectly. "Why, heck no! I didn't say—aw, gosh no, Miss Craig!"

She had been his best friend for more than a year and he did not want to lose her friendship because of a few over-bold remarks.

Side by side they sat on the edge of the ravine and sketched. Paul gazed at Miss Craig's pretty brown hair blurred into dull gold by the slanting sun, and felt ashamed.

It was late in the afternoon when they started back. Without realizing what she was doing, she slipped a slim sweated arm loosely about Paul's shoulders. She withdrew it quickly with a little gasp when the boy's head snapped around in queer-eyed surprise.

"Oh, I forgot," she said confusedly. "I somehow can't get it out of my mind that you're not the sweet, tow-haired kid you used to be. I forgot that you're grown up."

After she had left Paul at the school grounds, she walked on more slowly, biting her lip and there was a discontented look on her face.

THE odor of boiled carrots and cabbage soured Paul in the face like a dash of tepid dishwater as he opened the front door. Next to cauliflower, carrots and cabbage were the foods he hated most. He grumbled a sarcastic remark to that effect as he flopped down at the supper table.

His father clumped in from the back porch, his cuffs turned up as he wiped his thick hands on a towel. "You might wait till the rest sit down before you start eating!" he growled.

Paul was moodily considering the advisability of launching an attack against the paternal pocketbook.

"Say, Dad," he began, "can I have fifty cents? I gotta buy some special cardboard for art."

Mr. Benton snorted, "Like slinging money



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down a rat-hole! What do you want to take art for, anyhow?" Then his eyes narrowed shrewdly. "How much you got left from the half-dollar I gave you Saturday?"

"Why, I ain't got any left."

"What did you do with it? Spent it shooting pool, I suppose!"

"Oh, I didn't either, Dad! I spent some for candy and put the rest in the ole collection plate at church."

"Church? By Henry, you're not going to miss one single Sunday from now on! I won't have you growing up hanging around pool rooms and smoking cigarettes, and—"

"I hate church," Paul declared. "Not very many of the other kids hafta go, so I'm not goin' any more. You and Mom never go anyhow, so you can't make me!" With that he started to hedge towards the front hall.

"Come back here! We'll settle this, you insolent—"

"Go to hell!" yelled Paul lustily, slamming the front door in his father's face.

Tingling with hot-blooded rebellion, and flushed with surprised success at his own daring, Paul walked all the way up town taking exceedingly long steps. He sighted Buck sitting in the front seat of his and Larry's old Ford. Paul crossed the sidewalk, climbed in and sat down beside him.

"What's on your mind, Skeeter?" inquired Buck curiously. "You look like you was gonna bite a hind leg off a somebody."

Paul slid down in the lumpy seat. "Oh, nothin' much," he sighed wearily. "Told the ole man to go to hell, and walked out on him."

Buck regarded the boy with surprise and condescending amusement. "Startin' kinda young, ain'tcha, Skeeter? Better keep the folks around home a while longer, you might need 'em."

Larry Hartman appeared from the rear and jumped on the running board. "Ready?" he asked, sharply.

Buck turned to Paul. "S'long, Skeeter," he suggested mildly.

PAUL'S tragic expression gave way to puzzled wonderment; then, with a sharp tingle of hurt feelings, he took the hint and haughtily clambered out of the wreck.

Where'n heck were they going that was so darn secret? And he, Paul Benton, a regular guy, getting left out!

Returning home, he entered the house with unsteady knees and a ferocious scowl, and was immensely relieved to find that his parents were not in yet.

"The Junior Prom" was to be Friday evening. On the Tuesday afternoon preceding, Paul did a remarkable thing. He wheeled their well-kept Ford touring car out of the barn-garage and washed it; yes, even polished it carefully with a discarded shirt. His mother happening to glance out into the back yard from the kitchen window, stared a moment in wonderment, then smiled softly to herself and turned away.

All day Wednesday Paul dreamed through his classes, piecing together an eloquent and touching plea for the use of the Ford on Friday night. He decided at last he would make the request that very evening at supper and get it over with.

"Say, Dad," began Paul, in a roundabout manner so as not to hint at the magnitude of his subject, "didja know the Bartholomews bought a new machine? I saw Bud drivin' it up town today. But then, mosta the guys over to school drive their own machines anyway."

"Speaking of machines," said his father, "I noticed you washed ours yesterday. That's fine! I'm glad to see you take a little interest in things around home."

"Sure, yeah! You see, Dad, everybody, even little tiny kids, will have machines. You know there's a big party, the Junior Prom, over to school Friday night and I

was just kinda wonderin' if maybe it wouldn't be all right with you if I just drove the Ford right over there and right back."

Mr. Benton interrupted him. "So that's it, eh? Well,—a long, heart-rending pause,—I dunno but what it's all right if you're very careful. Do you promise absolutely not to go one inch besides from here to in front of the school house and back?"

"Sure—honest—gosh yes!" Just at that particular moment Paul would have promised anything.

Bright rectangles of light punctuated the dim, square bulk of the high school building. Some dozen or so autos were parked in front; loosely, wasteful of curb space and innocent of tail-lights in true country style. Paul had to drive a half-block further up the street to find room to park. Quickly he shut off the motor, got out and hurried towards the school building in the dark, his roseate dreams of swashbuckling arrival shattered and forgotten.

Paul gravitated into a large mixed group—boys waiting for girls, girls waiting for boys, and boys and girls just waiting. Some of Paul's shyness had been worn off of late and under the surface he was a good mixer and a fairly clever talker. He sparkled in the noisy group. He mentioned his machine. "Got the bus outside."

"Oh, are you driving a machine, Paul?" "Why, sure. But my dad kinda uses it too. You know how those things are."

Paul was wishing most pathetically that he had a girl whom he could step forward and meet, take by the arm and lead out into the night. Suddenly he was talking earnestly with a girl in brown. She was slipping her arm into his and squeezing his hand, they were going rapidly down the walk together; getting in the Ford; and Paul Benton was driving off into the dark with Gertrude Humphreys smiling by his side.

Paul drove carefully out of town on the north pike for about a mile.

"Turn up the next road to your left!" the girl suddenly commanded.

Paul turned the car as if hypnotized, his mind a whirling void of impending panic.

At the foot of a steep hill Paul stopped. "Say, Gertrude, where does this darn ole road go, anyway?" he demanded, his voice quavering.

"Oh, no place." She reached over quickly and turned off the ignition and lights.

Paul was alarmed. "Better leave the lights on, don'tcha think? Somebody might come tearin' over that hill and smash into us."

Gertrude Humphreys smirked. "Don't you worry about being interrupted along this road, honey," she drawled. Her thin silk dress had no sleeves and was cut very low in the neck.

She clasped her hands behind her head and snuggled in the seat close to Paul. "I just love quiet places like this to park, don't you?"

PAUL nodded silently from his end of the seat. He licked his lips. His throat felt dry and his fingertips were cold. Then he began to realize that according to all the precepts of the clan of regular guys, when a fellow was in a parked machine up a lonely side road with a girl, he is supposed to put his arm around her and kiss her.

Paul hesitated, then closed his eyes, puckered his lips wryly, and pecked clumsily at her. Before he could raise his head she had hooked a tense arm up, cupped the palm of her hand over the back of his head, and was drawing him down to her.

Paul drew back, rigid and resistant. He asked himself frantic questions. What was wrong with the darn gal? Was she scared, or something? The boy was quite frightened and slightly sick.

She sat silent and upright several inches away from him.

"Let's go home," she said presently.

Paul needed no second bidding. He quickly started the Ford, jockeying a turn on the narrow road, drove back to the pike and thence to Westfield. He stopped in front of the plain frame house where Gertrude Humphreys lived with her widowed father. She stepped from the machine without a backward glance.

Home and in his room, Paul sat for a long while on the edge of his bed staring into the darkness.

He felt very thankful, but he could not decide just what for.

THE next Monday after school Paul played ball without much enthusiasm for nearly two hours, then strolled slowly homeward with Howard Alkire, a popular Junior. Alkire was an extremely good guy without being quite regular. He and Paul took a leisurely pace along the road.

Finally Alkire said, "Say, Skeeter, got anything special on for next Saturday night?"

"Not's I know of now, Hungry," replied Paul, calling Alkire by his common title.

"Well then," continued Hungry, "how'dja like to getcha a date and go some place with Eunice Hoffmire and me? A double date, you know."

"Why, sure, that'd be hot rocks," agreed Paul easily. Paul, who had never had a genuine premeditated automobile-riding date in his life.

Fearsome was the toilet of Paul Benton on Saturday afternoon. He shone, he glistered, he was radiant and pink when at last the ritual was done.

Out the west pike to the Sherwood farm Hungry drove, Paul bouncing around in the empty back seat with a distressed look on his face. When the car stopped he slid out and crossed the wide lawn towards a spreading farmhouse.

He knocked timidly. A broad-faced motherly woman who smelled pleasantly of hearty supper-getting opened the door and let him into the living room. Paul stood hat in hand, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other.

Then Ruth bounced down the stairs, a dream in pink taffeta. Paul's uncomfortable trance vanished.

A half-hour later Hungry parked the car on the Main Street of Circle Grove, a Main Street and a town precisely like Westfield except that it was smaller, muddier, and the movie was called the "Dreamland" instead of the "Hollywood."

They went into the theater, Hungry obligingly buying both pairs of tickets.

Ice cream after movies is virtually universal among young Americans. Eunice, Hungry, Ruth and Paul pushed into a dingy, smelly confectionery parlor and took seats in one of the four little booths built along the wall in crude imitation of what the proprietor had seen in a fine restaurant while on his last trip to the city.

The sidewalk was much less crowded when they came out of the ice cream parlor for it was nearly ten o'clock. They piled into the small sedan and drove gayly and rapidly away.

A LITTLE way out of town Hungry lifted his arm, Eunice settled her head on his shoulder, his arm descended snugly and he drove on surprisingly well with one hand.

Paul stared, then lifted his own arm and draped it loosely along the seat back of Ruth. She smiled and slid over in the far corner away from him. He moved after her. She smiled again and slid an inch toward him. Her face was dim in the darkness, but he could feel her laughing eyes... They giggled, and caught at each other's hands.

Hungry coasted over into the grass, yanked the hand-brake into place and snapped off the lights.

To Paul it seemed brutal for Hungry to sit up an indefinite time later, yawn, look



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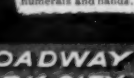
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Golden Glint
SHAMPOO
Gives the hair a "tiny tint"

at his watch and start the car. Ruth did not move as they jolted forward, presently to turn out on the gritty white surface of the west pike. Paul's dreamy state began to wane as they pulled up in the Sherwood driveway and stopped, till by the time he had disengaged himself, helped Ruth out, and crossed the wide lawn to the front door, his old fixed grin of self-consciousness was again plastered from ear to ear. A good night kiss, and she was gone.

Westfield drowsed in the swelter of a corn-belt summer. Paul arose quite late each morning and did precisely nothing all day.

In the dimness of parked sedans along lonely side roads, Paul Benton learned much and rapidly. He took to watching Hungry's actions intently, taking in the older boy's every movement in an effort to perfect his own necking technique.

THE second and third weeks in August, Paul and four other boys went camping a mile south of town on the grassy banks of a stream. They slept in a tattered old tent, ate immense quantities of canned beans, fried fish and stolen roasting ears, raced about three-fourths naked and got incredibly sun-burned.

As they sat around the fire one evening, telling ghost stories, a shaft of light swept through the trees. A machine pulled up and stopped on the nearby road. A moment later Buck Donnelly burst into the red ring of the fire light.

"Say, Skeeter," he barked roughly, "your folks wantcha to come right home!"

"Why, say! Gosh, Buck—has anything happened?"

"Not's I know of. Your ole man said come on back right away. That's all I know. Better get a move on."

With vague, horrifying conjectures flying in and out of his mind like bats through an attic window, Paul stumbled blindly into the tent and gathered up his two army blankets and little bundle of clothing.

Buck started the old Ford which he and Larry Hartman owned in common, whirled it around in the dark and plunged off on a breath-taking spin into town. As the car skidded to a halt before Paul's house he leaped from the machine. He plunged into the living room and stood there with his face screwed up apprehensively, a lusty young scare-crow with long, bare legs.

His parents rushed to him from the dining room, their faces shining with delight. "Paul, honey, listen—" Both of them talked loudly and happily, his father shaking an official looking letter under Paul's nose. Their babble rained about the boy in a bright shower. His fear took wings and fled as words and phrases became clear.

"Assistant Sales Manager—More money. Big office,—move—"

"Paul, Paul, honey, we're moving, going to move right way to the city!"

Five glorious minutes of it, then Paul dashed up to his room. Snapping on his light, he leaped to his dresser and looked deeply and piercingly into the clear blue eyes of the young man in the mirror.

The city? Gosh!

WHAT chap at sixteen wouldn't give his eye teeth for a chance to get out of a hick high school into a regular place? Paul Benton, in his own eyes at least, was a grown up man who could shoot pool, drink "hicker" and make dates with the best of the regular guys. Would he find himself a part of the "gang" in the city or would he be an outsider? His story of the rapid pace of high school life today continues in November SMART SET.

A Wonder Child Grows Up

[Continued from page 60]

lege graduate. I cite this simply to show why I was hailed as a "wonder child."

My mother, Dr. Winifred Sackville Stoner, is an unusual woman and as she started my education a few minutes after I was born, and kept steadily and wisely at it for many years, it should not astonish you that I developed rapidly. I owe my early reputation to the intensive training I received from my mother. These are the things that made the world at large call me a "prodigy":

At 1 year, I was talking, using long words.

At 17 months I could read.

At 2, I wrote my own name and knew Bible, Roman and Norse myths.

At 3, I used the typewriter and composed jingles.

At 4, I knew Latin declensions, had received a diploma in reading and had learned to speak Esperanto.

At 5, I translated Mother Goose into Esperanto, the universal language, and toured with my mother giving lectures in Esperanto.

At 6, I gave plays in Esperanto, did exhibition dancing and my work in water colors was praised.

At 7, I published a book of jingles.

At 8, I spoke eight languages.

At 9, I beat champions playing chess.

At 10, I was head of the Junior Peace League.

At 11, I taught Esperanto at Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh.

At 12, I gave concerts on the violin and piano and could row, fence, swim, ride, skate, crochet, knit, sew and cook.

That's really an appalling list, isn't it?

But I'm not joking when I say it's far from complete. At twelve I was also familiar with the history and political systems of my own country and of all the European countries. Using Esperanto I had corresponded with young people in all parts of the world and had learned something of Australia, China, Japan, South Africa and South America.

Under my mother's guidance I had learned much of the lives of beetles, ants, bees, butterflies and spiders. I had studied animals in the zoo and art in the museums. I had studied anatomy and physiology with my father who was a surgeon. I had made considerable progress in arithmetic, algebra and geometry with Professor A. R. Hornbrook, of Starrett School, Chicago, as my instructor. At thirteen, or soon after, I was familiar with the fundamentals of astronomy, physiology, chemistry and mineralogy.

Now the natural thing to ask is:

"WHAT did this early training, these unusual attainments, do to make me fit to meet the hard, practical problems of the life we all must live in this material age? That is, has my education helped me through difficulties? Has it made living easier and happier?"

One of the burdens under which a great many people labor is an inferiority complex. They are whipped before they start. They are not sure of themselves, nor of their ability. Generally, these people were suppressed in their childhood. They were told they were bad, ignorant or stupid. They were told they could not and must not do

certain things but no reason was given them. Their childish egotism was crushed and they developed an inferiority complex.

I escaped all that. "Can't" was a word that did not enter into my training. I was encouraged, constantly, to feel that I could do things. My childish egotism, of which every normal child has a large amount, was soothed and placated, not laughed at and beaten. That I think is an excellent way to treat a child. Time and experience temper this egotism. It is tamed as one acquires group consciousness, but the child escapes the feeling of worthlessness. He does not doubt his ability. He develops no inferiority complex.

I was not unusually endowed but I was trained to have confidence in myself. My mother always insisted that I was not a genius, one of those rare and gifted people who do marvelous things by a process too subtle to yield to analysis. I had no real and marked tendency in any direction. I feel now that I was a normal child who was fortunate enough to receive the advantages of an unusual educational system. I knew there were things that I knew and things that I could do. As a result I faced life without shrinking and at the same time without arrogance or undue pride. That attitude I consider a very valuable asset.

ALSO through training I early acquired an ability to express my thoughts. From the very first my mother talked to me as though I were an intelligent human being. There was no baby talk in our family, so I learned to pronounce words correctly and learned their proper use. All through my baby days in conversations with my mother I was encouraged to describe the things I saw and heard. I was guided into accuracy.

When it became necessary for me to make my own living, this ability proved of real financial value. It made it possible for me to write advertising copy. In this work, one of the most exacting of all businesses, I have successfully competed with trained men. When I tried scenario writing I was in a position to make the most of my talents. I could say what I wanted to say. These two lines have proved of most financial value. If by "practical" I meant simply the making of money I believe I could specialize successfully in either of these writing professions, but in my meaning of the word practical I include service to others and I am happy to know there are many ways in which I can help. Is not this, after all, the real measure of educational worth?

My early education was conducted entirely through play, but it was play with a purpose. I remember a game that my mother and I played with brightly colored bells—red, blue, orange, green, each one ringing with a different tone. All children love bells and I was encouraged to play with mine as much as I pleased. From them I learned colors and the various tones in the scale. Before I could talk I could select the red bell, or any specified color. A little later, upon hearing a note struck on the piano, I could match it with one of my bells. That was a game that any baby would love. Don't you see that after that game of bells I could never be tone deaf or color blind?

There was another game, "Little Sharp Eyes," that I greatly enjoyed when I was a little older and went for walks with mother. We were constantly trying to see who could spy a thing first or who could see the greater number of several things displayed in a shop window. This was a fascinating game and it taught me sight memory and quickness and accuracy of observation. We played the same game with beans or other objects at home. Because of this game I can today see one thing or a number of things more quickly and accurately than my friends.

So I learned and was happy while learning. That I think is the real secret of the

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training that made people call me a "wonder child."
Now as I look back upon that childhood, which may seem to you to have been rather boring, you may be surprised to know that the only dark spot I can recall is the notoriety I received. My mother's book, "Natural Education," in which she told how I had been trained, brought thousands of people to our door and led to the publication of hundreds of articles about the system and about me.

PEOPLE from everywhere came to see with their own eyes and to prove with their own ears the truth of the statements my mother had made in her book. Exhibitions at Carnegie Hall, New York, and elsewhere followed. I did not, at the time, as I remember, dislike these public appearances but now I am sorry they occurred. They had no place in my mother's system and they interfered with my steady and calm advance. I was a child and it did me no good to be thrown into a position that should have been reserved for an adult.

If I ever have a child of my own I shall follow my mother's system of education but I shall keep that child away from the public. I shall consider that it is an entirely private baby over whose destiny I am watching and no matter what early accomplishments it acquires, it will be my baby and I shall be eternally vigilant to keep it mine.

I do not mean to imply the slightest criticism of my mother. She was convinced that she had a wonderful system of education and that it would be a crime to withhold it from the world. As a result she wrote her book and then exhibit A, myself, had to be produced. I was put through my stunts. I played the violin and piano, I whistled, I sang, I danced, I spoke in seven or eight different languages, I lectured in Esperanto, I played chess with masters and beat them. I recited my jingles—in short, I showed off. I did these things not because in my mother's eyes I was a "wonder child", but because I was, at the time, all she had to show for her system. I regret all that. I regret the egotism it fostered and which I have since fought to overcome. I regret it in spite of the fact that my fame has been of service to me.

I do not remember that there was any burden being laid upon me when I was being trained as a child. I do remember distinctly that I enjoyed most of the things I was asked to do. I learned languages easily because they were made a part of my play life. As soon as I could talk in English my mother began teaching me Spanish. She

chose that language as the simplest and easiest of the European tongues. As soon as I learned a few words we would build these up into stories, telling over the stories I had already learned in English. It was a fascinating game of building up words. It was all play. I liked to talk, as most children do, and it was interesting, amusing, to find myself using new words to say things I had before said in some other language.

It was in this way that, at four, I learned Latin declensions. I remember a game we called "Finding Babies". We took a word like "magna", for instance and then we began searching for the English words that were children of "mother magna". All such words we called "magna babies". One of these was magnanimity and I recollect that I nearly drove everyone mad by my constant use of that word, the sound of which fascinated me.

Another part of our Latin game was to put in a box a number of slips of paper upon which were written adjectives, verbs or nouns. Then one of us would draw five slips from the box. The game was to build as many as possible of the words which we drew into a sentence. The words that could not be used went into the pot and could be used by the opponent. In this way we vied with each other in building word castles. It was all fun but it taught me Latin.

When I was a baby it was believed that Esperanto was soon to become an international language. Esperanto, as you know, is a made up language founded on two hundred of the best root words, upon which, following sixteen simple rules, the entire vocabulary is made up. Its simplicity of structure makes it extremely easy to learn and for a time it really looked as though it might develop into an international tongue.

All of this time the physical side of my training was not being neglected. Probably you would realize that from the fact that people called me a tomboy. My mind was stimulated by the dances I learned, by swimming, riding, skating, fencing, knitting and rowing. With this established harmony between mind and muscle, which Dr. George Dorsey, author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" would call "muscular behaviorism," it was easy and delightful to learn to play the violin and piano. Neither instrument presented impossible physical difficulties.

BACK of everything I learned, two forces were at work. The first was the instinct to imitate. I did what I saw my mother do. When she began using the typewriter I watched her and when she left me alone I

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made my first attempt on that machine. It wasn't bad either in spite of the fact that there was no punctuation and no capitals.

The second driving force in a child is the desire to create. The child likes to make things. It was this that led me to write so that at twelve I was the author of ten books. Please don't think that I am saying this in a boasting spirit. I believe that any child educated as I was, with the desire to write, would do the same thing and possibly do it better.

You remember, I said I was very young when my mother's book made me famous. The reporters, professors and strange, curious people who came to see me were doubting Thomases who spoke to me in their native languages in an effort to prove that I did not know the things I was said to know. Young as I was I realized that I must do my best to prove to these intruders that my mother had told the truth about me. As a result it is on record that I answered questions in eleven different languages. Afterwards I had the satisfaction of making a speech in Esperanto which no one seemed to understand.

ONE direct "practical" result of the publicity I received was an offer from a motion picture company to become a screen actress. I don't think it mattered to the film people whether I could act or not. They, no doubt, were primarily interested in cashing in on the value my name had at that time. I should like some time to write a whole book about my motion picture experience.

In all I made three feature pictures for the Artcraft Company, now no longer in existence, a series of twelve short educational pictures for Pathé, and one comedy for an independent producer.

This comedy, made about 1919, was the last thing I did, and thereby hangs a rather amusing tale. The scene of the story was supposed to be aboard a palatial yacht, but the craft which they had hired for the picture was really a dirty, ancient and disreputable vessel on which I spent many an uncomfortable night.

As we had to be on "location" every morning at seven A. M. the only thing to do was to remain on board as the boat was anchored far, far from my home bed.

My director was an ill-mannered, bad-tempered person, but he was unconsciously more of a comedian than any of the company. He continually assumed a ridiculous posture, twirling his moustache and smoothing his immaculate suit of white linen, stiffly starched, and shouting through a megaphone as he clumped about in a pair of riding boots which did not belong with the rest of his costume at all.

After suffering at his hands for ten days or more the big scene was about to be "shot", my act being to dive from the top of the ship, fully clothed, and swim for shore.

As the water was anything but inviting to one who had been taught something of sanitation I requested our fine director to move out a bit where the waters would be fresh, but he considered that this would take too much time. I said nothing more and the camera men went out to take the picture from a raft.

The immaculate director howled at me from the deck below, but I made no motion to dive into those unpleasant waters. Finally, in a great rage he rushed up the ladder to my side saying something about the water "being clean enough for anyone".

"Then," said I, "it is clean enough for you," and with a gentle push I helped him over the side with his white linen suit, boots, megaphone and all.

He was fished out with some sort of a grappling hook, and while he was being revived I packed my bag and departed thoroughly convinced that I did not care

to be a motion picture comedienne anyway.

One very agreeable member of that company managed to take a snap-shot of the director as he was being hauled up on the hook and told the story to a newspaper man. The snap-shot and the "terrible tale" were published in a big syndicated article and strange to say brought me many more offers to appear in pictures from other companies, but I had had enough.

I will say, however, that since I retired from the screen, conditions in the motion picture business have greatly improved and were I offered a really nice contract with a good company now, I might be tempted to accept.

Everything I have mentioned so far has been to show you that my education is still of practical value. There is, however, a phase of life upon which I have not yet touched, the emotional side. That, I am sure is as essential and of more interest, than the mere question of making money.

"Your unusual attainments must have destroyed your interest in men of your own age," is a remark that has been made to me many thousands of times. Honestly, I don't think that's true. It is true that the very young men have seldom been interesting to me. I like men who have seen the world, who have acquired wisdom through experience, who have become tolerant through an analysis of their own weakness and their own strength but I am not unique in this respect. I know many young women who feel the same way. Intelligent girls admire maturity and fall in love with the brilliant middle-aged man.

When I was eighteen, I met Count Charles Phillippe de Bruche. He was much older than I physically but I suspect we were not far apart in intellectual age. He was a cultured European in whom I found all the qualities I most admired. He had visited the countries I had visited, had read the books I had read and had acquired a vision and tolerance that were fascinating. From the first we were mental companions, meeting on a basis of equality. We were married and during the year of our marriage we were supremely happy. In an automobile accident at the end of that year he was killed.

Surely my training prepared me for that happy adventure in love and comradeship. That same training, I think, should have been sufficient to keep me out of my second alliance but unfortunately there are emotions that go beyond the restraining influence of any education. It is not easy to account for my second marriage even to myself.

Chance threw me in contact with Mr. Louis Hyman, a man who had been kind and helpful to my mother and me at the time of my father's death. Between us there was no real community of interest, no communion of souls. We differed in religion, in tastes, in almost every vital thing in life. Yet, his great kindness, his solicitude, his impetuous courtship, his other real and fine qualities blinded me to the fact that we were totally unsuited to one another.

THE newspaper reports that I could not even make a cup of coffee were ridiculous. I have written at some length on domestic science and my mother and my friends will tell you that I am a good cook. I learned to cook by playing at housekeeping in my mother's kitchen. I can hardly remember a time when I couldn't cook, or when I was not familiar with an excellent system of managing a house. It was not over food that Mr. Hyman and I disagreed; our differences went very much deeper than that.

I am often asked if my maturity did not come at so early an age as to spoil both my childhood and my real maturity. The question always amuses me. At twenty-four I am far from mature. I know that. My friends know it. I am just the age at

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which many young men get out of college and no one thinks they are mature. They have barely started. It is the same with me. I have simply begun. Unfortunately I can no longer learn through play. Learning now is more or less of a tragic business but it is something that only the fool can escape.

Of course, the business of making a living has interfered with many of the things I did as a child. I still play the violin because I love it but I have not attempted to keep up my work on the piano. Physically I am always fit because I have never over-exerted myself.

I SHOULD like to warn the modern girl against too violent exercise. Many girls now spend their school days practising strenuous stunts on the horizontal bars, racing, hurdling or playing hockey. When they leave school they marry and almost at once they give up all of these things. As a result they quickly get soft, flabby, are easily tired and not infrequently become chronic invalids.

Swimming I consider the best of all sports for women. Next come dancing and horse-back riding. I keep my own horse and ride for an hour or two every day. I also dance and swim. A year ago I made the Los Angeles Athletic Club swimming team. Like most women I prefer curves to nerves, so within moderation, I am keeping up my

athletic sports and enjoying them.

This, I think, is the one thing of great value I can tell you now. Let your child play, only direct its play so that what it does will be constructive and enlightening. Games with aims and play with a purpose,—these are the rare Blue Flowers growing in the bright field of education. The time is coming I think when these slogans will be the backbone of our system of training children. This means that what seems a prodigy today will be considered a normal child tomorrow.

Don't try to repress the mental activities of your children. They are bound to learn and if you don't feed their eager minds they will pick up something that you would rather they hadn't. When they start asking questions, I think the only way is to tell them the truth, even if it is about Santa Claus. This does not mean that the information given to your children should be uncensored, but it does mean that if you tell them anything you should tell them the truth unhampered by false modesty.

I think we should never be afraid for our children of the influence and implications of knowledge. A child is an individual, and he has his own way to carve in the world. He will make his own application of the truths you teach him. Let him learn to rely upon himself, upon his own judgment. Thus he will be the better fitted to profit from experience.

The Man in the Mackinaw

[Continued from page 41]

and quilts heaped about and pillows on the floor. Bachelors! Smoky lamp chimneys! My cabin would be different.

I wished Kate's boat had a top to keep out the choppy water slapping the shore that night was swiftly blacking out. A racking clock showed it was too early for the section gang to appear, and I went along the railroad tracks. But almost at once I turned quickly and ran for the house. Suppose a moose came at me? The train crew had argued about what a moose would do. Last week a man on a speeder had been attacked by a cow moose.

BUT this black house. I didn't feel like cleaning lamps for untidy men. A sudden ringing made me leap up! Of course, that phone! When I located it by falling over a bed, I spoke and shivered as I heard:

"That you girlee? Now don't get up in the air! Nothin' happened there yet? That's all right. Quick now look back of the milk case. See is there a rifle settin' there? You load that rifle! Burson, he's the section foreman, says shells for it is by the sourdough pot in the kitchen. Put four shells in a clip and one in by itself quick!

"Trouble is, daughter, the marshall here's just been killed, about a hour after the freight went out. He was shot! For God's sake, Anchorage, keep off the wire, I got a woman alone expectin' that murderer in on her. Well do it!

"Hello, Kid? This guy is somewhere out on the line with a gat an' plenty ammunition. Carries his gun in a shoulder holster. He thought the marshall was after him, but they didn't know he was wanted. And when Ike asked his name, he shot Ike down, dead! Hundred men fanned right out, but he got a start, grabbed a hand car the crew from Twenty'd come in on, an that ol' Kate, she come in with 'em. She's standin' here.

"They're leavin' now, but it'll be two hours, hard pumpin' over the Summit. They'll call you when they pass Twelve section house. I'm tryin' to raise the road-

house at Twenty-three, and if I do they'll come and get you. So watch, dear. If they holler out 'Bell' or 'Fuller'—it's friends, but if they don't use them names then shoot! That's orders here, shoot him on sight as he shot Ike!

"The boys and Kate are goin' to fire three shots when they're close to Mile Twenty, so when you hear them shots you'll know. This guy's heavy set. He's eat in the café here. Think you've saw him! Got on a mackinaw and a turn down slouch hat, dark hair, smooth shaved. Don't make no light an' keep up your nerve!"

KEEP up my nerve? Yes, but not in that house that anyone could look through from four sides. Putting a lamp on the floor of the most secluded corner, I brought and loaded the rifle. Fortunate that Bill had liked guns. This was oiled and the barrel shiny, like a German make and true-shooting.

Taking a quilt I stepped out and crouched in a blueberry clump. A mackinaw, turn down hat, dark hair. I had seen him!

"I have the gun for a certain purpose!" he had said.

I could see the lake, lighter than the dark land. The little waves, breaking on the beach, and the ceaseless sound of a creek above, flowing through a narrow outlet, bothered me when I tried to hear sounds of anyone coming, over the ties. Once a wailing made me shudder with more than the wintry cold. An otter, maybe!

This darkness that I had expected would be friendly, was hiding a skulking form, a man who had slain another. He was pursued by other revengeful forms, eager to be killers in their turn, to shoot on sight. I began to pray, for the fleeing killer and those who followed him—for everybody, and for me. If he appeared, was I to shoot at him? If only he would pass by!

He couldn't know I was here, but if he saw me, shocked into greater fear, he'd shoot me unless I shot first! He wouldn't shoot me! Not that man who had kissed

me and held me against his heart! No one to help him in all this sinister night. All against him, hunting, hunting. He had the steadiest gray eyes, lighted with ardor.

How had he looked when he yanked out that revolver and faced the helpless marshall, and fired. And afterward when he ran, the town roused in pursuit; his lungs bursting as he pumped the hand car across a flat where he was visible for two miles. Ahead of him stretched the forests, but there had been a month of heavy rains, creeks and waterholes were flooded. Near the coast he would slip and mire in mud and muskeg. Then the piercing cold! For the last hour a wind had come growling from the draws across the Lake lashing the water and making the fir trees creak.

I was frantic, getting down close to the rails to listen, and creeping from the road-bed at fancied alarms. And I was hungry. All the food was in Kate's boat, but he might come along the beach if I went down there.

A CRASH, near the tracks. I stayed on my knees, holding my breath while a great shape a few feet away sent forth a whoosh! Its hoof made a rail clang as it crashed down the slope. It was a moose! Frightened but eager to see it, I stared down. It must be swimming. Here was another!

What was that rattle and whizzing, louder, then softening to nothing? Some sort of car on the tracks! I held the rifle as a club. Bell and Fuller would be friends coming from the North. Anyone else, shoot! The car, a gasoline speeder, rushed by while I lurked in the shallow ditch. I sank upon a brush pile, dragging the quilt around me, and after an interval rabbits began to frisk again while the wind yowled around the house.

Would it always blow and would I always be cold in this country? The willawaws from the water met gusts that made me stumble in the hollows between the ties as I struggled back toward the shack. In the house it was almost as cold as outdoors. I found matches and a lantern. Was that a shot? I rushed through the door. One!—Two!—Three! The section gang's signal!

Standing on the track, I lit the lantern and waved it trying to make them think I had not been frightened. I didn't want to see old Kate now, or to hear them gabbling horrible bloody details. Where was he, in the black forest, unable to have a fire, with no food and no friends? A feeble flicker answered my waves. I heard footsteps on the ties, and saw a tiny red glow.

"Hello?"

"You, out here, this night?"

The man was beside me. He threw away a cigarette, and took the lantern from my feeble grasp. A man in a mackinaw with a slouch hat; a dark haired man I had seen before! His face was grimly pale as I held to his sleeve and cried:

"PUT out the lantern, hurry! The section gang is coming after you, but there's a boat on the beach! Oh, a man just went by on a speeder. A hundred men have fanned out after you. We—we'll take the boat, go down this lake to Kenai River. Lower Kenai River runs into Cook Inlet. That's the ocean. There's grub in the boat. Come. I can hardly breathe, hold me up. I'll be all right! Hurry. They'll catch us!"

"You're going to save me, sweet, not let them get me?" he demanded.

"Save you, yes!" I said. "No one to help you. It's too cruel! Can you make an outboard engine go? My things are all in the boat. Quick!"

"Easy, sweet," said the man in the mackinaw. "We have time! They won't head me now! There's no moon until midnight. We'll shove off and drift out, then the wind will swallow the sound of the exhaust.

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I thought I saw lights, heard signal shots, everywhere, but he said I only imagined them and to get in while he looked over the loading. He changed some of the flour, urging me to crouch under a tarp.

"Let me boss this packet, you've done enough . . . A rifle, and shells? Fine."

I lay in the bottom of the boat while he poled us free of drift stumps.

It was rough and the boat pitched badly. I had to crawl from the tarpaulin and bail while he fussed with the engine, cursing it a little for its coughing and balking. I found the old cook's sandwiches and vacuum bottle of coffee.

"**LITTLE** Blessed, you've got everything," he cried. "Say this is a regular picnic! Just about didn't eat at all today, did you? Nor I. Too much on my mind one way and another. Got a cup? Such a providing little housewife. You drink and then I will."

I seemed to have no real thoughts, but only vague recollections of earlier times; of Bill, both of us expansive over an office lunch. He had asked why women with at least assumed brains never did any good for themselves in selecting mates but always got dubs! A dumb female reached in life's grab bag and brought out a winner. I thought he should see me in this boat, a murderer escaping the law through the suggestion of my assumed brain! My body ached with cold, and when I was lifted and thawed in the man's anxious clasp, I did not resist, but let him put the salvaged quilt about us while he steered with one hand.

I awoke to find the boat tied to a bank and myself bunched beside a small fire. The land was all white with frost, in this first light of the dawn. Coffee, ham and eggs and toast were being cooked by the man in the mackinaw. He made me get up and jump fast to stir up circulation.

I washed by breaking through tinkly ice while wood smoke and that delicious brown-ham teased my appetite. This scene I thought would not be melancholy to me, with a different end to aim at. I came back to a seat on a slicker. He was assembling breakfast, whistling bits from the music I had played that last night. Before we rose to leave, he took my cold hand and held it against his cold cheek.

"I think more than I can mention. It isn't the place for much talk."

I nodded, sighing. I had once thought this the way I wanted to look at the North—rough around in pleasant company, camp, shoot a little, look at game and rest in this marvelous silence. There was no wind to battle. I sighed again. This was a party of my make-up not truly moral, or normal, or anything. I should be revolted, seated beside an outlaw. I should insist on his keeping definitely clear of me. He could kill me, too, and dump me overboard if he took a notion.

A mist floated over the opening to the river. The increasing current hurried the boat even without the engine, and with it we sped past a wooded shoreline, passing a cabin or two, no smoke yet rising. Another cabin, then none. We too were alone on the trail. I heard a roaring and he laughed and told me to laugh and like it. It was better to do that than shrink from what one couldn't dodge.

So I sat straight and glared at the green water boiling around black jags of rock. Then the boat veered suddenly and took in water.

"No time to bail, hang on," cried the man. We righted, dove into a crest and I cheered. "With another man to row in the rifles, you'd see the difference. Here's a long one, lie flat!" he shouted.

The racing current of the Kenai led us into a canyon where we were whirled about

madly. Then came the final rapids, and carried by a slower current we struck Skilak Lake as the sun just touched the icy wonders of Skilak Glacier.

"Look at that house across the lake."

"House?" I stared, blinking tears.

"Like to run over and snoop around? Looks as if somebody's got a fire."

"Lucky! Lucky!" I said bitterly. "They can stay and be peaceful. But we have to go on, to escape. We must reach Cook Inlet before—"

"Sweetheart, where do you think we'll be when you get us escaped to this Cook Inlet?" he asked. "Here's a map, wait'll I unfold it. Now this is Kenai Peninsula. Back here is Seward where the murder was. No, sit up here by me!"

"I won't!" I said wildly. "Now you are showing your real nature, after being so lovely! I won't. Gimme the map myself. Well, I'll sit up, but it's because I want to. No one is making me. I can't be made to!"

He put an arm around me. After a pause, he gently kissed me, and I took his hand, stroking it. He said:

"Stop, pet. Don't, darling. My little escaping general! In the inlet, we must come out above Seward, and all ships call in there going south. At the village of Kenai, we may get a launch to take us to Soldovia for the ship, or to Anchorage, where we could go on the railroad back to Seward. Put this boat on a freight flat, too, and get it back to Kate White, and not owe her so much! We'd pass Mile 20, where you and I started this trip. So you thought we'd hit the coast below the port, then ho for the big Outside? Kiss me once and I'll let you in on a secret. No, kiss me, first!"

A thrill rippled over me as I caught him in a furious embrace, and screamed:

"Then it wasn't you who killed the marshal!"

"Well, I hope not!" said the man. "But it was I who went by on the speeder, with the bird who did, tied hand and foot, back of me. I'd gone out on the same train with you but you didn't know I was on it. This chap stole the forester's speeder, found it close to town, and they had him yaffled at Mile 34 when I got off there. After argument by phone we settled that I had most time and so would pack him to jail for them. But near Twenty I met the section crew, and they wanted to take him and bring home stuff they hadn't waited to load on. Suited me, and the old lady made me swear to fire the three shots and calm a young lady that I'd find having fits in the section house. You wouldn't let me even try to calm you!"

"But they said he had a mackinaw and slouch hat!"

"**TEN** thousand whites up here and eight thousand have mackinaws," he said. "Well, we need a rest. That's a hunting party after moose in that shack, an honest wedded wife among them. I was to leave the husband a revolver with old Kate. I borrowed it last month. I don't figure we need a chaperon, after all this, but I don't want really to have to shoot some conversational citizen later, so let's tell her a good lie, and go camp there a few days and have fun looking at the country. Got grub and things here."

"I'm looking for airplane bases for commercial flying, through here. Been up and down all summer. We'll sneak up on Tustumena Lake, then we can drop down to Kenai, go over to a town, but not for long since you like it rough."

"What will we go to the town for?" He laughed, looking at me, and I laughed and cried too, and held him tightly—my murderer—as he said:

"Don't you kid me! You know you can't compromise me, either. You got to marry me, gal!"

A Kiss for a Touchdown

[Continued from page 65]

I am, a fool! Now I know why you begged me to say I wouldn't go for this skunk. You were only baiting me so he could have you without any rumpus."

"Keep your hat on, Pep," Touchdown said. "You and I can't fight now. It'll ruin our chances for tomorrow. I'll give you all the opportunity you want to settle with me after the game." I could tell by his tones that he was fighting hard to control himself.

"Settle after the game. You'll do it now. I'll teach you to steal another man's girl," Pep cried, pushing me aside.

"If you dare go back on your word, I'll never speak to you again," I said. I was desperate at the sight of him rushing at Carpenter who stood like a giant torn between two great conflicting forces.

My words halted Pep for a moment: "I don't give a whoop. You went back on your word. You sold me to this big beefing bully."

"Oh! Pep, I only came here to break my date with him," I said. I was stung to the quick by the fact that Pep was right. I had gone back on my promise. What was about to happen was all my fault. Oh! Why had I ever been tempted to leave the floor with Touchdown? Why? Why? Just to make trouble, and to ruin State's chances in the big game.

"I don't fall for that bunk any more," Pep flung at me and again charged toward the giant who stood waiting for the storm to strike him.

I stood chained to the floor as Pep's fist shot upward for Touchdown's face which suddenly lost its mask-like quality. Then a wave of blessed relief surged through me. For I saw that Touchdown Carpenter was not going to fight. He was only going to defend himself from the rage of the smaller man.

The giant's hands shot out and he warded off Pep's two vicious blows. Closing in on the quarterback he pinned his arms against his sides, and held him. But, Pep Palmer was made of swift, wiry sinews and bones. He eluded the clinch and struck twice in rapid succession. One blow caught Carpenter on the left cheek, the other ploughed into his right shoulder.

Still the captain made no attempt to punch back, and once more he bore in on little Pep, seeking to catch his wind-milling arms. This time Touchdown got him, and lifted him three feet from the floor to get a better hold, but Pep kicked and clawed his way back to the floor, and grabbing Touchdown around the knees as if he were tackling him, brought him almost down when suddenly the big fellow put all the steam he had into his arms and shoulders. Pep was flung away like an arrow from a bow. He landed against a table. The table overturned, and a lamp crashed to the floor. At that moment there was heavy pounding at the locked door, and an uproar began in the hall.

As Carpenter and I stood there, staring aghast at each other, wondering how to get out of the threatening jam, Pep struggled to his feet, still full of fight, although it was evident that he was badly shaken. I threw my arms around him to hold him back.

"Pep, for my sake get out of here. People are coming. Listen to them at the door."

"I'll kill him for this," he said, and I pushed me away.

I caught at the wall for support, and my fingers grazed the electric light switch. I snapped it, plunging the room into darkness, but Pep and Touchdown were already grappling again. I rushed to them.

"Touchdown, fling him off. We've got to

get through the window before the crowd breaks the door in. Let Pep stay. I'm through with him."

Just as I climbed through the window there was another crash in the room. Unnerved I let go my hold on the sill and dropped three feet to the ground below. The next moment a great shadow blurred through the window and Touchdown Carpenter snatched my hands.

"Come on, we've got to beat it, Vida," he said, pulling me after him.

FROM Forest Hall there came excited clamor. Voices shouting orders to searching parties.

"They're hunting us. Come, Vida, we've got to clear out. Here's a classroom building. Maybe a door is open. Let's try," he said, and drew me after him into the deeper dark of the building's vestibule.

A door was unlocked. We ducked through it, and tiptoed in, not daring to strike a match, for the voices of the searchers sounded close at hand.

"They'll never think of coming in here," whispered Touchdown as we reached the other side of the building, "but we'd better stay under cover until they pass."

We stood very close to each other in a silence broken only by the cries outside which became fainter with the passing of moments. Suddenly the reaction hit me, and I just about caved in. Touchdown steadied me with his arms but made no attempt to kiss me. I was awfully glad he didn't because all desire to be made love to had been swept away. I only felt remorse, and guilt.

"Oh! Touchdown, I feel so awful about everything. Will Pep's attack on you make a lot of difference in the team now? Will it keep you from playing your best?" I begged.

"It won't keep me from doing my best. Remember why I'm out tomorrow to roll up a dozen touchdowns if possible. I hope it won't hurt Pep's playing. Nobody else on the team'll be affected by it unless he tells 'em, because mum's the word with me."

"You're a sweet man, Touchdown Carpenter," I said, and let him lead me to the campus.

In the glare of the colored torches, girls in evening dresses, and boys in dinner jackets, all of them bareheaded and excited, talking about the mysterious rumpus in the lounging rooms of Forest Hall. Touchdown and I skirted these little gatherings without being recognized. He left me a few feet from the lighted entrance of the hotel, and I rushed up to my room where I flung myself across the bed oblivious of my new party dress.

For an hour or more I lay there tortured by the realization that if Pep Palmer played a poor game tomorrow, and State lost on that account it would be all my fault. If I had kept my pact with him he would not have attacked Touchdown. I had told him I would never speak to him again, that I was through with him. This was bound to upset him regardless of the fact that he risked my breaking off with him by fighting Carpenter against my plea.

My hysteria suddenly ended. I pulled myself together. It was no time to go to pieces. Pep Palmer had to be at his best for the big game. If knowing that I didn't mean I was through with him would help any, he was going to know it.

I jumped up and telephoned the administration building to learn how I could get in touch with a member of the Varsity, for it was now past ten, and as usual the team had been whisked off to some secret place until a few minutes before game time. But, the administration operator said that the



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whereabouts of the team was a mystery to everyone, including the university president. "They're out of the picture until one-forty-five tomorrow," she said.

Fear and despair were gnawing in my heart as I sat in my box at State stadium the next afternoon. I had not been able to reach Pep Palmer. The Varsity's whereabouts was still shrouded in mystery. All that cheering thousands in the State side of the great amphitheater knew was that in a few moments their team was due to charge through the players' gate, and warm up for the game of games.

Suddenly the air went mad. People rose like waves around me. State was coming on the field! I trembled all over as I stood upon my seat bent upon seeing Pep Palmer, and making him know in some manner what was in my heart for him. I'd shout it out for all the world to hear if necessary.

ALMOST at that moment a State student cried: "Where's Pep Palmer? He's not at quarterback on either A or B team."

My heart stopped beating and my eyes blurred as they swept over the two teams at signal practice. The players mixed and merged into blue sweated masses, making a baffling picture of flying arms and legs. All around me voices were saying:

"What's happened to Pep?"
"The team's twenty percent weaker without him."

"Pep, Pep, Pep Palmer!"
Nothing could make me believe that I wasn't to blame for whatever had happened to keep Pep off the field, and sitting there in the midst of all the despair over his failure to be with the Varsity, I suffered torments. Had he been hurt in the scuffle last night? Had he attacked Carpenter again?

The teams were lining up. Now I saw Touchdown Carpenter. He was getting ready to kick off for State. The referee's whistle blew. I shut my eyes, a prayer in my heart.

When I opened my eyes the game was on. Touchdown had booted the pigskin to Carleton's ten-yard line, and his ends were charging down upon the crimson-sweated man who had caught it.

Before anybody realized it the Carleton man, Coffey, famous punter, booted the ball back over the heads of the onrushing State men. The ball went spiralling high and straight into a territory unguarded except for Smith, the State substitute quarterback, who was playing back as a safety man. Everybody in the stands seemed to catch this bit of strategy as the ball sailed at Smith. Knowing that Pep was out of the game, Carleton, putting no stock in the sub quarterback had punted back in hopes Smith would fumble. Already their ends were driving down on him.

Smack!
The ball hit Smith's hands, and then I covered my face as a heart-breaking wail went up from State's rooters. Poor Smith, nervous in his first big game, had fumbled.

The air suddenly went wild with Carleton voices. Elkins, their end, scooped up the fumbled ball, and dashed over for a touchdown. One minute after play!

"Oh! if only Pep had been there," groaned a fellow next to me, and I felt as if he had struck me.

The teams lined up again. Coffey tried to drop-kick, but the attempt was blocked by Touchdown Carpenter who tore through the line like a battering ram and knocked the ball to the ground.

But, from this moment until the whistle for the end of the first half, the teams locked in one of the swiftest, fiercest, see-saw struggles ever seen on a gridiron. State would rip off a long gain by the brilliant running of Carpenter or one of the other backs, then fail to develop the steam and push to make the next downs. Everybody in the stands

swore this was because Pep was not there, driving the team with his courage and experience.

Poor Smith was doing his best now, and there were no more fumbles, but he was not varsity calibre. Every time someone mentioned Pep I wanted to die, but there was nothing I could do. Carleton, after its brilliant touchdown, seemed in the same fix as State and could not put on the extra steam to continue a march to the goal after a series of dangerous advances.

I remained in my seat between halves, not daring to move about. As the men came back to their seats I heard Smith had injured his hand so badly that the second string quarterback, Wilson, was going in for him.

"We may hold 'em to these six points, but we'll never start a winning drive without Pep in there," a man said.

"Something's happened to him, that's all anybody's heard," chipped in another, his face shadowed. It was getting cold in the stadium. The sun was sinking, and a wind was whipping across the field.

A moment later an usher looked into my box, and called my name. My heart sank into my shoes. What was the matter now? I answered him in a weak voice. He gave me an envelope. I took it, warmly conscious that everybody nearby was looking at me. The note made me gasp aloud, but fortunately at that moment the crowds were cheering the return of the players. It was from Touchdown Carpenter, scrawled in pencil. I read:

"Glad I remembered the box you're in. It's up to you now Vida. State can't win without Pep. He's been in such bad mental shape since last night the coaches won't let him play. It's not because of our fight. Pep apologized for that last night, and we shook hands for State, but he went to pieces this morning because you've canned him. I tried to tell him different, but he's dead sure you meant it. If Wilson's hurt, the coaches have got to send Pep in. Let him hear from you on the field, somehow. State's got to win! Touchdown."

Ten minutes left to play, and the ball in Carleton's possession! The teams lined up, and Carleton pulled the last thing a team dares in the shadow of its own goal posts, flung a beautiful long forward pass that netted thirty yards, placing the ball in mid-field. Bewildered by this the State line gave way five more yards. A triple pass gained three. Two to go. A buck failed. Then came a fake kick that developed into a run from punt formation for six yards.

"**HOLD 'em State,**" bellowed the State rooters, as two fresh backs galloped into the fray for Carleton. One was Edwards, their fastest track man, built for speed.

The cheer leaders on both sides had to hush their sections down; the players couldn't hear signals. In that awful suppressed quiet came the sharp, barky numbers. Two groups of men charged savagely until one of the knot emerged, a tall slim crimson-jerseyed man running with the speed of the wind. Carpenter flung himself vainly at the streaking Edwards, as did others. Now there was daylight between the sprinter and the State line except for a blue-sweated figure, crouching grimly in the shadows of the field—Wilson, playing safety for State.

"Pep, Pep!" I sobbed as the man in his place dived for the fleeing crimson phantom. "Wilson got him—got him—got him—" shrieked a college boy in the next box. The rest of his words were drowned under a bedlam of cheers.

But, in getting his man, Wilson had been knocked out. My heart leaped into my mouth. Pep was coming into the battle! The crowd waited wondering. I guess, just what was holding things up. Suddenly a helmeted figure with a big white 3 on his back dashed

on the field to take Wilson's place. Frenzy! Hopes sky rocketing into the heavens! Old men, young men, women, and girls, waving State pennants like people suddenly gone mad, and me rushing pell-mell down the aisle to the side-lines screaming at the top of my voice—

"Pep, Pep!"
A cheer leader came running to put me back. But, I resisted him, yelling into his ear to shut the crowd up so Pep Palmer could hear me. I guess he realized what was up for he and his assistants got the crowd calmed down so the game could go on, and then he shoved the megaphone in my hands saying, "Do your stuff."

"Pep—Pep," I shouted as the players lined up.

Through misty eyes I saw Touchdown Carpenter swing Pep Palmer around, and point at me. Then I shouted again—

"Pep, Pep! A kiss for a touchdown!"

HE WAVED, and the stands took up my cry. It went thundering across the field like a battle yell—

"A kiss for a touchdown, Pep! A kiss for a touchdown!"

Three minutes to play!

Carleton's fourth down and five to go on the thirty-six-yard line! Coffey dropped back for an attempt to drop-kick. It was wide of the mark.

The ball was brought out on the twenty yard line in State's possession.

Two and a half minutes to play.

"Tell him something, girlie," begged a man in the boxes.

"Come on Pep! A kiss for a touchdown!" I shouted through the megaphone. Again the stands took it up like a battle cry.

Then an awful hush that gave me a chill. The backfield was digging in on its toes for a thrust. Pep's voice went up like a clarion. Suddenly there was action.

Crash!

Carpenter went off tackle for eight yards. State rooters were insane now. Pep was back! The drive was on. Carpenter took the ball around end for six yards with Pep running beautiful interference.

Two minutes to play. Almost seventy yards to go for a touchdown. Nobody expected a pass. It was dangerous. It might be intercepted. But pass it was. A long pass such as only Pep Palmer could toss, netting State forty yards after Kelsey on end, was finally brought down.

My voice was hoarse, but once more I sent up my cry to Pep, and as the crowd saw him wave again, it could not be controlled. The next play went on through this welter of cheering, and, Pep, executing a double pass to Carpenter had driven his team within striking distance of the Carleton goal.

One minute to play, and the field was thronged by fresh substitutes being sent in by Carleton in a desperate effort to stem the blue and white tide surging towards its line.

Twenty yards to go! There wasn't time left for line thrusts. Pep Palmer opened up with his bewildering bag of trick plays, which gave Touchdown Carpenter the ball. In three brilliant assaults the captain had carried the ball to the three yard line.

Half-minute to play!

I shall never forget the agonizing suspense of watching the team line up for the next play. My eyes burned and ached. I made out

Pep Palmer, bending over to call signals, but I could only choke over what I wanted to shout to him. Suddenly, as his voice rang out, Carpenter yelled "signals off," and he, the team captain, called them himself. The backfield changed formation. There was a rush of blue sweaters toward the line, Touchdown leading like a battering ram, head bent low as if trying to smother a ball—and then, like a shot from a gun, one lone blue-sweatered player cut out of that flying wedge formation, and streaked across the line—

"Touchdown! Touchdown! Palmer! Palmer! State! State!" rang in my ears, rocking me on my feet. I was dizzy, happy, sick, faint, strong, everything at once.

The cry "G-o-a-l!" brought me half to my senses, and the next moment the cheerleader and I were hugging each other and yelling like lunatics while a sea of crazy, victory-drunk State rooters swarmed down upon us, overflowing into the field in joyful frenzy.

In that swarm of faces I looked eagerly for Peps, and Touchdown's. Suddenly Pep was towering over me, and Touchdown was calling to me, the glory of victory shining through the dirt on his scarred face.

"Here's Pep," cried Touchdown, and for the first time I realized he was carrying Pep on his own shoulders. I held out my arms to both of them, and Touchdown put Pep on the ground in front of me. With the yells of the crowd ringing in my ears I put my arms around Pep. His arms went around me hesitantly, and we tried to search each other's eyes.

"You heard me, didn't you, dear old Pep?" I murmured.

"Yes, Vida. And you really meant it?" he asked bending closer.

For answer I kissed him not once, but many times.

Pep pulled away gently, and looked around. Touchdown was smiling at him. "Doesn't—doesn't Touchdown rate a kiss, too? He called my signal for the touchdown, and he kicked the winning point!"

"OF COURSE he does," I cried, and pulling Touchdown's face over to me I kissed him. He laughed like a big happy boy, and rushed off into the milling crowd.

"He's a peach, Vida," said Pep, looking after him, "and, I was such a—fool."

"So was I, Pep, but that's all over now. He won, and we know the truth. There won't ever be any more mix-ups like this."

His arms went around me again. It was almost dark now, and the crowds were turning toward State's campus. But from many parts of the night the boys were yelling:

"A kiss for a touchdown, Pep!"

"I guess I'll hear that all the rest of my life," he smiled.

"Will you mind much, Pep?" I asked, snuggling closer.

"Not, if you'll keep on giving me kisses, Vida," he answered.

"That's a bet, dear," I said, and we walked off the field arm-in-arm.

That night on the campus one of the cheerleaders made up a yell incorporating my battle-cry, and it's been in use at State ever since. From that day on Pep and Touchdown have been the best of friends, and next year when we're married, Touchdown's going to be best man with all of State's championship backfield players acting as ushers.



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My Battle with Bootleg Booze

[Continued from page 25]

temporary total eclipse of the intelligence and yet permits a man to walk and talk cogently enough, and perhaps even commit a murder or two without knowing it!

For years, each February, I have launched a more or less mild alcoholic attack upon my constitution. I was born in February and many years ago some star-gazer told me February people were inclined to spin from their base a bit during the twenty-eight days of their natal month. So, for a long, long time, whenever the second month of the new year rolls around, I have announced gaily to my editors and my bosom companions and to all and sundry:

"Whoops! the February fog is upon me. I am going to get drunk and stay drunk until March first."

WELL, formerly "getting drunk and staying drunk" meant that I drank twelve instead of half a dozen high-balls at a poker session; stayed out an hour or two later each evening; and perhaps wasted a few hundred dollars on various pleasures. But my work never suffered. Everybody took the annual jag as a joke, just as I did. It was a harmless sort of joke to me also until February, 1926. Then I went out on a real bat! I took to wearing my tux two nights in succession without even going home to freshen up. I took to accepting whatever liquid refreshment was offered, whether it passed tonsil inspection or not.

The only person who noticed the different quality of my '26 uproar was a wise actor friend of mine, who shook a monitory forefinger in his apartment at the Ritz in New York and said: "If you're out to paint the town, stick to red liquor or white gin or brown beer but don't mix your colors."

I didn't take his advice. I mixed 'em. The result was a beautiful broil with the president of a company for which I'd contracted to write some profitable advertising. I blew into his mansion, just around the corner from Andrew Carnegie's old home in the Fifth avenue section of New York. A lady of brains, beauty and judgment who lived nearby had consented to go with me. The drawing-room was filled with men of wealth.

The host gave me a large tumbler of champagne, probably brewed in the Bronx. Thereafter I have absolutely no recollection of what happened. The lady who accompanied me to the party motored to my apartment next day and gave me a full report that sent me into a debauch of melancholy.

It seems all I had done after consuming the goblet of champagne was to ask for the floor. Then I had marshalled my troupe of trained adjectives and described vividly the sins and dissipation of the rich. Further, I had told what I knew about some of the wealthy gentlemen present and denounced the methods by which they had climbed the industrial ladder. I concluded by advising my host not to permit his wife to obtain a divorce although she was abroad for the purpose and not to marry the young woman he was tentatively engaged to wed! I was told that I called her a "muley cow."

Wow! It was sad! Sadder because what I'd said was all so true! What is more devastating under certain circumstances than the truth? Needless to say, I lost my advertising contract and, despite the most humble letters of apology, my former friend still envisions an apparently sane, sober person deliberately uttering words that wounded, scalded and singed.

This incident sobered me. I snapped out of the alcoholic anesthesia until this last February, February of 1927. Then, as it chanced, I was invited out on a party on the evening of January thirty-first. One

or two young women who were going into a projected musical comedy livened the evening. One of them also had been born in February and when she learned that it was my birth month, she exclaimed, her black eyes burning like coals:

"An evil fate hangs over you, my friend, for you were born in February, and February is but five minutes away."

Well, February was only five minutes away, but I was away for three months! I started on a jag, then and there. And what a jag!

Now, looking back some months later in sober survey, there are absolutely no regrets for the money and the time wasted. But there is regret for certain things that happened; and there is in me, I believe, an unbreakable resolve to drink hereafter by the pint and not by the gallon.

For again, the curious concoctions the bootleggers are feeding us these days caused a disassociated personality to rise in place of the person I faced in the mirror each day. I shall attempt to shorten a long story by a few sketchy silhouettes and to explain why I am determined to follow the motto over Apollo's tomb at Delphi: "Know thyself. Nothing to excess."

All my life, from earliest memories of my lovely mother, I have worshipped women. To me, they are delicate, perpetual reminders that there is gallantry in us all. When I am with them, guitars are always strumming under a full moon.

So, in the early weeks of my jag, when a lady of means wrote that she was giving a house party at a Southern resort and had seven or eleven or twenty-one bachelor suites (I forget which) to spare and asked me to come prepared to remain a month and bring at least one bachelor friend I wired acceptance.

"You may scribble to your heart's content," she wrote, "and I shall place a guard at your door to see no one disturbs you."

The night before I was to leave for the South, a delightful young woman consented to join me in a tour of the cabarets and night clubs in New York. We had a gorgeous time from Harlem to Happyland. She was as sparkling as burgundy. Her hair was tawny gold. The dull verities of life were pushed into the background by her very presence. I remember taking her into Roger Wolfe Kahn's place on West Fifty-seventh street for a bit of dancing. Then—

At noon next day the colored porter announced a lady.

I bade Joe show the visitor in. A tall brunette, with sloe-black, sympathetic eyes came into the flat. She had a great package, evidently groceries, for a box of eggs, coffee and cream showed from its bulging covers. She placed a long, slim hand on my brow and murmured: "Do you feel better now?"

SHE was an utter stranger to me so as I climbed into a bathrobe I managed to stammer:

"Who on earth are you, dear? Haven't you mistaken the apartment and the name?"

"Oh, no," she cooed, with that curious throaty modulation one notices in maternal women whether they are seventeen or seventy. "Don't you remember at the Perroquet de Paris at four o'clock this morning, you told that red-headed girl to go home and get some sleep? You said dark-haired girls were always more faithful to their pledges and you asked me to take care of you. You took the red-headed girl home and came back in half an hour. I drove you here, went to my hotel and promised to be back at noon to breakfast with you and

then take you to the Florida Express."

Well, I lied like a gentleman. I pretended to recall everything, but the whole episode was a total blank. However, we breakfasted. I called up the bachelor friend who was to go South with me and told him to be sure and hold the train if I happened to be a bit late.

My unknown protectress was so delightful a companion that it was within forty-five minutes of train time before we realized it. Then she helped me hurl some things into my suit cases. I was so concerned with stowing away a case of Scotch that had arrived during breakfast, a welcome bon voyage memento from a shipping man of my acquaintance, that I forgot my dress studs and a dozen other indispensables for a Southern house party.

THE loyal companion of the evening before urged the taxi man forward and my friend and I caught the train.

There was a car, a forbidding looking chauffeur and footman at the station. They drove us to "Seven Casements" which proved to be a gorgeous "cottage!" It was late enough for the other house guests to be up and stirring. They welcomed us to the dry Southland with cocktails served in stirrup cups!

Then began a marvellous fortnight. The other guests had been keeping fairly sober until our arrival. Have you noticed what a curious effect a man with a happy hang-over has upon a household? These people had been riding, golfing, playing polo, attending the races, turning in at midnight after a round of bridge. But we demoralized the party. All the underground desires, the concealed subway sensibilities of the other guests came to the surface. Everybody developed a great desire not to go to bed. Life there was a continuous vaudeville show.

The first evening, or rather at four o'clock the following morning, we put the lovable, understanding old-young lady who was chaperoning the party to bed. At ten-thirty grooms brought horses around and I was inveigled into mounting one for a ride back into the scrub palms. Fortunately the horse wore blinkers!

We rode endlessly and all in one direction. About four thousand miles it seemed to me! I slid up and down like a trombone. Finally we, the horse and I, dropped a few paces behind the wild young riders and the one hearty gentleman guest beside myself who had been able to walk to a horse, and my mount and I held a rump conversation. I solemnly proposed, and the horse didn't disagree, that we linger at the roadside and search for violets. Instead, the horse ate grass and I slept for half an hour. Then I rolled into the saddle, still half asleep, and the wise old animal walked home.

So it went for two weeks. We taught Aunt Jemima, our dark emancipated goddess of the culinary department, to shake up New Orleans gin fizzes for breakfast. She generally sampled each drink and the way she wobbled and laughed at herself until her fat sides shook was a sight for the gods.

WE DRANK rye, Scotch, bourbon, real champagne, cocktails, applejack and white mulled, but there was something in the atmosphere and the surroundings that kept me alive. I played golf walking in my sleep and played a better game than I'd ever dreamed of even in my sleep!

Instead of resting my head upon the soft down of a sanitarium pillow, I came back to New York. February had passed and, presumably, I was to resume normalcy. But I didn't! The weather was rotten and I felt worse. So the accustomed February fog became a March miasma!

Three times during March, as I knit up the story now, came incidents that indicate

the effect of modern booze upon the brain:

First, a friend gave a cocktail party one afternoon. At six o'clock the following morning, I now learn, I insisted upon tucking her, fully-clothed even to a sealskin coat, into bed. I folded her police dog puppy beside her and went home.

Second, a night club hostess, at nine o'clock one morning drove me out of town in her car for the purpose of consolidating with me for life. Then, almost at the door of the justice of the peace, we both decided marriage was pale, vapid and dull and we wouldn't risk our friendship by attempting it!

Third, crossing the plaza at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue one evening on the way to my apartment to "change for the worse" from business to dinner clothes, I noticed the fat cop on the corner ignoring the green up-and-down lights and holding up traffic to permit free crossing to a beautiful young woman attached to a not so attractive Pekinese. I rushed forward like a school-boy, seized her arm and exclaimed: "Darling, wasn't it in London that we met last?"

Realizing my condition she replied, sweetly and in perfect English accent: "Yes, you silly boy, at the Embassy Club."

SO WE dined at a hotel, concluded the evening at the Villa Venice and she tells me I was a "perfect gentleman" throughout. But I haven't the slightest recollection of any part of the incident!

In March I tossed some \$1,100 before the shrine of Bacchus. The scrawled checks are before me as I write.

It isn't this, though, that worries me. It's the curious failure of modern booze to act upon me as the good old liquor used to. What sort of drug is the present day bootlegger feeding us that permits a man to go out for a day or a week, walking and talking, apparently perfectly logical, perfectly responsible for his actions and yet be totally unconscious next day or next week of what has happened?

I haven't the slightest idea! So, because battle-axe booze has robbed me of the repose and the logical order that has been mine for thirty-five years, I have made a resolution not to yield to the fetish of uniformity, not to become a teetotaler; but to moderate my drinking, to go off on no more long, jovial jags, because, under modern conditions, long jags can no longer be jovial.

There is something in me booze can't buy, but booze will destroy this something if I give booze a chance.

And I don't again intend to give it that opportunity.

If your experiences have been similar to mine, lads and lassies who love liquor, do likewise, for you are my buddies!

I DON'T want to pose as a deodorized sinner. Lord knows, a glass of good liquor is still as fragrant to my nostrils as ever. But, battling around the country, dipping into parties, from impromptu smoking compartment affairs to Park avenue tea parties, where every form of liquid refreshment is served, except tea, I have observed the increasingly dangerous effects of excessive indulgence in fresh-distilled new booze.

These concoctions are new in every sense of the word. Only a few of the large bootlegging syndicates employ chemists of distinction who know the art of cutting and blending alcohol into pleasing, comparatively pure gin and whiskey. For one good chemist so employed there are a dozen amateurs mixing various concoctions in cellars and back rooms. And, with ready sales and quick profits, even honest bootleggers are sometimes tempted to disobey the dictates of conscience.

So, it seems to me, my experience holds a bit of a moral for those who were moderate



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drinkers before prohibition and now find themselves inclined to empty every bottle placed before them. I don't mind confessing I gave thoughtful and compassionate attention to testimony in a recent brutal and notorious murder trial in New York. The defendant swore that excessive indulgence in bootleg booze weakened his will and robbed him of the moral fiber necessary to

say no when his confederate, a woman, insisted:

"My husband must be killed and you must help me kill him."

I believe, truly, I could have committed a crime during this recent spree and been totally unaware of it. Hence my resolve to drink less and more merrily in the future.

WHAT makes most girls come to a big city? Do they come to study, to work or to play? Well, there is one girl at least who admits that she came looking for trouble! Did she find it? Wait till you read "Alone in a Great City" in November SMART SET and you'll see if she did.

I Get a Dollar a Loaf for My Bread

[Continued from page 37]

so good I wanted to eat it all up myself.

However, I resisted temptation and carried my chicken pie, next day, to the Woman's Exchange. I was told that a committee of ladies would pass upon it. I waited outside while the ladies sat down and devoured my pie. They liked it very much, and they told me that I could make a dozen chicken pies, just like that one, and send them in "on consignment," which meant on chance. I must take the risk of having them left over to spoil.

It was a matter of business judgment with me. I thought it over and resolved to take the chance. Next day I sent my dozen pies to the Exchange. They sold before noon. That was my first business transaction with the Exchange. And, though it was only the beginning of what was destined to be an enormous business for me, it really gave me more satisfaction than anything else I ever did.

IN A short time I was so busy making chicken pies that I had to install a baker's range in my kitchen with an oven which held fifty pies at once. My first Thanksgiving, I filled orders for four hundred pumpkin pies, two hundred and twenty-five mince pies and I don't remember how many individual chicken pies. My check that month from the Exchange was one thousand four hundred dollars, of which I counted fifty percent or seven hundred dollars clear profit.

From the first I bought the very best of everything even when I purchased my goods at retail, the most expensive way—so many bottles of milk, so much cream, so many pounds of the finest butter and eggs that must be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. All the same I made money, and I believe that what I did in my girlish ignorance of other and more complex methods was good policy.

But all the while I was making pies I was unhappy. There was something about it that was superficial. I did not feel that my pies were doing anybody any permanent good. They were eaten and that was all, unless people ate too freely of them; then they got sick. There was nothing dependable in them. They were not the staff of life.

One day I sat down to commune with myself: "Fannie Marquis," I said, "I want you to do something that will put your name on the map!"

And I knew it would have to come out of a cook-stove. At that time in addition to my pie-making I was acting as stenographer for the Cathedral Committee of St. John the Divine. I had to absorb more

or less of the ecclesiastical spirit. One day, on my way back to my apartment, the words "The staff of life" fairly sang themselves to me!

Now a woman can not step out into the kitchen and say: "Behold here is the flour; and there the oven. Bake something that shall be the staff of life. Let a loaf come forth!"

No, the process is far slower. I began my real bread-making, as I told you by making English muffins. But I was not satisfied with them. I remembered how my father and my brother had both had indigestion and how they had suffered in body and in mind. And I determined to formulate a bread that would build up the body. A nerve-bread I might call it.

I began my serious adventure by making a small loaf of something that looked like whole wheat bread. I sold it through the Exchange. I never had much patience selling directly to my neighbors. I had no shop and to sell a loaf of bread to a neighbor I had to answer the door bell, wrap the loaf, make change and talk. I wasted five dollars' worth of time with each loaf I sold under such conditions.

And, still, the loaf wasn't satisfactory. I, finally, went back to my first dream which was that of making a loaf which should be a balanced ration.

Now what is a balanced ration? Just exactly what do you mean when you speak of one? I asked myself this question and I asked it of many famous dietitians, among them Dr. Royal S. Copeland. After long discussion I decided as a dorky in my employ expressed it: "If yo' eat 'nuff of it yo' doan need to eat nothin' mo'." I wanted to make a bread so complete that, if you ate enough of it, you didn't need to eat anything more.

IT MUST be so perfect that those who ate it would feel satisfied and be satisfied. They must feel as if they had eaten the 1,340 calories, more or less, necessary to flesh or unlesh their bones. They must have sufficient vitamin A to feed the brain, vitamin B to feed the nerves, vitamin C to keep the muscles firm, and it must contain other vitamins to do any odd jobs required of them. I wanted my bread to be of the sort that would revive the gentle art of digestion and make the stomach and its near neighbors the best of friends so I set to work, and I worked, and I worked until I got what I think is a perfectly balanced loaf.

The ingredients of my loaf can be found in every land, in all cities and in most groceries. I use fruits and vegetables, nuts and grain and eggs. I have no hard and fast

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rule. A balanced ration must vary. But I do work by weight and measure. I time things and I never let Lady Luck rule my baking. I get my fat from the whole olive as the record of my bread in the patent office will show. My patent which is number 1,279,390 reads in part as follows, if technical language interests you:

"I claim among other things:
"A cooked food loaf containing olives commingled and cooked with the other ingredients of the loaf."

One specific formula from which a cooked product may be prepared in accordance with the invention is as follows: 8 ounces of lean meat, 4 ounces of nuts, 4 ounces of corn meal, 2 ounces of ripe olives, 2 ounces of dried fruits, half ounce grated chocolate, 2 ounces of molasses, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon of baking powder, 6 ounces of water or milk.

THE specific ingredients in the above respective proportions are given only by way of example. My patent allows me many variations and, as a matter of fact, I use no sweetening at all in my loaf.

At first I very timidly sold my loaf to a few chosen friends. Now it is for sale in most of the health shops and many of the big groceries. It is used in hospitals; and Public School 41, New York City, is experimenting very successfully with it in the open air classes. Of course I make a special rate to schools and hospitals. I ask only a cent a slice, but that is my way of contributing to the good of the world.

I wrap my loaf in a special paper; then I place it in a box, especially designed; and, finally, I seal it. This means that it will keep indefinitely, until the box is opened. My artistic sister designed the box for me; and I have it made in large quantities. It costs good money, but what do I care? I am after perfection.

My bread travels long distances. I send it by parcel post to a big shop in Philadelphia which handles it for me. And I send it to Austin, Texas; Birmingham, Alabama; to Seattle; and to Augusta, Maine. I mention these places specially because they come within the famous southern hot-bread territory and within the scope of the New England bread-maker.

I began by selling my loaf of wheat bread for twelve cents. It netted me six cents. Now I sell every loaf for a dollar and I bake two hundred loaves a day. "Ah!" says someone, "At that rate you clear one hundred dollars a day!" And to this I can reply: "No indeed, for my present kitchen costs money to operate."

I have fitted it out as a miniature laboratory. I have a tall gas range set in motion by an electric motor that holds exactly one hundred and twenty-three loaves at a baking. The Consolidated Gas Company of New York designed it for me. In addition to the oven I have a big scale, a giant mixing bowl and an electric stirring machine. Now I buy by the wholesale and I keep my supplies in a room adjoining my baking room, so that my fruits and nuts do not deteriorate from the heat.

NOW, dear woman reader who may peruse this, please don't get the idea that I have done anything more than you, yourself, can do. I have only used my brains and the materials at hand. And you can do the same. But you must strive, as I did for perfection. And if you strive you are apt to succeed. And, if you succeed, you will become rich and famous for that good old assurance is as good now as it was the day it was uttered:

"If you preach a better sermon, write a better book, or make a better mousetrap than your neighbor" (or bake a better loaf of bread) "though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten track to your door."

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Don't Marry the Man You Love

[Continued from page 31]

But not one of them could rouse her love. She was beginning to fear that love was not for her, that she would have to resign herself to going without it.

Circumstance, however, decreed otherwise. She met him, at a theater party. He was sitting next to her. One or two glances were sufficient. That intangible, subtle, indefinable something flashed between them. It was love at first sight on her part!

The girl simply went mad about the man. She got so she couldn't eat, she had torturing nights with scarcely more than an hour or two of sleep. Within two months she had lost twelve pounds and had become a nervous wreck.

Now here is a man's side of the problem of marrying the girl you love. Mr. N— says:

"I LOOKED around several years before I finally made up my mind. I was pretty particular too, I can tell you. The least little thing a girl did made her ineligible as far as a wife for me was concerned. Once a young lady I had been taking out for several months forgot my birthday. That finished it. Another time a girl displayed poor table manners. That put her out of the running.

"Then I met her and when I did, I fell like a ton of lead.

"Now that I look back upon it, after the curtain has rung down on the tragedy, so to speak, it is unbelievable that I could have made such a fool of myself. The woman I finally proposed to and married possessed all the faults I so severely criticized in all the other girls put together!

"But marriage killed everything. I woke up. I passed out of that demented romantic haze into the daylight where black looks black and white looks white. My mind began to function properly again. I began to see clearly and to reason once more.

"We both agreed that we were entirely unsuited to each other. By mutual consent she started for Paris and went through the necessary rigmarole. Now I not only pay alimony but I'm so gun-shy I'm afraid I'll never trust my emotions again."

Not infrequently thwarted love leads to a desperate state of mind. For instance I have had two cases of attempted suicide on the part of men in love.

One was a salesman who thought his beloved did not respond while in reality she was only teasing.

The other was a man approaching sixty. His ardent courtship was hopeless. The girl loved somebody else.

Not long ago I talked with a society girl who had eloped. I knew that during her debutante days she had squeezed every possible drop of romance out of her experiences and I expressed surprise that she should have committed so prosaic an act as a runaway marriage.

"It seems to me you were not quite up to form," I said. "Sneaking off to be married in Atlantic City is rather a stale performance these days. And why settle down at twenty? I thought you were so keen about thrills?"

"I am the one to be surprised," she said. "Don't you know there are advantages in being a married woman? It looked like a good idea to have a husband so I got one with as little fuss as possible."

To be sure all you women are not like that. The old-fashioned variety, that one might call the sensible woman, can still be found. She is the one who knows that marriage is not all milk and honey. She realizes that romantic love cannot last forever. When she marries she is willing to

stick to her husband and play the game fairly and squarely no matter what happens.

But this other type of girl who sets out to make romance last at any price is the acme of selfishness. She is, in effect, an abnormal woman.

Her insatiable appetite for romantic love actually prompts her to betray what should be the most sacred relationship of her entire existence!

I met a woman once who claimed that romance is a kind of disguise on the part of nature to beguile innocents into fulfilling her inexorable demands to perpetuate the human species!

Romance does make people marry! It blinds them! It obsesses them! It deludes them!

Take the two cases I mentioned in the beginning—the one of the girl who fell in love at first sight and that of the salesman who came near taking his own life.

This is what happened to the girl: Toward the end of her sanitarium residence, when her acute symptoms had disappeared, she managed to communicate with her sweetheart and her appealing letters quickly brought him to her.

It was a beautiful place, in the mountains, the sort of atmosphere best suited for lovers. One forgot the practical, sordid things of the world. One did not think; one only felt! Romance got the better of them and the village parson performed the ceremony.

A year later a son was born. The mother, naturally, gave the child most of her attention. She had to. But this did not suit hubby. He complained about being neglected. He became cross and irritable. He began to come late for his meals or to stay out with his friends.

The young mother stood it for about eighteen months and then she fled to her parents. Mr. Husband consulted a lawyer and the affair ended as usual in the divorce court.

The salesman's romance fared no better. Now I don't want to leave the impression that I do not believe in marriage, for not only do I believe that marriage can spell happiness—I strongly advocate it!

What I decry is not marriage as an institution but the romantic love that deceives and leads to marriage.

Marry by all means! But first get over your attack of love sickness!

Take this couple by way of illustration. Miss X— fell madly in love at least three times. Each time she wanted to accept her lover's proposal.

SHE came to me as a friend rather than a medical advisor. Each of the three times I told her to wait.

"I'll never marry if I go on at this rate," she complained one day. "When I get over a love affair the man doesn't interest me any more."

"That's my position exactly," I answered. "Isn't it better to realize all this before marriage rather than after when it is too late?"

That was my contention. And it proved sound doctrine in the end.

The young lady in question finally did marry the third man that presented himself. She waited a year, however. She waited long enough to get over her fit of romantic love.

Ten years have passed. They have a home now they built themselves. Four children romp about the place. The husband and wife are as devoted and happy a pair as I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Romantic love is a beautiful, ecstatic and highly desirable state that you cannot afford

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to miss, but whether it comes mildly or
severely, whether it upsets you a little or is
so severe that it requires the services of a
physician, the love enthrallment period is not
the time for you to marry.

Certainly you, anyone, can wait a few
months or a year until your reason is again
functioning normally.

Think of your future with that man or
woman as the case may be. Think how
you will feel day in and day out, sitting
at the same table, sharing the same meals,
occupying the same rooms, sharing all your
trials and tribulations with that same in-
dividual.

Don't forget the added responsibilities
that marriage inevitably brings in its wake.
Don't forget the duties of marketing, cook-
ing, house cleaning, the difficulties with
servants, the extra expenses for clothes and
furnishings.

You won't be as free to come and go
when you are married. Are you sure you
are ready to settle down?

And remember also the duties that go
with the raising of a family. These in many
ways are the most important of all. Don't
brush such matters lightly aside.

All these responsibilities and restrictions
are part of a "labor of love," a keen and
gratifying enjoyment, when your husband or
wife is the right person.

But how can you be sure he or she is
the right person if you plunge into marriage
when you are in the middle of an attack of
romantic love?

At such a time you cannot think clearly.
You are all mixed up. You are unable to
figure out what is best for you.

Don't marry the man you love or the
woman you love while you are in love!

Wait until you have cooled off.

Marry the man or woman whom you
have loved!

Get the hectic, exaggerated, unreliable el-
ement of your romance out of your system.
Then the love that is left will be finer, purer,
more ennobling. Then it will last!

Puppy Love

[Continued from page 49]

"Dear Grandma: It is better this way than
a life of hopeless suffering. Take good care
of old Clay and tell him we will never go
after the cows again."

Dark was coming on. Aaron Frank and a
party going fishing nearly stepped on me
coming over the roadside. I got up, shook
myself like a wet dog and trudged wearily
home through back alleys. My teacher had
stopped by to inquire of grandma why I
was not at school.

The list of the household medicine chest
had been increased. I not only got a dose
of sulphur and molasses but a dose of what
grandma called "birch tea" on the bare legs.
And me already suffering from a stone bruise
and unrequited love!

Then there was a lawn party. She was
there. I took her to her home, a half block
away. Life was rosy again.

THERE is a sweet silver-haired lady who
is Maybelle Small's mother. She is my
mother-in-law now. The other evening be-
fore a group of friends she brought forth
a yellowing note written in a boyishly big
scrawl. It read:

"I love you more than any one in the
world and I will work my fingers to the bone
for you."

They all laughed especially at that "work-
ing my fingers to the bone."

I did not laugh. I found there was still
a blush left. Indeed I was rather proud
that I had not outgrown my puppy love.

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I'll Show Her

[Continued from page 35]

and charm came over the footlights and fairly flooded the theater. I went behind and saw her after the second act.

"Well?" she greeted me defiantly. "What about it?"

"You're there, Mollie," I admitted. "I didn't know you had it in you."

"Plenty of people didn't know it," she said sullenly. "They'll find out soon enough. I'll show him!"

A couple of weeks later I was shipped east to take charge of the New York office. My first night in town I met Jimmie Frayne on Broadway.

"I've got a bread and butter job as press agent for Taylor and Holden," he told me. "They've got 'The Moonlight Kiss' and 'Many Maids' running here in town. I'm just hanging on with them till I find what I want."

"What do you want Jimmie?" I asked him.

"ONE big shot," he said. "I'll get it. Something'll turn up and when it does you watch me. I'll show her!"

I took him by the arm and tried to talk sense to him; tried to get him to go back to the coast, make it up with Mollie and live his life the way he'd planned it. I might as well have tried to talk Henry Ford into leaving the automobile business and putting his money into the night club game.

Only a few nights later I saw him with a big, loud-mouthed gink who seemed to be trying to buy Broadway and chop it up for chicken feed. A head waiter explained to me that the big party with the bull voice and the seed sowing method of spending his money was one of those chaps who'd made millions in the Texas oil fields. His name was Emil Hoogstaedter.

Emil's party was no one night stand. It ran for days and nights and nights and days and Jimmie Frayne was right with it from the start. Taylor and Holden fired him but I don't think he ever got to the office to find it out. I decided that the boy was Bellevue bound and that nothing could be done to stop him till he woke up in a straight jacket. So I was naturally surprised when, on a morning about two weeks after I'd first seen him with the Hoogstaedter party, he came to see me at my office, a little white and shaky but sober and sane.

"I've got it," he told me.

"Got what?" I asked. "The willies?"

"My shot," he explained. "Listen, Tom!

Do you know where I can get a show?"

"A show?" I said. "What kind of a show?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "Some kind of a show that I can put on for thirty thousand dollars."

"Have you got thirty thousand dollars?"

I asked.

He admitted he had.

"You don't want a show," I told him.

"You want a bank. If you've got thirty thousand dollars stick it away and forget it till you've had time to think."

"I've got to put on a show with the money," he told me. "I got it from Hoogstaedter. It's a personal loan for a year without interest. A great chance. The only string to it is that I have to produce a show with the money."

"Why?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know," he admitted. "It's just a whim of Hoogstaedter's, I guess. He made several million out of oil down there in Texas and he's getting a great kick out of spending it as he pleases. I tried to interest him in two or three schemes I've had in mind, but the only thing he'd fall for was putting on a show. He thought I could do it because

I was working as a theatrical press agent."

"He's made you a straight loan of thirty thousand dollars to put on a show?" I asked.

"That's it," Jimmie said. "Where can I get one and how do I go about putting it on?"

I called Bennie Dexter on the phone and staked him to Jimmie. Bennie's no Belasco but he's a pretty fair stage director and I knew he was "at liberty," as the theatrical phrase has it when a man's out of a job. I knew, too, that while Bennie would steal pennies from a poor box he'd go straight with Jimmie if I asked it as a personal favor.

"I have a play," Bennie told me. "Just the thing for a sucker taking a shot on short money. One set and eight people. We can get it into town and keep it alive for awhile on thirty thousand and it might hit. I think it's got a chance."

"All right," I said. "I'm sending you a human Christmas tree with thirty thousand dollars hanging from its branches. Get what's coming to you but don't steal everything."

That's the way Jimmie Frayne started as a Broadway producer! Thirty thousand dollars borrowed from an oil millionaire on a wild spree and an introduction over the phone to a free lance stage director who happened to have a play in his pocket. Dexter put the thing on and Jimmie watched him work and signed checks.

The thing came into town and hit. Within a week after it opened they were doing capacity and everything was sold out for days ahead. Eight people in the cast and the highest salary of the lot four hundred and fifty! An absolute cinch for two hundred thousand dollars' profit within two years!

The same week Jimmie's show opened a play came in called "Up River." It was a flop. Only lasted two weeks. The critics spent a paragraph apiece dismissing "Up River" as a worthless piece of junk and the rest of their columns in lauding an actress, new to Broadway, who had made the hit of years with a small part in the doomed production. The actress was Mollie Webster!

I went backstage and saw Mollie before "Up River" closed.

"I've signed to play the lead in a new show of Masterson's that's going into rehearsal right away," she said. "If they think I'm good in this dizzy thing they'll tear up Broadway and bring it to me block by block when I open in the new play. I've got a real part in that."

"Heard about Jimmie," I asked her.

She sniffed. "A fool for luck!" she said. "You listen to me! He'll be bumming drinks in side street speak-easies when I'm starring on Broadway. I'll show him!"

I WAS afraid she was right. Miracles happen in the show business, but not often and seldom twice to the same person. A miracle had put Jimmie in the way of making money and I tried to get him to be satisfied and live on his income.

"This is only the beginning," he boasted when I advised him to pick up his marbles and run. "I'll have the money now to go ahead and really do something. I'll show her!"

I asked him if he had seen the notices Mollie got in "Up River."

"I saw 'em," he said grimly. "They don't worry me. I'll hire and fire better actresses than she'll ever be!"

He picked another show and it was a hit. Mollie came to town in Masterson's play and knocked 'em all for a row of little pink



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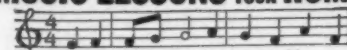
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elephants! The reviewers were hailing Jimmie as the coming young producer and prophesying that Mollie would be the country's foremost actress in another season or so. If I hadn't known them both so well, I'd have thought that sudden causeless lovers' battle in the restaurant in Los Angeles the best thing that ever happened in their lives.

I did know them well though and I knew they were both suffering misery in spite of success. They were living on hate. That's a great stimulant, but provocative of spiritual indigestion.

In the midsummer of Jimmie Frayne's second year in New York he came to me all hopped up with enthusiasm.

"I've got it," he said. "The greatest play I ever written. Going to bring it in this fall. It's the million dollar shot. Not only a commercial sure thing, but it will establish me artistically as well. When this hits I'll be where I'll have to look down to see anybody else in the business. Read it and tell me what you think."

He left the manuscript with me and I read it. When I'd finished, all I was sure of was that it would cost at least a quarter of a million dollars to produce. There were eleven scenes, twenty-eight principals and enough of a mob to fill a modern football stadium! It was built on the formula of "The Miracle" only a lot more so. A lot of symbolic drive! The story began in the time of the early Pharaohs and ended at the finish of a world war supposed to be fought in the future in the year 1986. When Jimmie came around later to ask me what I thought of it I told him.

There was no talking him out of it. He was sure he had the sensational hit of the decade and no argument would change his opinion.

"What did you think of the rôle of Nada?" he asked me.

Nada was the woman lead that ran through the play, beginning as an Egyptian queen and winding up as the lady president of the United States of the World. Yes. It was as bad as that!

"Make a musical comedy out of it and get Leon Errol to play Nada," I suggested.

"You're crazy to do the piece at all. Why not go the whole route and be idiotic?"

"You'll see," he prophesied. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to offer the part to Mollie Webster."

"If she takes it let me know," I said. "Show me her signed contract for that part under your management and immediately after seeing it I'll go out in my B. V. D.'s and roll a peanut ten blocks down Broadway with the end of my nose at the celebrated hour of high noon!"

A WEEK later he called me up. "Polish up your nose and buy that peanut, fellow!" he said jubilantly. "She signed!"

She had. I took time off to go up to see her.

"Jimmie tells me you've signed to work for him," I said. "I don't believe it."

"It's true," she admitted. "He thinks he's humiliating me."

"I don't blame him," I told her. "It looks that way to me too."

She shook her head.

"There's nothing good about that show except the part of Nada," she declared. "If that's played right they'll forget the rest. I can play it. I was born to play it I tell you. It will make me for life and Jimmie Frayne and everyone else will know that one hundred cents of every dollar that play makes came into the box office because of Mollie Webster's work as Nada. You watch!"

"Do you actually hate him as much as you pretend to?" I persisted.

"I don't hate him," she said evenly. "Hate

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is hot. The feeling I have for him is as remorselessly cold as the center of a glacier. It's so cold that when I finally triumph over him completely, as I will, I'll not even have the reward of joy. Nothing as human as jubilation could come from the feeling I have for Jimmie Frayne."

She made me a little panicky. I felt as though I had seen some primordial horror poke its unbelievable head up out of the friendly mud of a modern barnyard!

I went to a couple of the rehearsals when they started work on the show. They called it "Time." That was a good name for it. It was the sort of thing you would expect to be called "Time." I still failed to make heads or tails of it as a show but I remembered that many a wiser theatrical judge than I had looked at many a great hit in the making and failed to call it right.

IT WAS the first time I had seen Jimmie and Mollie within speaking distance of each other since that night in Los Angeles when she left the restaurant after their sudden quarrel. Neither of them seemed embarrassed. Jimmie would stop the action and give her directions occasionally as casually, dispassionately as he advised any other member of the cast. He called her Miss Webster and no spectator could possibly have divined from their attitude towards each other that they had once been sweethearts and were now dedicated to a ruthless race for supremacy.

They opened cold in New York, passing up a preliminary out of town showing on account of the goshawful size of the production. The thing had been well ballyhooed and there was a really representative first night crowd on hand. I saw Jimmie for a moment before the curtain went up and found him as cool and confident as Walter Hagen when I congratulated him on his de-meanor.

The curtain went up and the set got a hand. Then the action and dialogue began and the first night mob settled back to be shown.

There were four scenes in the first act and by the time the first one was over the audience was snickering. By the middle of the second scene they were laughing outright and by the end of the act they were in hysterics. "Time" was only one act old but it was as dead as a dummy and every nickel invested in it was five cents lost!

I went looking for Jimmie and finally located him crouched in a dark doorway of a small tailor shop across the street.

"Buck up, kid," I urged him. "You made it once. You can make it again!"

"I could kill 'em!" he half blubbered. "Did you hear 'em in there? They're laughing at Mollie! The smug snobs! Oh, I could kill 'em for that! It isn't her fault the part's awful! Nobody could play it better! She's doing the best she can with it and they sit out there and laugh at her. Oh, I could kill 'em!"

I shook him by the shoulder. "Jimmie!" I said sharply. "Do you know that you've lost every dime you've got in the world in the last half hour? Do you know that your show's the worst flop that ever hit Broadway? Do you know you're ruined?"

"I don't give a darn!" he wailed. "It isn't her fault. She's doing the best she can. They've got no right to laugh at her when she's doing the best she can! Oh, I could kill 'em!"

I left him, huddled there in the doorway

and raced across the street and up the alley to the stage door. There was a queer bed-lam behind the scenes. I imagine people on a sinking ship behave just a little like the actors and stage hands who were there. Some were cursing, some laughing, while others were wandering around looking dazed and silly. I found Mollie's dressing room and knocked. She opened the door. She was crying, the tears streaking her make-up.

"Where is he?" she demanded fiercely.

"Where's Jimmie? Have you seen him?"

"Lay off that," I said roughly. "Jimmie feels bad enough without you jumping on him now."

"I don't want to jump on him!" she wailed.

"I want to see him. I want to put my arms around him. Oh poor Jimmie! Poor, poor kid! He was so sure! Where is he? Please! I want to go to him!"

"Throw on a cloak and come on," I said.

I led her out into the alley and across the street. Jimmie was still there, crouched in the doorway. Across the street we could see and hear the crowd on the sidewalk and in the outer lobby guffawing and giggling. Mollie went down on her knees beside Jimmie and put her arms around him. She was in sandals and filmy white drapes. Her long cloak fell from her when she knelt. I picked it up and stood with it held out behind me, shielding them.

"Oh, Jimmie boy!" she cried, hugging him and stroking his hair. "Don't you care. Don't you care, Jimmy honey. It was a brave thing to try, Jimmie. A brave, fine thing to try. Don't you care, Jimmie! Don't you care."

"I could kill 'em for laughing at you!" Jimmie answered. "I don't care about the show. The devil with that. They've got no right to laugh at you. It isn't your fault the whole thing's terrible. Oh Mollie honey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to let you in for a thing like this! I thought you'd make the hit of your life in that part, honey. I was sure of it. I didn't mean to let you in for this!"

I stood there with the tears running down my cheeks and let them kiss and cuddle and coo until I saw the crowd starting to go in for the second act. Then I broke them apart, wrapped the coat around Mollie's shoulders again and herded them across to the stage entrance. They went in together laughing and crying at the same time and for the rest of that awful evening the backstage crew of that theater and the rest of the cast were witnesses to the miracle of the producer and leading woman of the most terrible flop ever produced on Broadway carrying on behind the scenes as though the show was the hit of years, joking, joyously hysterical, contesting with the crowd out front in the hilarity of their laughter at the fiasco.

THEY got married the next morning. I went down and saw them through it. They had a bad year getting clear of the mess that the fearful flop of "Time" let them in for but they're cleaning up now. Jimmie's starring her and they're the happiest pair I know. Their little bungalow has turned out to be an apartment on Park Avenue and the second hand Ford of their original plans is a limousine with a chauffeur. When the excuse for the baby carriage came along last summer I'm darned if they didn't name the kid after me. I'm the only person who knew them clear through from then to now and that sort of makes me one of the family.

Do you fear the day when your husband's interest will be caught and held by a younger and fairer woman? Or are you so sure of his love that you face middle-age without any qualms? If you are one of the vast majority who dread seeing beauty fade don't fail to read "What Every Woman Fears" in November SMART SET

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Etiquette

[Continued from page 76]

Knowing how to introduce two people is quite as important. It doesn't do to say: "Mr. Jones, meet Miss Smith," and then leave the burden of making conversation on them. Something like this is convenient and graceful: "Miss Smith, allow me to present Mr. Jones, an old friend of Bob Green's." Or, "Mr. Jones is going to spend his vacation at the same place you did last year." Of course, you must fit the introduction to the facts, but the thing is to give the strangers something to talk about that is mutually interesting.

It is unkind, too, to introduce a late comer to a large number of people. Let his arrival at the party be as unostentatious as possible and present him to a few at a time.

CHRISTMAS will soon be here, and I want to say a word to you about gifts. Nearly all of you have someone outside the family who means a great deal to you, and to whom you would like to give the best gift you can afford. That's a natural, generous and sincere impulse, but good taste must come first, especially if you are a girl. Most girls have their salaries to do with as they like, but young men nearly always contribute something to the home, and this, together with the cost of entertaining a girl, leaves precious little for Christmas presents.

Put yourself in his place! Wouldn't you feel humiliated beyond expression if your girl gave you an expensive fountain pen or a pair of gold cuff links, and all you gave her was an inexpensive bottle of perfume or a box of candy? You can tell by the way a boy spends his money on you how much he can afford for your gift. And then, just be on the safe side, spend even less on his.

I've had girls and boys ask me all sorts of questions about how they should conduct their love affairs. But I don't ever remember receiving a letter asking about correct table manners, and from what I've seen in hotels and restaurants and at private dinner parties, I suppose it's because people are so used to doing things wrong that they don't know there is a right way. But if there is any time when good manners show, it's at the table.

The only general rules to follow at the table are to eat quietly, take small particles of food on your fork at a time, and not reach across the person who sits next to you for whatever you want. At a meal served in the home, it is always safe to watch the hostess. If you are in doubt about what fork or spoon or knife to use—do as she does. But take your time. There's no rush.

In a restaurant, the man orders from the menu card, after consulting the girl as to what she will have. He may make suggestions; she indicates a preference and he, in turn, gives the order to the waiter. Or if the waiter should offer her a menu, she should order a moderately priced dish and not an elaborate and expensive dinner.

I DO want to say a word about clothes. Naturally, every girl wants to look her best when she goes out in the evening, but looking one's best and being ridiculously overdressed are two different things. Simple, well cut clothes always attract favorable attention, while gaudy, fussy clothes create a bad impression. The safest rule to follow is to be always underdressed rather than overdressed, to reserve sleeveless gowns and georgettes for dress, and to wear tailored or sport clothes for business or during the day.

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culties but on any question of conduct that may trouble you.

Now for the love problems. I found it a tough job this month to select the letters to be answered in the magazine. They were all so interesting, there really wasn't any choice. So here are a few I picked from the pile at random:

The first is from Leta R. out in Nebraska City, Nebraska. Her problem is unique; few of you will ever find yourselves in such a situation. But if you should I wonder if you would be as brave and as splendid as Leta? Here is her letter:

Dear Martha Madison:
 Last winter I became acquainted with a blind boy about my own age, which is twenty. He will graduate from school very soon. As I got to know him better I found him a fine young man and we both realize that there is more than friendship between us now.

The trouble is, my mother objects to my going with him on account of his blindness, although he will soon be capable of earning a good salary and could maintain a home better than many boys I know who have their sight. But mother feels that married life with a blind man would be terrible for me. My friend has told me frankly that he

Minette's letter should serve as a warning to you girls who get a swelled head the minute a boy lets you see he's crazy about you. For love doesn't always come at first sight, nor at second nor third. Very often love comes when it's too late.

Dear Martha Madison:

I have been in love now for two years with a boy I met in high school. Right from the start he admired me and I could tell by the way he looked and acted that he was crazy about me. I had never had so much attention before, and it went to my head. I hardly noticed him and I treated him badly when I did.

Then he went away for a while and I realized how much I really did like him and I was sorry for my actions. But when he returned I was still indifferent because I didn't want him to think I was chasing after him. And what do you think happened? Another girl came along, a cute girl, with her own car, and they have been going together ever since. He still pays attention to me, but I can't humble myself to let him see I care. Minette.

Well, Minette, if your pride is greater than your love, I don't see what can be done. But if I were you, I'd throw that miserable

What Would You Say? Martha Madison Prize Contest

A few weeks ago my sweetheart asked me to go to the movies. I was tired and asked to be excused, saying I was going to bed early. My real reason for not going was because I had impulsively promised to go to a dance with another boy whom my sweetheart does not like.

This boy is awfully popular with the girls. Although I know he isn't sincere, I am infatuated with him.

Everything would have been all right if my sweetheart's sister hadn't been there. She told him I was at the dance.

I really think a lot of my sweetheart and don't want to lose him. But how can I make him understand?—Dorothy.

For the best 200 word letter telling what Dorothy should say to her sweetheart, SMART SET will pay \$10.; for the second best, \$7.; for the third best, \$5. and \$1. each for the next seven best. Mrs. Madison is judge and contest closes Sept. 30, 1927.

cares for me, but he is not urging me to go against my mother's wishes. I don't see why she should worry. I have a good education and intend to teach this fall, and so does the young man. So why couldn't we work together and be happy the same as other married people? And why shouldn't I marry him if I love him? Leta R.

I can't think of a single reason why you shouldn't marry him, Leta, if you are certain you really love him. I lay emphasis on those words, not because I doubt what you tell me, but because I know how easy it is for a generous girl like you to mistake affection and pity for real love. The more capabilities a woman has for love, the greater her maternal feeling for a man, and almost any girl would feel a warm glow of pity for a blind boy.

BUT I wonder how you would feel if the young man had his sight? If he saw your hair and your eyes and your lips with his eyes instead of through his fingers would it be just as romantic? If he never stretched out his hand for you to guide him across the street or up the steps, or to where you were sitting, would you feel as tender toward him as you do now? Without his handicap, meeting other young men on equal terms, just how would he stack up as a man and as a sweetheart?

false pride overboard, and I'd chase after that boy and I'd get him and I'd make up to him for every mean thing I ever did.

Ask him to come and see you. Then tell him, face to face, that you're sorry; that you do care. If you use tact, you need not humble yourself too much. And if you use tact you will avoid mention of the other girl. Really, Minette, I don't believe you deserve to have him, but somehow I hope you get him.

It is true, that most of the letters I get complaining of unrequited love are from girls. But here is a letter from a lovelorn boy out in Akron, Ohio. "Cal F." he signs himself. And when you've read Cal's letter you'll probably wish the girl were near enough so you could shake her and make her behave. I do.

Dear Martha Madison:

For over a year I have been in love with what to me is the most wonderful girl in the world. When I met her she was deeply in love with another fellow, and had been for four years. Then, quite suddenly, they stopped going together but she never told me why and I never asked her. A little later, he wrote and told her he was married, and it broke her all up. I can't tell you how sorry I felt for her.

Two months later we became engaged although she told me that she would never

love anyone that way again. She did say, however, that she cared for me, and we were together every possible minute. Then she said she didn't care for me at all, and I thought I was doing the right thing by her to break our engagement.

I moved to another city but we kept up our correspondence. Last April she wrote and asked me to come and see her. I did, and all that week-end she seemed to care more for me than she ever did before. We did not become engaged again, but talked of marriage.

DOES she love me, Mrs. Madison? Or is she just playing with me? To save my life, I can't tell. But I love her enough to take a chance, if it would be for our mutual happiness. What do you think? Cal. I think, Cal, that it's too bad God didn't give men the same understanding of women that he gave women. Almost any girl could tell you in a minute that this girl you love is doing one of two things. Either she is dramatizing her former disappointment and getting a morbid pleasure out of nursing a broken heart. Or else she is piqued and lonely, and your devotion and your love soothe her hurt vanity. But whichever it is, there is no doubt that the girl is intensely selfish, and I doubt that she would make any man happy for long.

If you're determined to have her, the wise course for you to follow is an indifferent one. Don't let her think she can make a fuss over you one minute and snub you the next and get away with it. Don't discuss marriage again with her for a long time; certainly not until she has given you more reason to believe she cares deeply for you.

The question of how much a child owes its parents in the way of duty is a difficult one. Legally, of course, there is no obligation. But a girl like Patricia, whose letter follows, cannot help but feel a certain moral obligation to the mother and father who have done so much for her. I wonder what you would do if you were in Patricia's boots?

Dear Martha Madison:

The young man I love and I, myself, will graduate from the same college in a few months. Immediately upon graduation he has the offer of a very promising position in Nebraska but he won't accept unless I go with him as his wife. I would rather do this than anything I know, but out of consideration for my family who live in Massachusetts I don't see how I can. I feel that I should repay them for all they have done for me, and not get married and run off to Nebraska right away. They are looking forward to having me home with them for a while.

But Walter, of course, is my whole future, and I hate to think of spoiling his chances by forcing him to turn down this offer. I want to do what is right, and how I want Walter! Patricia.

I WONDER, Patricia, if you have talked I with your parents about this? Naturally it would be a disappointment to them if you were to marry and go away immediately after leaving college but on the other hand, what more can a mother and father want than to know their daughter is happily and safely married?

I think, however, that Walter is a bit unreasonable in refusing to go unless you go with him. From his standpoint, too, I think it is unwise. Nebraska is a long way off. He is going into new work. For a while, he must give his entire time and energy to the job, and no bridegroom in the world could do that. Also, he might like the job and get along fine and again he might not. Surely a few months can't make such a terrible difference? Why couldn't Walter go on ahead and look the field over and then,



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if everything turns out pleasantly, find a home and send for you. You could be married there.

I really don't believe your family wants you to repay them for your education at the expense of your happiness, but I do think they are entitled to have you all to themselves for a time.

And now much as I hate to do it—I've got to crowd a lot of short answers into my remaining space. Even at that some of you will have to wait until next month. The following seemed to me to be the most urgent.

But don't let this discourage you. I have plenty of time and paper for personal replies only you must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

BASHFUL: Don't be so free with your kisses on such short acquaintance.

SALLY L.: I don't think you have ever been in love and I am sure you should not marry the musician.

BLONDE: We just didn't have room to print the "Danger Line" prize winning letters. Sorry, but that's the way it goes.

DENA: You must be patient until you can be properly introduced to the young man. He might misunderstand your seeking his acquaintance any other way.

DOROTHY: Why ask me? Why not ask the young man next time you meet him? If you are persistent enough I think you can make him tell you.

Mrs. S.: Hasn't he some friend who would try to effect a reconciliation? Have you talked it over with his family?

NINA: Certainly you should tell Jack the real reason for breaking your engagement. It might change everything.

LOU: One mistake isn't fatal but if I were you girls I would watch my step from now on.

PEGGY: Why can't he be infatuated with the other girl right now? Don't interfere, but if the time comes when he needs you—be there.

HAVE you written to Mrs. Madison? Do you know that she has helped thousands of SMART SET readers in their love problems? Write her now.

Eyes of Virtue

(Continued from page 59)

smoking things, and French novels. It was over the porte cochere, and I could look down and see the automobiles drive up, the lawns, and the couples under the trees.

FROM the sounds that reached my ears Sallie was certainly giving one of the gay house parties I had heard Cousin Dosia tell about. And I was in it.

There was a knock on my door. A maid had come to open my baggage and get me ready for dinner. She was a French maid, Celeste, a little dark woman with quick fingers. When she saw my Sunday dress, a pink cotton crepe, with a round neck and elbow sleeves, she gave a cluck of dismay. Then she clapped her hands together. "It shall be better so, mademoiselle!"

Celeste made a little garland of vines with pink roses and fastened it around the neck of my dress, and another around my waist. She tied my curls at one side and set a rose in them. When she had finished she stood off and surveyed me. "Beautiful!" she exclaimed.

I looked in the glass and hardly knew myself for little Theodosia Dean. I saw a slender young girl, with big serious blue eyes, and yellow curls, and the loveliest, Frenchiest little dress. And, so, feeling that I looked pretty enough for Sallie's dinner party, I went down the grand staircase, and into the drawing-room.

It was on the left of the hall, an enormous room, gorgeously furnished with such things as I had never seen except in pictures. Broad French windows led out on verandas. There were subdued lights, drifting scents, flowers, the music of a fountain outside, the hum of voices and such gowns!

Sallie told me that Seth was to take me in to dinner, but he had to speak twice before I recognized him, in his evening clothes. He looked more tanned than ever and healthier than the others, somehow. For though they were all laughing and talking, they had a tired look as if they were trying to keep going just a little while longer. Sallie introduced me to everybody but I felt as if they hardly noticed me. They seemed so unhappy that they could think of nothing but their own misery.

Malcome Manning was very attentive to a dark lady and Seth explained that it was Tamma Toka, a dancer, who was at the house party to amuse the guests. I noticed that, although Malcome was devoted to

Tamma Toka, and Tamma Toka made eyes at Malcome, Sallie did not as much as glance at either one. Yet Malcome was her own husband.

Seth, though he took me in to dinner, scarcely spoke to me; and Malcome, who was on my left, devoted himself to Tamma Toka. They talked softly as if they had a secret.

All the couples seemed to be whispering to each other as if they were in love.

"Are they all married couples?" I asked Seth.

HIS answer surprised me. "None of them are married to each other," he said. "It's not etiquette to send a man and wife in to dinner together."

"Why not?" I asked. "I think I would be happier with my husband than with any other man."

Seth laughed. He did not seem to believe that I meant it.

"I really would," I insisted.

"You think so now," he said, "but after you are married, you'll change. All people do."

"Why?"

He gave me the queerest look. It was not contemptuous. He was too much of a gentleman for that. But he was unbelieving, as if he did not think I was asking seriously. "You are Dosia Dean's cousin; and Dosia must have given you the benefit of her experience," he said.

Dosia had never talked about her husbands to me, but I did not want to tell Seth Noble that, so I let him continue.

"You must have had a liberal education from her."

"I'm only seventeen," I stammered at last. "That's old for a girl these days. Girls of seventeen know a great deal."

I did not know a great deal, but I wanted to! And I wanted him to tell me, because there are things that only a man can tell a girl. She can not understand if anyone else tells her. Every girl knows that.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

HE HAD the finest, kindest face in the world, but a look of deepest cynicism passed across it.

"I mean that at seventeen you must know that marriage, as it is today, is a dreadful thing. It is the sure way to make people hate each other." He said it solemnly and soberly and I could see that he meant it. It sounded terrible to me, just like blas-



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phemy. I had never heard any one speak so. "Are you married?" I asked. "God forbid!" "Don't you like women?" I asked. "No!" he answered. "I am what you call a woman-hater." He laughed. "That sounds dramatic. But it's true. I like women to look at, to drive with, play golf with, take in to dinner, but to marry, to love, honor and cherish. No, thanks!" "Then you've never been in love?" "No, indeed!"

I knew it was true, and I knew, too, that every minute I was falling more in love with him. There was something about him. I did not know, then, what it was. Was it his manner? His kind ways, his good true face? Or did the girl in me see beyond? Did I, new as I was to emotion, sense in him some sterling quality that I loved? For I did love him.

"Don't think I am a brute, Theodosia," he went on. "I don't mean to be, but I'm alive and I can see."

The hum of voices drowned our conversation and I could ask him outright what it was he saw.

"I see this, Theodosia; I can talk to you freely since you have been through the mill in Dosa's set. I see that all girls are flappers and they make bad wives. I went through college here in the East and I lived the life that young men live, no worse and no better, but I got disgusted with it. There was nothing in it, so I threw it up for life in the West.

"For ten years I've been living on a ranch, far off from civilization and the things that civilization teaches us. I've lived the wild, free life, and I've learned things. Out there they love and get married for love. And a man loves his own wife, loves her to the very death. Out there, the business of every girl is marriage, and the business of marriage is love.

"Back here I see marriage as the people in high society live it, as a way of being unhappy together. I see it as a bargain. I see two people tied together, growing to hate each other."

"Is that what marriage is—to you?" I asked. I knew my face had grown pale.

"Yes, and worse. But why am I telling you this? You know it all. You live in this sort of thing."

"No, I don't!" I said but he did not hear me. Dinner was over. Yet as I went into the drawing-room with the others, I felt sick and queer and horrible, as if I were seeing the world for the first time, and it was not fair and sweet.

They called for Tamma Toka. She had disappeared and Malcome with her. There was a hum in the room when Tamma Toka could not be found, nor Malcome. Sallie's face flushed crimson. She was awfully pretty in a thin black dress, but she seemed miserable. I wondered why she had that great houseful of guests since they did not make her happy.

Someone called for music, and Sallie asked me if I could sing. She said I had a singing face. I had never sung except in the choir but I felt sorry for Sallie and I could not refuse.

When they saw me go to the piano they all stopped talking to listen.

My heart was so sad, after that talk with Seth at the dinner table that I could not sing a happy song. I wanted to cry. I must sing something that would let out the hurt in my heart, a song that was for me alone. I felt suddenly as if Seth ought to have known that I would fall in love with him.

I touched the piano and sang the words of a little old song—just as they came to me:

On a moor a youth espied
Passing by, a wild rose.
And he saw it with delight

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For it pleased his wayward sight,
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
Wild rose of the moorland.
And the youth with careless hand
Plucked the lovely blossom.
Wild rose pricked him with her thorn;
But unheeded she was borne
From her native moorland.
Wild rose! Wild rose!

I tried to go on, but my voice broke. It was the story of my heart. He had found my heart and borne it away. I got up from the piano. They thought it was for effect, my stopping so suddenly. They gathered around the piano and asked me to sing it over again, but I slipped away and out through the French windows. It was dark outside, except for long streamers of light from the windows. I wanted to be alone, but Seth followed me.

"That was really wonderful," he said. "Have you studied abroad to get that effect?"

I turned my face away. I could hardly speak but I managed to say softly:

"I have never studied anywhere."

"Oh, come now," he urged laughing, "don't try to put it over on me!"

He did not mean to be impolite, but he actually thought I was fibbing to him.

"You young girls are very clever nowadays. And that was really fine. I've never heard it sung more effectively. Have you been on the stage? Of course, you haven't yet, but you'd be a success."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I lifted my face to him, as I said:

"I've never been on the stage nor even inside of a theater, in my whole life."

He was laughing and it made me frantic to have him think I was deceiving him.

"I don't live in your world, Seth Noble. I live in a world where people marry for love and live with each other always. And they don't care whether they're rich or poor, just so they can be together. And they never feel like you said."

"Will you kindly tell me where that kind of love is to be found. I'd like to go, wherever it is."

"My father and mother love each other that way. Mother went without a new dress for years and all the while she told father she was buying dresses and dresses. She knew he'd never notice. That's a love-fib, and it doesn't count on God's bookkeeping. Mother saved to buy this dress for me. She even did her own washing. Ministers' wives, in the country, don't have money. That's what love is. It's giving up; and you don't know you are giving up."

"WHAT are you telling me?" He caught his breath as I finished.

"I'm trying to tell you that I'm only a little country girl and this is my first night away from home and this is the first time I ever saw people—or heard the things you've been saying. And I don't believe what you said about love and marriage. I don't! I don't!"

"I'm so sorry!" he said. "I don't know what to say. I had no idea I was telling you anything you did not know."

"Oh, I wish I hadn't come," I sobbed.

He bent close to me. "I'm sorry Theodosia. How was I to know? I thought you were just like all the rest, just like all the young girls I've seen lately, wide awake to everything, knowing as much about life as I know myself. How was I to guess that I

was talking to a little rose fresh from a garden where only love has ever bloomed? Can you forgive me, little wild rose? Can you forget?"

"But you meant it! You meant that all love is like that. You meant it! You don't believe there are hearts that are good, and girls who can love and be true, and marriages that are very happy?"

He did not answer.

"Don't you see that if a girl loves enough it could be?"

"I begin to see how it could be," Seth said very softly. "Would you like to tell me more about it?"

But I could not tell him more because I was crying so, and I knew that he was only trying to please me after all he had said.

I turned to go. He put out his hand, but I dashed past him. I ran through the great hall. They had opened the grand ballroom opposite the dining room. Gay couples were dancing wild dances, but I ran past them and up to my room.

SO THAT was the end of my first day at Sallie Manning's house party. I had fallen in love with a man who did not believe in love.

I managed to keep out of Seth's way the next morning. I wanted to see him but I could not bear to have him tell me again that there was no such thing as love. Just as I was planning how I would escape that afternoon fate decided against me.

In the grounds, off by the lake, stood a building they called the playhouse. A great bell hung over it and it sent its notes pealing across the place. When the great bell

rang it was a signal that everybody must come to the playhouse. Sallie told me about it. I put on a white shirt and my little blue blazer and a felt hat, and hurried out. They were coming from every direction, wondering what it could mean.

Malcome had planned a French game for us, called "au revoir" which as everybody knows, means "Good-by, until I see you again." We were all to pair off

and scatter in the grounds. In exactly one hour we were to return and each gentleman, on his word of honor, was to tell exactly what had taken place. It was a game that French queens had played at Fontainebleau.

Malcome paired off Seth with me. We waited just long enough to see that Malcome had taken Tamma Toka for himself. Sallie refused to pair off. She decided to sit in the playhouse and wait.

Seth and I started away together, walking slowly. There was a little boat house over the hill and we headed for it. A boat had been pulled up on the shore and Seth and I climbed in and sat side by side. There was a great deal I wanted to ask him, but we sat in silence. I felt that he wanted to tell me something but could not begin.

In the hush we heard voices in the boat house. Seth and I both turned. There, through the low window, we saw Malcome and the dancer, Tamma Toka. They were sitting with their arms around each other. For a full minute we stared, horrified, then Seth rose and went to the boat house door. They came out. Tamma Toka was a lovely creature with raven hair, eyes like velvet and skin smooth as cream.

We went slowly back to the playhouse. The others were there before

Could You Name Them?

Here is the identification key to the pictures published on page 42
How many did you get right?

1. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
2. Ina Claire
3. Eva Le Gallienne
4. General John J. Pershing
5. Thomas A. Edison
6. Henry Ford
7. Kathleen Norris

us. When it came Malcome's turn to tell what had happened, he said that he and Tamma Toka had been out boating on the lake. Seth and I knew it was a lie but Malcome told it unflinchingly.

When they asked Seth what he and I had been doing, he replied, "Nothing at all!" If he had told the truth he would have had to tell on Malcome and Tamma Toka. So Seth had to pay the forfeit which was to give the next house party for the same crowd.

After that, for days and days, Seth and I were together constantly, for a house party is like life on an ocean-liner and you live a year of experience each day. But we never spoke of love and marriage again.

But one night it came—our talk about love. I felt it in the air. It was evening and we stood on the veranda, with a moon above us.

I turned my head away; but he caught me and held me to him. "I believe in love, now," he said. "And in the sweetness of woman and in marriage. Do you believe in it too, Theodosia?"

"Yes, Seth." I had to tell him the truth. I believed in them as I believed in life and he had come to mean the whole of life to me.

"And are you willing to try it with me, Theodosia?"

"Yes, Seth!"

"And will you marry me?"

"Yes, Seth." It was all I could say for I felt numb with happiness.

Neither of us could speak. We would have stood there, forever, but there were footsteps approaching. Someone threw the French windows open, and stepped out. I could not share my happiness with any one, then. I wanted to be alone.

"Good night, Seth," I whispered.

"Good night, Theodosia."

I slipped up to my room where I went right to bed hoping to dream of Seth.

I slept to dream of a stalking terror, a knocking at my door. Sallie's voice calling: "Open the door, Theodosia. Open it quick!"

I jumped out of bed and flung open the door.

Sallie almost fell into the room. I caught her and half carried her across to the window. "What is it? What is it?" I cried.

"It's Malcome! Malcome and Tamma Toka! He's with her. I listened and heard their voices."

"Oh, Sallie!" I was so full of my own happiness!

She changed suddenly from sorrow to anger.

"I want to catch him, Theodosia. I want you to come with me. I can trust you as I can't trust any of the others and I want to catch him."

"Oh, Sallie how dreadful!"

"You've got to help me." She lifted the little gold clock off my dresser. The hands pointed to two o'clock. "He's been with her for hours. I've been waiting in the hall until I'm almost dead. You've got to help me, Theodosia."

The lights were all on. We went down the big hall and turned into the deep wing. Tamma Toka's room was at the end. We crept as close as we could and we could hear low voices within. It seemed forever that we stood there listening and waiting.

Then the door opened slowly.

"He's coming," whispered Sallie.

We stood almost in the shadow of the door. It opened wide. A man's figure was in the doorway, plainly outlined against the light. Behind him stood Tamma Toka. She was in a gown, thin as mist.

At sight of that form in the doorway I caught Sallie's hand and a blur that was not blindness came across my sight, as though I were seeing something that could not possibly be there.

For the man who came out of Tamma Toka's room was Seth! My Seth!

He gave me one look but such a look! He was slender but his figure seemed suddenly to have attained height and majesty; his brown eyes glowed like fire. Anger, reproach, penitence or remorse? What was it that lay behind that look? If only he had uttered one word of explanation but how could he explain? He gave his arm to Sallie and helped her down the hall. She was sobbing hysterically, almost too weak to walk. Her nerves had given way after her night of horror.

But Seth did not as much as glance back when we reached my door. I waited but they passed on.

The first rosy light had come creeping over the banks of gray in the sky when I closed my eyes. I fell into a heavy sleep feeling that never in the world had a girl hated anyone as I hated Seth.

But scarcely had I fallen asleep when I heard a voice from some far-away world, where the spirit dwells. And I knew that it was a voice, sent to that ark of the covenant, which is a woman's heart. And this is what it said:

"Many waters can not quench love; neither can the floods drown it."

I awoke and the light of the sun flooded the room. I had learned the lesson of life, the secret of happiness. I saw his love for me, and my love for him as a thing of the spirit, something that could live through all. No matter what he had done, he was the one man in the world for me.

The house was quiet as I got up and put on my little old blue skirt and blazer. I felt ill and I could not eat. Where was Seth? I dared not ask.

There was a sound in the hall. I peeped out of my door. A footman was carrying baggage. I crept back. I went to the window and put my hands over my face. I wanted to think of father and mother and that care-free, heart-free life gone forever. While I stood there I heard the whirr of a car. A great automobile came around the house and stopped at the front door. It was Seth's car and Seth, himself, was driving it. He got out and stood silent while they loaded his baggage in the car, ever so many pieces, golf clubs, bags. They were putting in everything.

HE WAITED until they had piled his baggage in the car. Then he stepped in. "Have I forgotten anything?" he asked the man.

"Nothing, sir!"

He took the wheel and the car glided away. When I saw his car slowly fade into the trees a great rush of feeling swept over me, a reversion, a turning of my whole soul toward the man I loved. I could no more have helped what I did next than I could have stemmed the tide of the ocean. An impulse stronger than I compelled me.

I dashed from my room and down the stairs and out of the house. In front lay a wide lawn that sloped down to a pine grove. I knew that it intercepted the automobile road beyond. At top of my speed I ran. I forgot that I was hatless, dressed only in my simple old frock. I thought of nothing but Seth! I must see him again. On I flew. I heard the honk of his horn through the trees as he turned the bend in the road. Then, before I could reach him, he passed the grove of pines, and the car dashed on.

"Seth! Seth!" I threw my whole strength into that cry. I had reached the road. The car was just ahead. "Seth! Seth!" I heard the brakes scrape the gravel, the sudden stopping of the car. I saw Seth lean out, and there I was alongside him, a dishevelled girl, with shoes torn and a bedraggled dress. "Seth! You did forget something! You forgot me!"

He bent out of the car and caught me. He lifted me into the car, and



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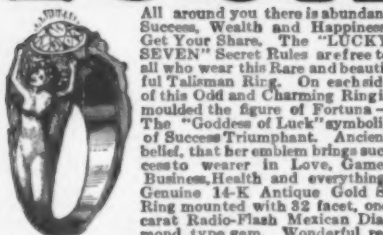
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placed me in the front seat beside him.

"Did you love me enough for that, Theodosia?" he asked.

"More than enough for all that, Seth!"

As we reached the lodge Seth slowed down, for a man stepped out and blocked the road. It was Malcome. He stood right in our path so that we might have driven over him but Seth stopped the car and got out. I followed him. I wanted to be near him for there was a dangerous flash in his dark eyes, and Malcome's tired face had a desperate look.

"Well!" exclaimed Seth. And his expression was not good to see.

Malcome came right toward us. I saw Seth's eyes fire. His hands clinched. In a second he would have had Malcome by the throat. Malcome raised both hands. He was a pitiful sight, there in the bright sunshine, with the black lines under the eyes, and his trembling hands lifted, begging mercy.

"Wait a minute Seth, please!"

"Well, speak quickly!"

"I'm sorry, Seth. I'm sorry!"

"What's being sorry worth to me?"

I saw Seth's hands clinch again.

"Wait, Seth!" Malcome's eyes filled with tears. "I've told Sallie the truth. She knows, now!"

"You've told Sallie the truth!" Incredible, contempt and scorn were all in Seth's voice.

"Yes! She knows that it was I with Tamma Toka last night and that you came to warn me."

"And Sallie?"

Malcome's weak face flushed. It was not so easy to tell it now that it was all past.

"Sallie has sent for her lawyer." Malcome's loose lips tightened. "She'll get a divorce from me, I suppose."

"And you?" Seth's voice was cruelly sharp. It was not a light matter to forgive Malcome.

"I'll have to marry Tamma Toka, of course. She's got a husband and a lot of kids but she's going to get a divorce."

And, then I heard strange talk that I could scarcely comprehend. It seemed that "Spread Wings" belonged to Seth. The gorgeous mansion where Sallie lived, and all the splendor of it belonged to Seth. He had let Sallie and Malcome live in it.

Seth put his arm around me. My hand was on his shoulder. I felt as if I had found a resting place for all my days, a sure foundation of loyalty and strength!

Seth lifted me back in the car. "I'm sorry for you, Malcome! I could be sorry for all the world today!"

We drove on and on for an hour before I asked where we were going.

"Now where would we be going, little wild rose, except to get married?" Seth asked.

I thought of father and mother; of the gay and thoughtless crowd we had left behind, the servants, the gossip. They had seen me run after Seth's car.

"Oh Seth! They've telephoned to the parsonage before this that we've eloped," I cried.

"And we'll soon be there to tell them that it is every word true," he answered.

"I don't know what they'll say," I whispered. "I didn't tell you I am seventeen only today."

We drove the big car up to the parsonage gate and Seth and I got out. Father and mother were in the study, reading the Bible. Someone had telephoned to them that we

had run away and oh, ever so many other things.

When mother saw us she came and clasped us both in her arms, but father took off his spectacles and rose to his feet. He lifted his face to Heaven and began to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"We've come to be married, father," I said. "We love each other very much."

And Seth added: "That's true, sir."

Father got out the prayer book with the marriage service in it, but he was so upset he couldn't find the place. We stood up before him and he began to read. It was the prayer for those engaged in perilous undertakings, so mother took the prayer book and found the right page.

ALL the while that father was trying to make us man and wife the telephone was ringing. Mother went to the phone. It was Sallie Manning. Of course mother told her that we were just being married, but she was in too much distress to care. She wanted to see father right away.

So we all got in the big car, father and mother in back wondering what it was all about and Seth and I, in front close together as we would be for all our lives to come.

The ride was like an enchanted journey into a world of dreams, the car our chariot of love. It was dark when we arrived at Spread Wings.

It had been a day of terror in the splendid mansion. The guests, all secretly aware of what had happened, were packed to go. Malcome was there, too. Tamma Toka, flashily dressed and defiant, was at his elbow.

Sallie, knowing we were married, had prepared a wedding supper for us. She had kept her own sorrows to the last so that Seth and I could have a wedding feast.

Sallie put her arms around mother's neck: "Malcome and I were married just five years ago today," she said, and then she began to cry.

But father caught Sallie's hand, and with his other hand he took hold of Malcome's.

Sallie was trying not to cry, and Malcome was looking sheepish. He turned his face away. And, all the while, father was holding their hands together. "Five years today!" said father. "Five beautiful years!"

Then he began to say the marriage service for five years of consecration.

Of course everybody looked startled, but father went right on. When he had finished Malcome was holding Sallie's hand. "I do love you, Sallie," he said. And Sallie began to cry on his shoulder. "And I've always loved you Malcome."

Just then Tamma Toka, who had slipped out unnoticed, came rushing back.

"I've just telephoned home to Jack," she said. In private life Tamma Toka was Mrs. Jack Green. "He is coming down for me and I'm going back to him and the kids."

Seth and I, holding hands, glanced around the room. No one was seated yet. But all the couples had drifted together, the married ones, and they were holding hands and laughing and crying. I saw it then! Married life was just like the crystal fountain—only the clearer for having been tossed by the storm.

I put my hand in his; and, while they were all singing, with father leading in his deepest bass, we slipped out into the enchanted night that was to guide us, under a silver moon, to a happiness that was well won, to a love that had been tried in the fire of misunderstanding and found enduring.

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Twenty-Seven Dollars Daily Selling Fifth Avenue Clothes. Sell every man. Four times as much profit. Prices to fit every pocket book. \$19.75, \$24.75, \$29.75, \$34.75. Commission \$3.00 to \$7.00. Also overcoats and raincoats. Majority of salesmen with us two and three years doing a record-breaking business. Leatherette case, with all-wool patterns, actual photos free. Write H. W. High, Pres. Harrison Brothers, Dept. 537, 133 West 21st Street, New York.

Agents wanted to advertise our goods and distribute free samples to consumers; 90c an hour; write for full particulars. American Products Co., 9464 Menomouth, Cincinnati, O.

Agents. \$250 month. Raincoats. All colors. Your choice. \$2.65. Part time, \$2 hour. Complete line 60 patterns, silks, nudes, tweeds, leatherette. Profit 30c. Postage prepaid. Write Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. T8-3, Dayton, Ohio.

Old estab. mfg. co. gives you credit: starts you in business (city or country) selling 185 widely known household necessities. Permanent business; steady customers; large profits. McConee, Dept. TH, Winona, Minn.

New lines just out. Everything in hosiery, underwear and rayon lingerie for men, women, children. Beautiful, irrefutable Catalog and Samples now ready. New special big money plans. Cash bonus service awards, rapid promotion. No capital needed. Choice territories going. Rush reply to World's Star Knitting Co., 788 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

Make Four Hundred Dollars Every month and collect your thirty-three and one-third per cent commission daily, selling nationally known line of monogrammed Xmas Greeting Cards to business, professional and society people. Write today for full details, exclusive territory and free sample outfit. Card Dept., Process Engraving Co., Inc., Troy at 21st St., Chicago.

94c an hour introducing new Doral Stove and Nickel Polish. Cleans, polishes, one operation. Quick demonstration delights housewives. Many order dozen tubes. Your profit over 100%. Write or wire for territory and free sample if you're ready for action. Doral, Montclair, N. J.

HOSIERY FREE and \$12 daily. Sell nationally known Pure Silk Hosiery. Amazing values. Free sample outfit. PURE SILK HOSIERY CO., 208 W. Monroe.

New! Reversible Patented One-Piece semi-soft collars; 30 per cent commission. Send 25 cents sample collar your size; outfit free. Biltrite Collars, 935 Broadway, N. Y. C.

\$100 WEEKLY REPRESENTING LARGE RHIRT company—direct to consumers. Successful opportunity for financial independence. Big commissions—easy to take orders—we start you with a sales-compelling outfit. Write at once. Supreme Shirt Co., Dept. M90, 276 Fifth Ave., New York.

Make \$100 weekly selling better-quality all-wool made-to-measure suits and overcoats. Highest commissions. Extra bonus. Write: Deucers. Large watch samples free. W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 157 W. Harrison, Chicago.

Sell Christmas Cards! Beautiful en- graved assortments of 15 sets on sight, \$200 per box. Send 65c sample box free plus postage. Make \$100 daily. Engravo Co., 443 West 42nd Street, New York.

Agents: Amazing new 3-in-1 lingerie combination for women making sensational hit. \$15.00 daily easy. Spare or full time. Free Outfit—French Fashion Company, Dept. N-100, 9 North Franklin, Chicago, Ill.

WANT \$500! Sell beautiful Dresses, Coats, Scarfs, Sweaters. Amazing low prices. We deliver. Exp. unnecessary. Complete outfit free! Write Hirshey Knitting Mills, 3003 South California Avenue, Chicago.

Zip-Zip-Zip—profits just roll in. Amazing new Zipper-Dimmer for all makes auto sells at night. Foot controlled. Prevents accidents. \$15-\$25 daily. Free samples and dealers. Zipper-Dimmer Co., Dept. A-15, Lorain, Ohio.

Great neckwear line now free! Features finest quality neckwear at factory prices. Collect big commissions daily. Write for FREE tie offer and FREE outfit. Nawco Neckwear, Dept. 10-ZC, Covington, Ky.

MAKE BIG MONEY HANDING OUT MYSTIC "ZIPPO" Red Hot 50c Household Seller! New Amazing Discovery! Quick Demonstration Brings Immediate, Huge Cash Profits for Agents! Write Quick. "ZIPPO" Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.

BIG PAY EVERY DAY! Complete guaranteed line direct to wearers. Dress Shirts, Work Shirts, Flannels, Overalls, Pants, Leather Coats, Sweaters, Play suits. \$10-\$25 daily! Exp. experience unnecessary. Big Outfit FREE! Nimrod Co., Dept. 58, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

Agents: \$13.90 Daily (in advance). Spare time to do. Introduce 12 months guaranteed best-selling, 57 styles, 28 colors for men and children; including latest "Suk to the Top" Ladies Hosiery. No capital or experience needed. We furnish samples. Sell home for your own use free. New Dept. 100 Madison Road, 92210, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Make More Money!

Here are opportunities to make more money immediately—to earn and save enough for the better times of life.

Here responsible, nationally known, square deal firms seek the services of ambitious people. They offer dignified positions (full or spare time) which pay handsome incomes and lead to wonderful futures.

No experience required. Ambition is the only necessary qualification. Read these offers carefully. Then write for complete information about the ones that attract you most. Please do not write unless you mean business.

To the Public: These firms offer you merchandise values, a convenient service that you cannot duplicate elsewhere.

To Manufacturers: For advertising rates, address Publishers Classified Service, 9 East 46th St., New York.

Women Representatives Wanted. New invention prevents shoulder straps slipping. No more discomfort. Women adore it. Write for particulars, free offer. Lingerie Co., 5 Lake St., North Windham, Conn.

Sell 25 Cents for a \$1.00 Pocket Cigar Lighter and learn how to make \$10.00 a day Easy. Sells on sight. Particulars FREE. Rapid Manufacturing Co., 799C Broadway, New York.

TAILORING SALESMEN make real money selling Davis Virgin wool, made-to-measure suits. Low-price, perfect-fitting guaranteed. Beautiful fabrics. New merchandising plan doubles sales. Liberal bonuses, cash prizes. Write now. P. H. Davis Tailoring Co., Station 30, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Will you wear a pair of genuine tailor-made shoes at my expense? Will you show them to your friends and tell their orders? I will ALSO send you FREE our big selling Outfit showing 70 shoe styles and 60 actual leather samples. I pay my agents \$5.00 daily. Write quick. Tailor-Made Shoe System, 932 Wrightwood, Dept. A10, Chicago, Ill.

Large Manufacturer Wants Agents to sell its new, world's greatest shirt. Write for Experience unnecessary. Big commissions paid daily. \$100 weekly. Extra bonuses and profit-sharing. Samples free. Carlton Mills, 114 Fifth Ave., Dept. 848-13, New York.

EARN \$57-\$110 WEEKLY SELLING CHRISTMAS CARDS. Full or spare time. \$10 sample book FREE. Weekly payment. Experience unnecessary. We co-operate. John Hertel Co., 320 Washington, Chicago, Ill.

Sensational New Adjustable Cap fits everybody. Sells at sight. Make \$50 to \$75 weekly writing orders. Commissions in advance. Complete outfit free. The U-Cap Co., Dept. CL-105, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I Will Pay You \$2 An Hour to take orders for Carlton dresses and coats. Women in every home, store, factory and office eager to save a third on our stunning Paris styles. Everything supplied free but only applications stating territory, experience and references will be considered. Carlton, Inc., 206 South Wabash, Dept. 232-B, Chicago.

A PAYING PROPOSITION OPEN to representative of character. Take orders shoes, hosiery direct to wearers. Good income. Permanent. Write now. Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., 100 C St., Boston, Mass.

\$40.00 Suits for \$23.50! All one price. Union made of finest quality Virgin Wool. You don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We guarantee your success if you are honest and willing to work. Write at once. WILLIAM E. BARTLETT, 350 Adams, Dept. 566, Chicago, Illinois.

Salesmen: Tremendous Money-Making Sensation. Combination fountain pen and rubber stamp. No competition. Protected by patents. Wholesale sample pen and selling outfit, \$3.75. Write Service Pen Corp., 906 Jackson, Chicago.

FREE! To honest men over 18: new patented cigarette lighter. Show your friends and make \$80 weekly. Send 25c to cover mailing costs and mention name of this magazine. Write: Dept. G-2, 15 Westminster Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS MAKE \$3.00 HOUR TAKING orders for 40 fascinating "Handy Things" for Kitchens sell on sight! Universal Prod. Co., Dept. SM2, Newark, N. J.

Sell custom tailored shirts. Earn \$20.00 a day. Men buy quick at factory prices. Beautiful fabrics free. Novo-Tex, 3rd & Sedley Ave., Phila., Pa.

The greatest book on money making stunts that has ever been published will be mailed to you if you will send us 15c in cash or stamps. There are over 50 up-to-date workable plans. Address: SPARETIME MONEY MAKING, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

\$55 for Photoplay Plots. Stories revised, copyrighted, marketed. Estab. 1917. Booklet free. Universal Scenario Co., 290 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

What? Suits and overcoats 2 for \$29.50? Yes sir! And the value is there, too. Union made. Latest Broadway styles. Many of our agents making \$10 every 3 hours. Your commission \$5 on every order. Every man in your neighborhood will buy. No experience necessary. We show you how. Write for free outfit today James Carroll, Inc., Dept. CT-1, 555 Broadway, New York.

Sell by Mail During Spare Time! Earn 90 cents profit on dollar orders. No peddling. Large Catalog free! M. Ellico, 825 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Write the Words for a Song. We compose music. Our composer wrote many song hits. Monarch, 238 West 56th St., Dept. 179, New York.

Your Face Is Your Fortune! Famous British psychologist now in America will tell you from your photograph how to be successful in business, society, love. Send \$3 with photo for complete personal psychological analysis. Or send sweetheart's photo and learn the real truth. Has led thousands to complete success and happiness. D. Jasper Jones, Psychologist, Dept. 24, Youngstown, Ohio.

Twenty Dollars a Day Extra Easy! Sell Motortex, the new all-wool, tailored, serviceable, dressy, showerproof and spotproof suit. Guaranteed one year. Worth \$35.00. Sells for \$19.95. Commission \$3.00 and \$4.00. Thirty-seven features. No competition. Expensive outfit free. Harrison Bros., Dept. 557, 133 W. 21st St., New York. Please mention this magazine when writing.

Quick Easy Profits Selling Personal Xmas Greeting Cards. Beautiful new assortments sell at sight. Big cash commissions in advance. Sample outfit free. Midland Arts Company, Dept. 65, Camden, Ohio.

Windows washed in 10 seconds without pads, sponges or brush. A fast \$1.95 seller. 90% profit. Demonstration sample \$1.20. Satisfaction or money back. Wonder Washer, Dept. SM2, 33 East 10th St., New York.

Earn \$40 weekly taking orders for charming Fashion Frocks for women and children. Factory prices. Advance commissions. No experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Inc., Dept. H-100, Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$100 WEEKLY IN ADVANCE. NEW line All Virgin Wool. Fit guaranteed. Nothing like them in America. Big samples free. Manager, 44 North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Make \$25.00 daily selling colored Raincoats and Slickers, Red, Blue, Green, etc. \$2.95. Hat Free. Commissions daily. Outfit Free. Elliot Bradley, 241 Van Buren, Dept. AF-10, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents, distributors—over 100% profit selling Auto Tow Line—strongest, lightest on market. Retail \$2.00. Sample \$1 postpaid. Less in quantities. Special offer and amazing new selling plan FREE. Wilman Co., Dept. L-55, Toledo, Ohio.

75 miles on 1 gallon. New moisture humidifier and Gas Saver. All cars. Agencies wanted everywhere. Free to introduce. Critchlow, A-374, Wheaton, Ill.

Twenty Dollars a Day Asking Women to guess price of new Ventilated Laundry Bag. They give worth \$2.00. Quick sales at only \$1.25. One hundred per cent profit. Hangs in closet or back of door. Always open. Every home needs three. Send 1.00 for complete selling plan. Money back if not satisfied. San-Knit-ary Textile Mills, 1009 Diamond Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Canadians—established firm wants men of good character. If you can be trusted with funds and depended on, Address Salesmanager, P. O. Box 984, Montreal, Quebec.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!

Learn While You Earn! HIGH-SALARIED POSITIONS waiting for you in automobile tractor and airplane work. I'll train you in eight short weeks so you can earn \$40.00 to \$75.00 a week—unlimited future for good men. Quality as an expert and own your garage or service station. Write me TODAY for big FREE AUTO BOOK. You are included in this special offer. The opportunity of a life time—don't miss it by delay. J. H. McSwamy, The Auto Man, Address: Y300—624 E. McMillan, Chicago, Ill. Y300—1815 E. 24th St., Cleveland, Ohio. Please mention this magazine.

Jack Dempsey Talking: I made \$750.00 in 45 minutes—maybe you can do the same! For the first time I will expose to you my secrets of boxing and physical instruction that have given me physical perfection, wealth and ease. Study and train at home in spare time—results achieved in first thirty days will astound you and your friends. Pupils receive personal instructions, photo, signed diploma, and secret course. Write at once and receive newly invented Life Size Training Dummy Free. Jack Dempsey Institute, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. (Enclose 10 cents to cover postage, etc.)

I Made \$750.00 in 45 minutes—maybe you can do the same! For the first time I will expose to you my secrets of boxing and physical instruction that have given me physical perfection, wealth and ease. Study and train at home in spare time—results achieved in first thirty days will astound you and your friends. Pupils receive personal instructions, photo, signed diploma, and secret course. Write at once and receive newly invented Life Size Training Dummy Free. Jack Dempsey Institute, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. (Enclose 10 cents to cover postage, etc.)

Hotels Need Trained Executives. Nationwide demand for trained men and women; past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write at once for particulars. Lewis Hotel Training School, Suite AL-W637, Washington, D. C.

U. S. Govt. wants men. \$1,900-\$2,700 at start. Railway Postal Clerk exams coming. Our former government examiner prepares you for this and other branches. Free booklet. Dept. 260, Patterson School, Rochester, N. Y.

Earn \$25 Weekly. Spare Time. Writing for Newspapers, Magazines; exp. unnecessary. Copyright Book "How to Write for Pay" Free! 1307 Press Syndicate, St. Louis, Mo.

Men, get Forest Ranger job: \$125-\$250 monthly. Home furnished hunt, fish, trap on side; permanent; no strikes or shut-downs; full pay vacations. For details, write Norton, 270 McManis Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Make \$75 to \$250 Weekly; Motion Pic. Portrait and Commer. Photog. Camera free. For special offer, write N. Y. Inst. of Photog. Dept. 111, 10 W. 33rd St., New York.

U. S. GOV'T JOBS. Men—Women, 18 up. \$11.00—\$5000 yearly. Steady. No previous experience necessary. Common education sufficient. List positions and sample coaching with full particulars—FREE. Write today sure. FRANKLIN Inst., Dept. L-91X, Rochester, N. Y.



Actual photograph of Miss Martin's hair after marcel waving with Slip-On Marcelers. Notice the perfectly formed marcel, with the deep undulations and smooth, uniform contours that mark the work of the most skilled professional waver.

I am delighted to find a marcelling outfit which gives such beautiful results as the photographs show. It is so easy to get a perfect marcel or finger wave and takes so little time, it is just the thing for anyone who values their hair.

(Signed) ALLYN MARTIN.

A representative of ours in Chicago saw the Slip-On Marceler Outfit tried out and found that it gave very satisfactory results.

State of Illinois) ss:
County of Cook }

I, F. J. HAZARD, first being duly sworn, upon oath, depose and say that the accompanying photographs of Miss Allyn Martin are genuine. The top photograph shows Miss Martin's hair as it appeared when finished, one a perfect marcel and the other the new fashionable finger wave style.

(Signed) F. J. HAZARD.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 26th day of July, A. D. 1927.

EMMA W. STOLENBRACE,
Notary Public.

You can have these beautiful waves every day

Fashion's newest and loveliest marcel and finger waves are yours with this sensational marceller.

NOTHING that you have ever known of waving can give you a clue to the marvels of this astounding new waving method. You simply cannot imagine such a failure-proof device as the Slip-On Marcelers—such a triumphantly successful means of achieving a perfect wave—yourself—in just a few minutes at home.

The more you have experimented with waving methods, the more discouraged you are with ruinous hot irons, or other hair-ruining ways of waving, the more difficult and expensive you have found it to keep your hair in curl, the more you will appreciate the unbelievable genius which invented the Slip-On Marcelers.

You Simply Cannot Fail!

There is no chance of failure with the Slip-On Marcelers—no possibility of achieving anything but a perfect wave. You need no skill—you need no experience. A child can use them—and get a perfect wave the first time.

"Impossible," you say? Yes, it would be impossible with any ordinary waving device. But this invention goes beyond anything you have dreamed of. It can't be judged by any other waving method you have known. It is unique—triumphantly alone in its ability to create in the most unskilled hands an utterly lovely smooth, perfect marcel or "finger wave" style of wave.

You Never Saw Such Simplicity

Can you imagine a more amazing, a cleverer device than the Slip-On Marcelers! All you do is tie the little cap under your chin, moisten your hair with water or Wave Lotion, slide the alternate waves forward and back on your hair looking each one in place—and there before your eyes appears the smoothest, most perfect, deeply undulating wave you ever saw!

The marcellers themselves do everything—and do it better than you could possibly do it with any other waving method. They catch the hair in firm, unyielding grip. The simple pull forward or back forms the line, creates the wave—and holds it. The hair cannot slip out of place. The waves cannot fall out or shift position. One instant—and the wave is beautifully formed in a lovely curving undulation that stays in place. Just a little while to let your hair dry and permit the wave to set—you remove the Slip-On Marcelers—look in the mirror—and there you see such a wave as you had never dreamed possible—small, tight waves or large, loose waves, as you wish, marcelled or "finger" waved, as you prefer—every hair in smooth, orderly arrangement every undulation as smoothly perfect, as firm and deep and lasting as if it had been molded. By placing the marcellers close together or far apart, or at different angles, you can produce entirely different lines and a number of arrangements.

Waves While You Dress

Think of it! In hottest weather, on windless days, after the most strenuous sports, you can appear—after just the time it takes you to get into fresh clothes—with a wave that the finished professional would produce. You can dampen your hair, slip the Slip-On Marcelers into place and go about your dressing—secure in the knowledge that you will appear at the end of that time with a marcel or "finger" wave type of hairdress that everyone will rave over.

The More Difficult Your Hair, the Greater Your Delight

If you think that the Slip-On Marcelers are just another device like those you have tried, you are utterly mistaken. No matter how difficult your hair, how soft and fine, or stiff and straight, and coarse, you can have a perfect wave from now on. The more discouraged you are, the more unsuccessful experimenting you have done with other waving devices, the more completely delighted you will be with the unbelievable results which the Slip-On Marcelers will give.

Don't Take Our Word for It—You Be the Judge

Nothing that we can say of these marvelous marcellers will be half as convincing as the testimony of your own mirror. You be the judge. Use the marcellers. One trial is all you need to prove to you conclusively that here at last is the master waving method—the one unfailingly successful way to achieve a perfect wave.

Your Money Back if They Aren't Even More Wonderful Than You Dreamed

Be sure we are of your absolute satisfaction with Slip-On Marcelers, that we make this unconditional offer: If you are not completely, unmistakably satisfied with the results, if your marcel or "finger" wave type of hairdress isn't even lovelier, smoother, more lasting than you had dreamed possible, simply send the marcellers back to us and we will return your money without argument.

An Unusual "Endorser" Offer

Nothing that we can say for the Slip-On Marcelers will carry half the weight of the endorsement as shown on the hair of the women who use them. We want this endorsement right from the start of our selling, because we know it will be amazing proof of the fact that every statement, every claim we make for the Slip-On Marcelers is absolutely true. If you will become one of our "endorsers"—furnish the proof among your friends that Slip-On Marcelers actually do give the loveliest of marcel or "finger wave" type of wave you can secure the marcellers at a very special preliminary price of \$2.95, plus a few cents' postage. This price covers everything—there is nothing more you need to produce a marcel or "finger wave" type of wave—nothing more to buy.

No Money Required—Simply the Coupon

We don't want you to mail any money for the marcellers. We want you to simply fill out and mail the coupon below to us. We will pack and ship the Slip-On Marcelers to you at once. When they are delivered to you, you simply pay the postman \$2.95 (plus a few cents' postage). And then you give the marcellers a thorough trial. If they don't delight you in every way, if they don't give you the quickest, easiest, prettiest marcel or "finger wave" type of wave imaginable, don't keep them a minute. Return them to us and we will give you your money again, promptly and cheerfully. This "endorser" offer is a real opportunity to insure lovelier waves than you have ever before known, at a price that is a genuine bargain—and all you have to do in return is tell your friends how you secured the beautiful waves which they admire. Don't wait—fill in and mail the coupon today!



Actual photograph of Miss Martin's hair with "finger wave" style of waving. Observe the large, loose waves, the smooth, close line of the coiffure.

Actual photograph of Miss Allyn Martin's hair before waving with Slip-On Marcelers. Note how straight her hair naturally is.

This actual photograph taken in the photographer's studio shows just how easily Miss Martin put the marcellers in place on her hair.

ROSEMARY HOUSE
Illinois at LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

—[Coupon]—
ROSEMARY HOUSE,
Illinois at LaSalle St., Dept. 11,
Chicago, Ill.

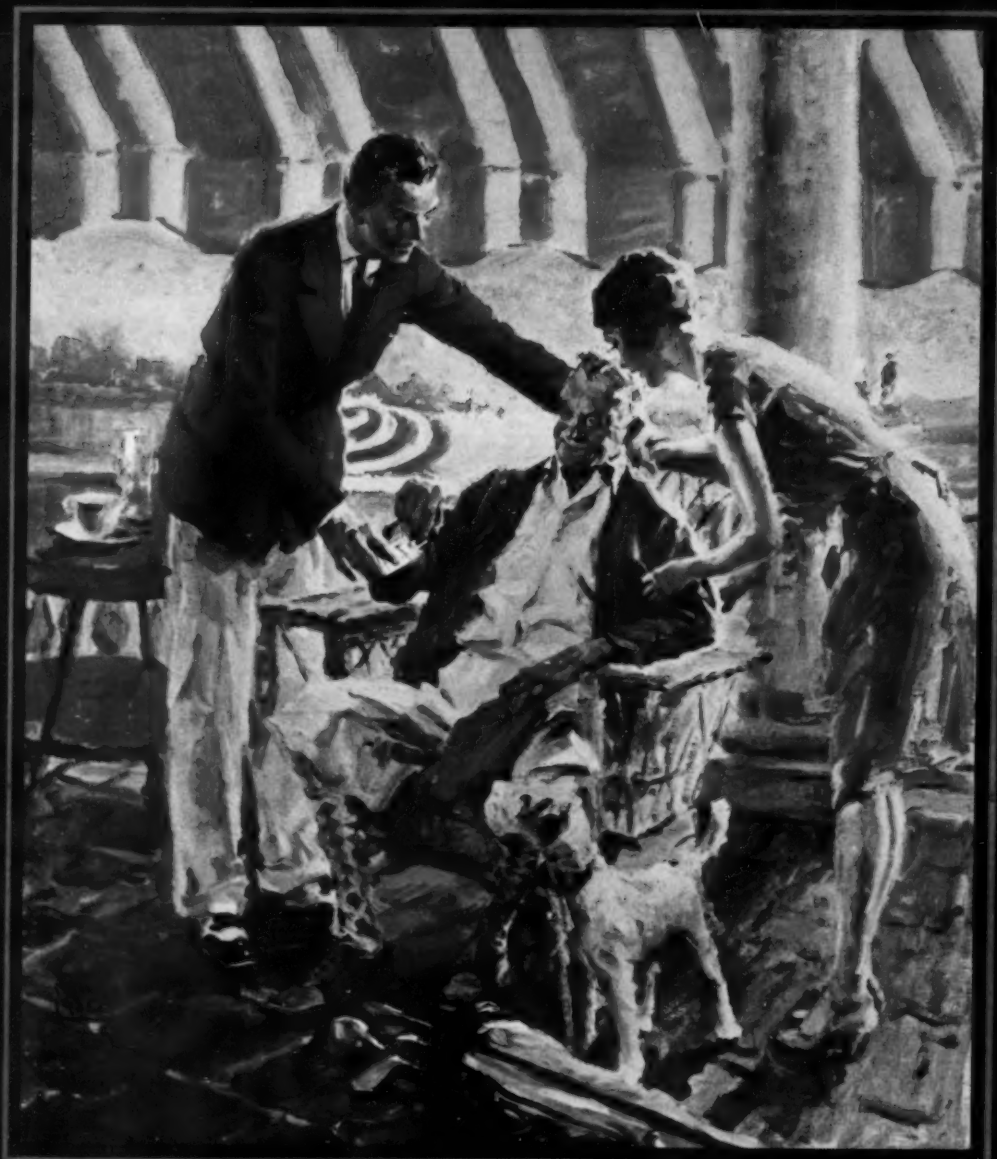
Gentlemen: Please send me as quickly as possible your Slip-On Marceler outfit with directions for use. I agree to deposit \$2.95 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the marcellers do not give me a wave with which I am delighted I will return them within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name

Address

City State

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$2.10 with your order and the Slip-On Marcelers will be sent post-paid.



A perfect approach



*Enough to win any
man over the natural
tobacco taste that you
get in Chesterfield —
and nowhere else!*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



Kissproof

-is
waterproof

Lipstick Rouge Powder

FREE

Art print of this beautiful painting—the Kissproof Girl, is included with your Kissproof Beauty Box, size 8 x 10 inches, printed in 12 colors, mailed flat for framing.

Send for Kissproof beauty box

KISSPROOF, Inc.
Dept. 1327
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box containing a week's supply of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouge, Kissproof Face Powder and Delica Brow.

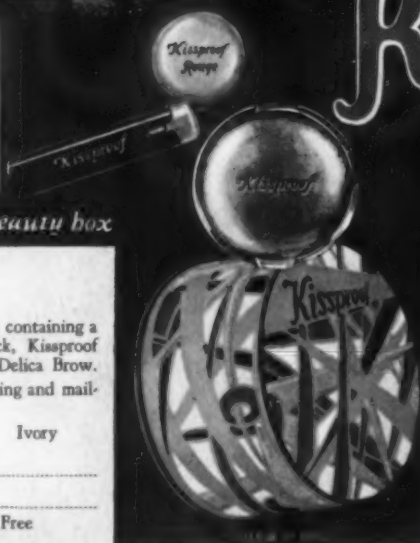
I enclose 20c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Underline shade of Powder.

Flesh White Brunette Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

Also send me the Art Print Free



Alluring, fascinating, wondrous new beauty—yours instantly with

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KISSPROOF are the modern Cosmetics—waterproof, smearproof, windproof—they stay on. And what beauty they give—a warm, subtle, fascinating atmosphere that will make you more intriguing, more interesting, more lovely than ever before.

Make the most of your beauty. Get KISSPROOF today. At all the best stores or direct.